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chat

CULTIVATION CHAT GROUP

BOOK 01

Legend Of The Sacred Knight

EPUB CREATION BY LISA HAYES

Cultivation Chat Group

(修真聊天群)

by

Legend Of The Sacred Knight

(圣骑士的传说)

Synopsis

On a certain day, Song Shuhang accidentally joined a deeply afflicted Xianxia chuunibyou(Year 2 middle school disease) chat group, the group members inside all address each other as ‘fellow daoist’. Their contact cards are all either Sect Master, Cave Master, Spiritual Master or Heavenly Expert. Even the group master’s missing pet dog named Great Devil Dog abandoned his home. They chat all day about things like concocting pills, intruding mysterious territories, martial arts experiences and more.

One day, he abruptly realizes after lurking for a long time that..... In this group, every single group member is actually a real cultivator, with the ability to move mountains and drain seas, the kind that can live for thousands of years!

Ah ah ah ah, My worldview has utterly collapsed in a single night!

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English Translation by Premonition, LemonPEEL @ [volaretranslations](#)

Translation Edit by Khuja, Asvare @ [volaretranslations](#)

ePub conversion by Lisa Hayes @ [Hasseno Blog](#)

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Chapter 1: Mt. Yellow's True Monarch And Nine Provinces (1) Group

20th May 2019, Monday.

At the end of spring and summer's arrival.

This season, the temperature difference between the Jiang Nan region's day and night was huge. During the day, even if one was wearing shorts he could heat up like a hot dog; yet during the night he had to curl up on his bed, freezing like a cold bird.

Jiang Nan University City.

2.30PM in the afternoon was exactly the time students started classes. Yet Song Shuhang stayed in his dormitory alone, his computer desk pulled to his bedside, making it convenient for him to watch movies in any posture.

Song Shuhang did not have a habit of skipping classes. For the earlier half of last night, the weather was hot and stuffy, so in his dreams he executed a move called 'Twin Dragon Emerging From The Seas' and knocked over his blanket.

During the later half of the night, the air temperature dramatically decreased. With only a pair of shorts on his body, Song Shuhang was forced into bitter hardship. While slumbering away, both his hands strenuously groped the bed, seeking all over, yet he couldn't find the blanket. In the end he could only curl up

like a mantis shrimp, shivering in the tyrannical cold of midnight.

When the sun rose, Song Shuhang had already become a member of the great seasonal catching cold army.

His roommate had already helped him apply for time off for today's classes.

Afterwards, he took cold medicine and slept till now.

The high fever was suppressed, but his body was still weak. In this condition there was no way he could attend classes. Therefore, he could only stay in the dormitory bored and lonely, and watch movies.

On the monitor, the movie's playback bar slowly trickled towards the end, but Song Shuhang was not absorbed into its contents at all.

"Has the medicine's effects still not worn off? I'm so sleepy." Song Shuhang yawned, he felt his eyelids getting heavy.

'Di di di~' Suddenly, at the bottom right of the computer screen, the chat application's icon jumped.

This meant that someone added him as a friend, or invited him to join a chat group.

“Who added me?” Song Shuhang mumbled, he extended his hand and gently tapped on the bottom right of the computer’s touchscreen, prompting the notification to appear.

[Mt. Yellow’s True Monarch(* * * * *) has requested to add you as a friend.] Additional Information: None.

Yellow Mountain’s True Monarch? Just who would use such an odd nickname?

“Is he a student from my class?” Song Shuhang wondered silently. He couldn’t help but think of the others in his class who clearly were already in university yet were still full of youthful delusions. If it were them, they would definitely pick an odd nickname like this.

Once he thought this way, he tapped on ‘Accept’.

Immediately, what followed was another system notification popping up.

[Mt. Yellow’s True Monarch has invited you to join the chat group ‘Nine Provinces (1) Group’, Do You Accept?]

Song Shuhang proceeded to tap on ‘Accept’.

‘Mt. Books’ Huge Pressure’ has accepted to join ‘Nine Provinces (1) Group’.

[You have agreed to join the group. Please make an introduction of yourself to the other members!] There was even a smiley sent by the system.

In recent years, these chatting softwares had been becoming more and more human-like.

After the chain of notifications popped up, Song Shuhang resolutely closed the notification and the group chat's window. He was now filled with sleepiness, where would he get the energy to care about the group he joined?

Anyways, his group chat settings had always been 'Do not notify new posts, only show numbers unread', messages by the group wouldn't pop-up and disturb him, it would only show the total number of new messages in the background.

After he wakes up, he could flip open the chat record, then he would know what kind of group he joined, and the chat record would also not be lost.

His eyelids got heavier and heavier.....

The movie's playback bar continued to move forward tenaciously, but Song Shuhang's consciousness got more and more fuzzy.

* * * * *

In Nine Provinces (1) Group, lurkers emerged as soon as they noticed the new member's entry.

North River's Loose Practitioner: "Has the new member that Mt. Yellow's True Monarch invited come in yet? It has already been a year since a new member joined right?"

Another ID, 'Su Clan's Ah Qi' speedily replied, "There's a new fellow daoist? Which region of Huaxia is this fellow daoist from? Which cave does fellow daoist cultivate in? What's fellow daoist's Dao name? What level of cultivation is fellow daoist at?"

(TL: Huaxia is the archaic name for China)

This chain of questions, why did they seem somewhat strange?

At approximately the same time, a new message came from the ID Mad Saber Three Waves, "What is the new fellow daoist's gender? Are you a fairy or no? If you are, give the size of your bust, waist, and buttocks, and post a photo!"

Seeing the new messages by Su Clan's Ah Qi and Mad Saber Three Waves, quite a number of other members' mouths twitched.

"Brother Three Waves, is your zodiac indeed a goldfish?" North River's Loose Practitioner sighed, "You better not invite death by recklessness again. What if Mt. Yellow's True Monarch once again invited some big time senior in?"

Everything was good about Three Waves, he's friendly, loyal, and loves helping others, so his relationship with others was pretty good. The only problem is he liked to speak pervertedly, in a way that invites death.

It turns out that this fella's luck was so low that it gives people goosebumps, he always couldn't help but invite death from recklessness, and the ones he offended were always big time seniors. Since those big time seniors were usually bored without any source of entertainment, they were naturally very happy to torture Mad Saber Three Waves who personified entertainment delivered to their front doors..

"I kneel and beg you not to mention the words "big time seniors", they are a dark shadow in this majesty's heart." Mad Saber Three Waves sent a line of "crying face" emojis.

(TL: Mad Saber Three Waves called himself "本座" but there's no English term for this so I translated it as "this majesty" if you have a better term to suggest do let me know!)

Four years ago this crappy mouth of his offended a beautiful 'big time senior', and was miserably tortured..... That big time senior continuously tortured him for an entire year and four months. You didn't hear wrongly, a whole year and four months! When he thought of that tumultuous and inhuman times, his eyes turned moist.

Immediately after Three Waves spoke, emojis of naughty smiles

popped up one after another in the group, they were not even trying to conceal how much they were enjoying his misery.

The group channel showed that among the last eight people who sent messages, 6 of them neatly sent a string of smiling emojis.

“You bunch of people who take joy in others’ calamity, this majesty will remember each and every one of you. Do not let this majesty meet you, otherwise this majesty will definitely let you people taste the strength of my 72 Paths of Rapid Saber!” Mad Saber Three Waves angrily said. He was very confident in his Rapid Saber. Among the 6 people who were leaving naughty smiles, none of them were a match for him in a one on one.

The moment after Mad Saber Three Waves spoke.

Another naughty smile emoji popped up, belonging to Su Clan’s Ah Qi.

Su Clan’s Ah Qi happily followed with: “When do you want fight one on one?”

Obviously, Su Clan’s Ah Qi didn’t have any intention of taking joy in others’ calamity, he just wanted to fight with someone.

“.....” Mad Saber Three Waves immediately withered.

It was because he couldn’t beat Ah Qi!

His cultivation was profound. He had already reached the 5th level late stage Spirit Lord, and was just a hair's breath from 6th level Spirit Lord, but he couldn't beat Ah Qi in a fight.

His 72 Paths Saber technique was both fast and fierce, and he also possessed lightning fast body techniques, yet he still couldn't defeat Ah Qi.

He was known as Mad Saber, his wrath terrifies even he himself, but he just couldn't beat Ah Qi!

When the others in the group saw Three Waves wilting, they unbridledly sent lines of smiling emojis once again.

“.....” This time, Mad Saber Three Waves could only sullenly post a line of dots.

The people in the group had been noisy for so long, yet they still hadn't heard a word from the new member, which made them feel a little baffled.

“Our new fellow daoist is not making a sound?” North River's Loose Practitioner asked.

That's right, because of the cold medicine's effects, Song Shuhang had once again entered a half asleep state.

At this time, Su Clan's Ah Qi happily sent a piece of news: "I took a look, the new fellow daoist is called 'Mt. Books' Huge Pressure'. Has anyone heard of an expert with this dao name? This dao name sounds a little like a scholarly sect's practitioner? This is so exciting! These years, scholarly sects' practitioners have been living very deeply in seclusion so it's not even possible to find them. It has already been nearly a hundred years since I've fought with them!

Now that I think about it, scholarly sects' practitioners are even more unwilling to fight than buddhist sects'. Not only are they adept at glib speech, but their fists are also hard. Moreover, when the fight gets interesting they will heroically hum poetry to make things multiple times more fun! I love fighting them the most."

"Ah Qi, when it comes to new fellow daoists, are you forever only interested in whether they could be a good fight, and whether it is fun to fight them?" Mad Saber Three Waves sent a crying face emoji. This is practically an evil tyrant's way you know?!

"Erm." Su Clan's Ah Qi felt a little embarrassed.

North River's Loose Practitioner smirked nastily and said, "Could it be he's another big time senior who doesn't know how to use the chatting tool?"

Once he said that, everyone started to feel like, isn't this the scene of being ignored?

That's right, right about four years ago there seemed to have

been a senior who came out of closed-door cultivation after over a hundred years. She too had difficulties getting on the chatting software, and was added to the group by Mt. Yellow's True Monarch. Yet because she didn't know how to type, she couldn't send messages.

Afterwards, someone named Mad Saber Three Waves happily spoke like a pervert in front of this senior, asked for the senior to post her three sizes, asked her to send her photo, and also asked for voice chat etc.

Then..... A few days after, Mad Saber Three Waves saw this senior with his own eyes. She was a very pretty senior, dazzling and beautiful like the bright moon in the night sky.

What followed after that was, this pretty senior tortured Mad Saber Three Waves for an entire one year and four months, before she left perfectly satisfied.

At this time, Mad Saber Three waves suddenly kneeled.

"Mt. Yellow?" This time, someone with the ID 'Medicine Master' sent a message.

An unfathomable and brief message, with no head nor tails.

Luckily the group members had long been accustomed to Medicine Master's short messaging habits, is he asking where the group master Mt. Yellow True Monarch is?

The reason Medicine Master's messages are short wasn't because he had a cold and proud nature. Instead, it was because he was doing two-finger push-ups while in handwriting mode, which made his speed outrageously slow. When he increased the number of words written there would also be more chances of a mistake, and to keep deleting and rewriting was peerlessly painful. This was why Medicine Master's messages were as short as possible. As time passed, it became like this, a socializing style with words as rare as gold.

"He went offline immediately after sending the invitation, I heard his family's treasured Great Devil Dog got angry and left home again, Mt. Yellow's True Monarch chased after it again."

"....." Medicine Master.

"In that case, we can only wait for our new fellow daoist to learn how to use the chatting tool before we chat." Su Clan's Ah Qi sighed. They all knew first impression was the strongest, and believed that the new member was also one of them.

Seeing that the new fellow daoist had no reaction, the others online weren't entertained, then gradually lurked.

* * * * *

Approximately one hour later, Song Shuhang gradually became more clear-headed as he woke up.

“I remember that just a moment ago, someone added me to a group, the Nine Provinces (1) group.” he muttered softly. Conveniently expanding the chat tool on the lower right part of the screen, he brought up the Nine Provinces (1)’s chat window.

What kind of group is this?

In an instant, one hour’s worth of chat logs appeared on the screen.

Song Shuhang roughly skimmed through it.

Fellow Daoist? Cultivation cave? Cultivation level?

There’s even seniors? True Monarch? This majesty? Hunting down the Great Devil Dog?

All kinds of vocabulary straight from Xianxia Novels.

The way people talked in this group was also very peculiar, ancient, but not entirely ancient, plain, but not entirely plain. This type of speech gave people the feel of a modern person trying to sound ancient. Unfortunately, lacking knowledge in the fundamentals of “classical chinese”, it led to a very awkward exchange.

“Chi~~” Song Shuhang started audibly laughing.

It seems that this was a XianXia aficionado group?

Oh no, this definitely wasn't the normal Xianxia fan group!

Every single member in this group had given themselves a dao name, the place they live in was called a cultivation cave, even the pet the group master lost was described as family's Great Devil Dog abandoning his home. There's even someone who proclaimed that he had not fought with any scholarly sects for over a hundred years or something. Doesn't that mean that person claimed to have already lived several hundred years?

Looking at this log, Song Shuhang developed a feeling of shame.

“To be obsessed to this degree, it seems like they have already been afflicted by Chuunibyou syndrome. Furthermore, it is a very specific Huaxia-flavored Xianxia disease.” Song Shuhang concluded.

Seems like, this was the Xianxia chuunibyou victims' assembling point!

This was his first impression of the members in 'Nine Provinces (1) Group.'

But why did they decide to add him?

Looking at the account information of Mt. Yellow's True Monarch, Song Shuhang determined that this person was not his classmate, he definitely not did recognise this guy at all.

Was this an accidental invite?

Chapter 2: Please Wait For Esteemed Me To Divinate

People always say that the second year of middle school is a rebellious age.

Everyone more-or-less goes through that phase, but only some people show it to the world to see, while others tuck it deep inside their hearts. This was also the difference between obvious trouble and secret trouble.

Song Shuhang could be considered to have matured early. That phase of his life came quick and left even quicker.

Therefore, when he reached his second year of middle school, while his classmates were still stuck in their wuxia, superhero, immortal dreams and constantly brandishing their “18 Falling Dragon Palms” while transforming into superheroes. Song Shuhang had long lost those desires.

Our world’s laws of physics were already so precise. To be able to jump three-storeys? To be able to summon a golden dragon with your palm strikes? To be able to fly by wearing your underwear on the outside? Those things were simply impossible!

However, he still liked xianxia novels, superhero movies and the like. Perhaps deep inside his heart, he still hoped that one day, superheroes, aliens, and immortals could appear in front of him.

He obviously knew that all these were impossible, but weirdly, he still looked forward to that day with anticipation. Could this be mankind’s talent?

Song Shuhang laughed as he closed the group’s chat window, however, he didn’t leave the group.

He felt that the people in the Nine Provinces (1) Group were interesting, and those chat records of the group could make

anybody who sees it feel embarrassed. From a spectator's point of view, it was unexpectedly interesting. So before the group master decided to kick him out, he plans to first lurk around, then take a look at the various kinds of interesting chat records to kill boredom.

On the computer's screen, the movie was still playing. It seemed like it was a horror flick. Every single plot device you could find in horror was shown, evidently proving that this movie was directed by a genius horror director at the peak of his performance. It was said that this movie had made even middle-aged men cry in fright, and frightened a ton of people to the point of being afraid of going to the bathroom alone.

However, Song Shuhang did not receive any feelings of fright. Instead, he pulled the progress bar backwards. After watching for a while more, he yawned again and slowly transitioned from his sitting posture to a lying posture, finding his eyelids to also become increasingly heavy.

If that genius director knew that his movie only had this little effect, wouldn't he cry?

Dazed, Song Shuhang had a fanciful dream.

It was an extremely fun and beautiful dream, a really beautiful dream. There were immortals, superheroes, and all kinds of mythical lands.

To live a long and free life. To be able to move the mountains and the oceans. Tread through the world wielding a sword. Since ancient times, how many people have had this dream? Only, as one grew older, reality broke this dream. People could only tuck it deep in their hearts, and not think about it.

In the end, dreams are only dreams.

* * * * *

The next day. Tuesday. 21st May. 1AM.

Inside the group chat, the group master Mt. Yellow's True Monarch finally came online.

The moment he got online, North River's Loose Practitioner popped up with a question: "True Monarch, who is 'Mt. Books' Huge Pressure' you added yesterday? Where does he cultivate from?"

"The person added yesterday? You guys haven't exchanged words yet? That is the daughter of esteemed me's old friend who is born in this era, it seems like her aptitude isn't bad. So young and she is already at the peak of 3rd stage – Houtian, just about to reach 4th stage – Xiantian. She is truly extraordinary." Mt. Yellow's True Monarch replied laughing.

"If she's born in this era, then her age probably does not exceed 40? To be able to achieve the peak of 3rd stage – Houtian, at such an age, this person truly is a genius." North River's Loose Practitioner inwardly nodded. Yet the dao name that person had taken was very odd, 'Mt. Books' Huge Pressure' didn't seem like a dao name.

North River's Loose Practitioner was still thinking when suddenly, Mt. Yellow's True Monarch said, "Huh? Esteemed me's old friend's daughter's dao name isn't 'Mt. Books' Huge Pressure'! Then, who the hell is this Mt. Books' Huge Pressure?"

"....." Mt. Yellow's True Monarch's face turned into the shape '囧'.

This wasn't some random person. True Monarch, this was the unknown person you added yesterday.

Probing the situation, North River's Loose Practitioner asked, "True Monarch, could it be that you have added the wrong person?"

"Let esteemed me check it out."

After a short moment.

With a line of cold sweat emojis, Mt. Yellow's True Monarch sent out a couple of words to the chat: "I truly added the wrong person. The ID number's only difference was the middle character. Esteemed me entered a 9 instead of an 8. Never would've expected that esteemed me could make such a mistake."

North River's Loose Practitioner sarcastically laughed: "Just as I said, even if one has assimilated into modern society, there still wouldn't be a person who would set their dao name as 'Mt. Books' Huge Pressure' right!"

Mt. Yellow's True Monarch followed up by sending another line of cold sweat emojis.

Afterwards, he hastily brought his good friend's daughter into the chat once more.

The group notification prompted: 'Spiritual Butterfly Island's Soft Feather' has entered Nine Provinces (1) Group.

This name kept up with the Nine Provinces (1) Group's style, with the rich Xianxia air assaulting your senses. As for Mt. Books' Huge Pressure, this name surely must've been something strange that snuck in.

The moment someone new joined, Mad Saber Three Waves immediately emerged: "Oh? The new fellow daoist is a fairy? Post your photo and report the size of your bust, waist, and buttocks! If you're beautiful why not we date?"

Mad Saber Three Waves has lurked for a long time. His zodiac may be a goldfish, but in the end his memorization capabilities could still last more than 3 seconds. Yesterday he was already reminded that he should avoid offending big time seniors, so today he carefully lurked and evaluated the situation.

Hearing Mt. Yellow's True Monarch state that this person was his good friend's daughter, and that her cultivation level was at the peak of the 3rd stage – Houtian, Mad Saber Three Waves became at

ease. If it wasn't someone from the older generation, then he could tease as much as he wanted, satiating his cravings.

In this group, newcomers were extremely rare, so he had to fiercely hold it in all this time.

The moment Mad Saber Three Waves opened his mouth, Mt. Yellow's True Monarch's face immediately darkened.

"....." Spiritual Butterfly Island's Soft Feather sent a line of dots in the chat, then sent another line: "As it is late, this old man's daughter has already proceeded to meditate and practice. Her number will temporarily be used by this old man until fellow daoist Mt. Yellow adds me to this group. Ahem... I've long heard that Nine Province (1) Group's fellow daoist, Three Waves is exceptionally outstanding, easygoing and has the gift of the gab. It seems a hundred gossips cannot compare to a single meeting. Fellow daoist Three Waves, this old man appreciates you. Another day, I'll invite you to drink with me."

Mad Saber Three Waves immediately felt awkward. To think that while he was flirting around with a girl, the father would turn up! In this world, there is nothing as shameful as that. He urgently wanted to find a hole in the ground and get into it.

Fortunately, it seemed that this senior had an amiable temperament as he lightly brushed it off with a few words.

Continuing on, this senior introduced himself to the rest of the group that was online and requested that everybody take care of his daughter in the future. Then, he finally lurked before he disconnected.

Seeing that this senior left, Mad Saber Three Waves let out a breath of air, cheerfully he went, "Luckily, it seems like this senior can take a joke. Perhaps in the future, I'll have an opportunity to talk to Lady Soft Feather herself."

"....." Mt. Yellow's True Monarch.

“.....” North River’s Loose Practitioner.

The hard to come by Medicine Master then emerged. He’s a man who held his words like gold. He rarely spoke out, yet this time he actually entered four words: “Hoping for too much.”

“?” Three Waves was confused.

But Medicine Master who treated words like gold naturally wouldn’t explain any further.

“Look at the new member’s dao name’s prefix.” North River’s Loose Practitioner explained, if one doesn’t court death he wouldn’t die, will brother Three Waves forever be unable to understand this principle?

“Prefix? Spiritual Butterfly Island?” It was as if Mad Saber Three Waves still had no reaction.

“That’s right, Spiritual Butterfly Island! To add on to that a senior! Does that not remind you of someone?” North River’s Loose Practitioner pointed out.

After quite a while, Mad Saber Three Waves suddenly understood, and sent a line of ‘kneeling’ emojis, “It’s that Spiritual Butterfly Respected Sage that fusses over every single detail?”

Honourable Spiritual Butterfly was a strong senior. Everything about him was good; he’s upright and chivalrous..... It’s just that he liked to argue with others about all kinds of insignificant things, and had reached the peak of the dao of fussing over minor details. While others may fuss over minor details, he fusses over every single detail!

North River’s Loose Practitioner was angry to the point that his mouth was twitching: “This wasn’t how I warned you!”

Mt. Yellow’s True Monarch sighed, he truly couldn’t bear to keep watching. “Three Waves, that old friend of mine only minimized the chat group, he hasn’t gone offline.”

Which means..... The chat record might be seen.

No, it would definitely be seen!

Mt. Yellow's True Monarch truly couldn't bear to keep watching Three Waves court death, no matter what, he was still his chat group's junior.

"Fuck me, I'm dead." It was as if Mad Saber Three Waves has peeked into the near future where Spiritual Butterfly Respected Sage would come to pay him a visit, and execute all sorts of torture onto him. His eyes were once again moist. It seems like this time, he may have offended an even more troublesome big time senior?

At this time, Three Waves screamed, "True Monarch, please help me intercede!"

Mt. Yellow's True Monarch gave an emoji that showed a cold back figure.

The people of the chat group no longer paid attention to Three Waves' wails that sounded like those of a defeated dog, and changed topics.

North River's Loose Practitioner asked the group master, "How are you going to deal with 'Mt. Books' High Pressure'?"

Su Clan's Ah Qi said, "Do you want to kick him? After all he's just an ordinary person, and so he's not really suitable to chat with us."

"Ahem, since it was an accidental invite by esteemed me, it can also be considered fate. Let esteemed me calculate a divination, then decide how to handle this." Mt. Yellow's True Monarch replied. The main point was that he suddenly invited the other party into the group, if he just kicked him now, won't it mean that he loses a lot of face?

Which was why at the very least he should use divination to pretend for a bit as an excuse, then kick the person afterwards.

First, this way, it would demonstrate his grand and magnificent

style.

Second, not long ago he suddenly felt a great interest towards divination. He had studied it for a few months, so his hands were now itching for action. No matter what he does, he liked to calculate its divine value beforehand.

With that said, using the book 《Tang Verses Song Phrases》 as a base for his divination, he waved his hands, and executed a secret technique of divination. This shamanic power extracted the meaning from the lyrics of a poem, and formed the shape of a trigram.

His execution of divination this time went extremely smoothly. Since Mt. Yellow's True Monarch first began learning how to divinate, this was the first time he experienced this feeling while executing the divination technique!

With a happy face he looked at the divinatory trigram's results.

Then.....

Mt. Yellow's True Monarch's face turned downcast.

Mt. Yellow's True Monarch's complexion turned ugly.

He looked at the divinatory trigram: Willing to be two birds flying wing to wing in the sky, on earth willing to be two trees with branches intertwined.

(TL: This means wishing for conjugal bliss)

In his memory this verse was written by a poet Bai Juyi during the Tang Dynasty, a true classic. From then on it was used by people to describe love?

Immediately, Mt. Yellow's True Monarch felt depressed.

Wing to wing my ass, intertwining branches my ass! Willing to be a intertwining branch, esteemed me might as well hang myself on the southeast branch!

(TL: Suicide)

It can't be that he, the great Mt. Yellow's True Monarch has to go to that likely male 'Mt. Books' High Pressure' and conduct an inseparable world-shaking romance? This led him to think of Long Yangjun from Huaxia's Warring States period. This made him feel as if he just swallowed a cockroach, ridiculously disgusted.

“This definitely is because esteemed me's cultivation level in divination techniques is insufficient. After all I have only studied it for a month..... So esteemed me should try calculating the divinatory trigram once more! That's right, this must be it!” Mt. Yellow's True Monarch once again executed the divination secret technique, the deep energies once again flipped 《Tang Verses Song Phrases》.

Again, the meaning of another verse was extracted.

This time the divination secret technique revolved incredibly smoothly, Mt. Yellow's True Monarch felt great, it will surely hit the target!

He looked towards the divinatory trigram.

Then.....

True Monarch's face paled.

Divinatory trigram: “After being together for a long time, even if a pair has been separated, how can their relationship easily change from sunrise to sunset!”

Sunset your grandfather!

“Esteemed me doesn't believe in this supernatural bullshit!” Mt. Yellow True Monarch once again reset the trigram.

This time he felt even more mighty. Mt. Yellow's True Monarch felt his divinatory trigram cultivation level increasing by leaps and bounds at this moment!

This time will hit the mark for sure!

He looked down to see the divinatory trigram: “Turn back

suddenly, and discover that your destined person is there, by the waning lantern lights.”

“.....”

“Deep breaths, deep breaths.” Mt. Yellow’s True Monarch had firmly decided on what to do with the 《Tang Verses Song Phrases》. Tilting his head 45 degrees upwards, he looked depressedly up towards the sky, what a melancholic feeling!

Continuing on, True Monarch resolutely tore apart the hardcover version of 《Tang Verses Song Phrases》 in his hands. While ripping it apart he forcefully nodded: “Sure enough, esteemed me does not possess talent in the area of divination techniques and wasn’t made to be a divination master. Therefore, the divinatory trigram’s results that esteemed me acquired must all be failures!”

He then tossed the torn 《Tang Verses Song Phrases》 to one side, in his heart he silently vowed never again to cheaply divinate anything!

With the hardcover Verses Phrases torn and thrown to the side, True Monarch typed, “That Mt. Books’ High Pressure..... Let’s keep him for now. Esteemed me just divinated, and discovered that he and esteemed me are connected by fate. Adding him to the group was no random accident, it was inevitable! As for what the future holds for him, that will depend on his luck.”

True Monarch used vocabulary from various divination techniques. As for the divinatory trigram’s results, he wouldn’t reveal a word even if someone beat him to death!

Damn, even if there was fate, that fate definitely was a bastardly fate!

“Then let’s leave it be for now. Anyways he would probably leave the group soon enough. Come to think of it, what was the result of True Monarch’s divinatory calculation?” North River’s Loose

Practitioner had heard before that True Monarch was learning divination techniques, and so he was very curious as to what this senior had divined.

“.....” Mt. Yellow’s True Monarch: “Oh right, you guys continue chatting, I have an urgent matter so I’ll leave first.”

Finishing his words, he rapidly went offline leaving behind the bewildered North River’s Loose Practitioner.

Chapter 3: One Pill Recipe

The sun hung high in the sky. It was precisely noon.

Since his roommates knew that Song Shuhang had not yet recovered from his cold, they had already asked for another day of sick leave for him so that he could rest well.

“Why do I feel like my illness is getting more serious? Is it because I haven’t been exercising much lately, which led to my body’s condition worsening?” Song Shuhang wondered.

Beside him, there was a bowl of century egg porridge. His roommates had brought this for him during lunchtime.

“What a nice bunch!” Song Shuhang unhesitantly placed them in his friend zone.

After he’d slept for god knows how long, he was so hungry that his chest stuck to his back. He then raked the century egg porridge into his mouth before he switched on his computer again.

When he habitually opened the group chat software, he saw the red dot that specified the number of latest messages in the ‘Nine Provinces (1) Group’.

Song Shuhang curiously extended his hand to open the Nine Provinces (1) Group tab, wanting to see what the Xianxia aficionado chunnibyou had talked about throughout the night.

The chat logs of the early morning surfaced before his eyes.

North River’s Loose Practitioner’s questions related to the ‘newcomer’, Mad Saber Three Waves’ death-seeking ways, the interesting senior from the Spirit Butterfly Island. There’s also Mt. Yellow’s True Monarch who had claimed he had divined that they were brought together by fate just by using a divination technique once.

As he looked at the chatlogs, the images of these few people

began to fill Shuhang's mind.

“So it's because they added the wrong person. Like I said, I don't even recognise this Mt. Yellow's True Monarch.”

Judging from the chatlogs, it seems like not just anyone could freely join this group? A member's recommendation was needed to enter.

Moreover, the age of this bunch of xianxia aficionados all didn't seem to be young. There was even someone who had a daughter.

To add-on, from his tone, it seemed that his daughter was no longer young? Then with some calculations, perhaps he was already forty to fifty years old. Already so old but still stuck in chuuni. His daughter must have suffered a lot.

Skimming through the chat logs, Song Shuhang maintained his lurking mode, unconditionally remaining silent.

Seeing the group members act foolishly was a very interesting thing, but if he joined in, what would it then be considered as? He doesn't act foolishly anyways.

Therefore, his plan was to just lurk, read the chat logs and get a few laughs everyday.

If there's one day that he felt that this chat group has become boring, he would just quit Nine Provinces (1) Group.

This was how he had always thought.

* * * * *

Unknowingly, ten days had already passed.

June 1st. Saturday, Children's Day.

[TL: Holiday in China]

Shuhang's roommates were all half-boarders and half day-schoolers. What that meant was that they stayed in the dorms from Monday to Friday and went home on weekends. So

whenever the weekend came, only one lonely person, him, would be left in the dorms.

Song Shuhang had already recuperated from his cold, but he was still suffering from a stuffy nose and a cough. These coughs from the cold were more troublesome to recover from. If it was not well taken care of, these coughs could last a couple of months.

As he rested on Saturday, Shuhang slept till 8AM before waking up. Then, he went to the cafeteria and ate some lightly flavored food.

With nothing to do, he returned to the dormitory.

After opening his computer, he had already become accustomed to visiting the chat logs of the Nine Provinces (1) Group. This was now his main way of passing the time.

Unknowingly, he had joined this group for 10 days already.

While lurking these past 10 days, he saw that the majority of the people in the group were chatting about which secret realm to intrude, and how much rewards they'll reap. Other than that, there were also talks about where the evil ghosts and demons had appeared, and whether to tame or behead them.

They talked like all of this was real. Song Shuhang was thinking, if he were to take the contents of this chat log, polish it up a bit, then post it online as a Xianxia Novel, he could make quite a bit of money from royalties.

Within these past 10 days, Song Shuhang recognized quite a number of people from the group.

For example, the rarely seen group master, Mt. Yellow's True Monarch.

Furthermore, the two moderators who had never appeared since he joined this group, Daluo Sect's Rainmoon True Monarch and Seven Path's Respected Sage.

The frequently online included ‘intelligence reporter’ North River’s Loose Practitioner, death-seeking Mad Saber Three Waves, Su Clan’s Ah Qi who wanted to fight with or without speaking, and Medicine Master whose words were as hard to come by as gold.

In addition, there was also the constantly lurking Roaming Cloud Monk Tong Xuan who only posted emoticons even when he surfaced in the chat. It was rumoured that this High Monk has been training in silent meditation. He was not only unable to speak but also even unable to type. At most, he could send an emoticon.

Finally, amongst this somewhat chunni group, there was Spirit Butterfly Island’s Soft Feather who spoke normally. Her number was only one digit away from Song Shuhang’s. Only by riding on her good fortune did Shuhang receive the opportunity to enter this Nine Provinces (1) group.

These reports were obtained by him when North River’s Loose Practitioner passionately introduced the group’s members to Spiritual Butterfly Island’s Soft Feather.

.....

Today, upon opening the Nine Provinces (1) Chat, the first thing he saw was a message from the Medicine Master.

The Medicine Master, whose words were as hard to come by as gold, sent: “Improved a foundation pill formula.”

Including the punctuation mark, this was a six word sentence! From the moment he joined the group, Song Shuhang had never seen the Medicine Master post such a long message. So he continued to read on.

The Medicine Master’s news was posted in the early morning.

“Simplified Pill Recipe for Body Tempering Liquid: Ginseng 3 liang, Goji Berries 4 liang 3 qian; Morning Dew Mysterious Grass; Rising Sun Stone 3 liang, Maiden’s Fragrance 1 liang 3 qian..... Fresh Overlord Branch 1 liang, thinly sliced 9-Yang Scarlet Flame

Bamboo 4 liang.....”

[TL: 1 liang = 50g; 1 qian = 5g]

Listing 45 types of medicinal ingredients in succession, amongst them, there were familiar looking ingredients like Ginseng and Goji Berries, but there were also the rarely heard Rising Sun Stone and the unheard-before ingredients, Morning Dew Mysterious Grass, Fresh Overlord Branches, the 9-Yang Scarlet Flame Bamboo and such.

“Follow the proportion of the recipe and put them one by one into the medicine furnace, cook for approximately 5 minutes with a closed lid; add in new medicinal ingredients, continue to cook for approximately 5 minutes with a closed lid. Take note of fire’s temperature! Continue this cycle will lead the medicinal fluids to turn into a paste. The finished product, body tempering fluid will be black, transparent, and taste pungent.”

Easy to understand!

Out of the 40-over ingredients, there were many that Song Shuhang did not recognize. Curiously, he went only to look them up.

In the pill formula, there were 30 ingredients from common chinese medicine, all for improving your qi, blood and such.

There were still 15 ingredients such as Morning Dew Mysterious Grass, Fresh Overlord Branch, and Scarlet Flame Bamboo which he had never heard of, it can’t be that this ‘Medicine Master’ from the group is making up things right?

“These people have sunk too deep into this delusion, they even made up medicinal formulas! It can’t be that someone would really follow this formula and consume that medicinal paste right?” Song Shuhang wondered.

He was a bit anxious, because as rice could be eaten in any way you like, but medicine could not be randomly taken!

Wouldn't indiscriminately eating medicine lead to death? How about advising this group of chuunibyou not to? No matter how you put it, Song Shuhang had already been in this chat for 10 days.

If someone in this group happened to die from recklessly eating medicine, he too would feel a bit guilty

Continuing on, upon checking the chat, he realized that some people had already followed the instructions!

It turns out that it was the one that seemed the most normal in the chat, Spiritual Butterfly Island's Soft Feather, that responded at around 2 in the morning.

Spiritual Butterfly Island's Soft Feather: "Compared to the old formula, this one is lacking in a lot of rare medicinal ingredients. The process is also simplified by a lot. Medicine Master, what temperature should the fire be? I just tried, but the result was it had failed midway. Also, how much of the medicinal effectiveness is decreased in comparison to the original?"

"Effect 2:1." Said Medicine Master.

Medicine effectiveness was only half from before, after all many precious herbs were lessened. But with such normal mass-oriented medicinal ingredients, to still be able to form a body tempering liquid, it would be considered a profit even so.

"The temperature and specific timings has to be grasped yourself, it cannot be explained." Medicine Master once again sent a rare long line of words, only when it came to questions about pill concoctions would he clench his teeth and enter a few more words, "Also, if your fire control arts aren't good enough, I recommend you utilize a treasure for fire control."

"Thank you senior, I will try again." Spiritual Butterfly Island's Soft Feather sent a smiley, then returned to lurking.

Spiritual Butterfly Island's Soft Feather's final message was at 2:30AM in the morning, if she went to concoct pills after that,

judging from the time she should already have concocted a few furnaces of pills right?

It could kill right? From the start, this bunch of chuunibyou were already very silly, if they ate the wrong medicine too, wouldn't they become super silly? Originally, they could probably be saved, but right now if they ate that medicine then there would truly be no hope for rescue!

His conscience finally took over, and he couldn't help but enter into the chat window, "Medicine cannot be randomly taken!"

Right as he was about to knock on the Enter key, and send his first sentence in this group.....The chat window vibrated.

A large smiley popped out from the group chat's avatar.

It was the moderator who hadn't appeared from when Song Shuhang entered the chat group Seven Path's Respected Sage, "This recipe is great, I just tried simultaneously concocting it in seven furnaces, and all of them easily succeeded. The success rate is very high. I've tried some and the effectiveness of the medicine is slightly more than half of the old version of body tempering liquid. But the cost of manufacturing this recipe is only a tenth of the old recipe.

Although it is only the lowest level of body tempering liquid, but as of today, the spiritual Qi in this realm is becoming thinner and thinner. To us for whom expensive medicines and herbs are rare, this truly is a good thing. Medicine Master, continue to work hard. If you can improve pill recipes of level three and above, then your contributions and efforts will really be invaluable."

"To add-on: What's most important is, the concocting difficulty has been greatly reduced, this can even be passed on to medicinal students to concoct."

Seven Path's Respected Sage was a famous senior in the group, and in terms of strength he was even one level higher than Mt.

Yellow's True Monarch. He also had high attainments in terms of pill concoction. In this group, he could be said to be the authority in terms of pill concocting, his praises naturally let a junior like Medicine Master feel extremely heartened.

“Thank you senior, I will work hard!” Medicine Master excitedly entered these many words in a single sentence, moreover with high speeds.

Song Shuhang's mouth started twitching, there was actually someone who had already concocted and taken that ‘body tempering liquid’?

Chapter 4: H City's 3rd stage – Houtian Lightning Tribulation

Thinking it through, Song Shuhang pressed and held the ← key and deleted what he typed into the chat window.

He understood, with this group's members' temperament, even if he sent advice, he reckoned that none of them would probably listen. Moreover, since there was someone who had already taken it, and was still able to leap and frisk about, that medicine shouldn't poison someone to death in a short period of time, right?

Although this was how it is, Song Shuhang felt that he couldn't just leave them to their own devices. Every medicine had its side effects, perhaps this body tempering liquid or something was a slow acting poison, and wouldn't kill a person in a short period of time, but if it took a life in a long period of time what was there to do?

Therefore this medicinal recipe had to be verified!

He was even still worried for this group of xianxia chuunibyous.

As a person, Song Shuhang was generally a great candidate to choose as a good friend.

He picked up the notebook beside him, then copied down the 30 and more medicinal ingredients that Medicine Master's 'body tempering fluid' contained that could be found online.

Song Shuhang had an older female cousin named Zhao Yaya, who studied medical science.

Her university had a Chinese medicine faculty, so Song Shuhang wanted to have her ask them, if these 30 and more improving qi and blood circulation ingredients were thrown into a pot and cooked for a while, will the end result be able to kill the one who eats it?

All these improving blood circulation, qi and health ingredients, theoretically shouldn't kill the one who eats it. But so many things stuffed into a pot to cook and stew, who knows what kind of thing it would end up transforming into at the end?

As for those names at the back, the Fresh Tyrant Branches, Nine Suns Crimson Bamboo slices etc. Those carried a clear sense of chunni, therefore Song Shuhang naturally chose to ignore them. Who knew what kind of things these were? He wasn't someone stuck in second grade, alright?

If he took these items to ask his cousin, his cousin would definitely think that water had entered his brain. And then the next day, Mama Song would certainly board an aeroplane to hurry towards Jiang Nan City and take him to see some neurosurgeon or psychiatrist.

"When I go back home in another two weeks, I'll secretly ask my cousin..." Song Shuhang quietly reasoned in his heart. He hoped that in this span of time, the xianxia aficionados wouldn't cut him off.

While Song Shuhang was copying the pill recipe, Nine Provinces (1) Group also remained peaceful temporarily. On normal days the number of members online always remained low, by the looks of it even chuunibyou have normal lives to lead?

That's right, people living on this earth still had to eat, work, and take care of children. Perhaps within this group there were also students like him.

After copying the 30 and more ingredients from the pill recipe, Song Shuhang stretched his back. He then looked towards the bottom right hand of his monitor, at the weather forecast software.

1st June, clear.

2nd June, clear.

“The weather’s good, I should go exercise for a bit later.” Song Shuhang felt that his physique had deteriorated, and so decided to do more exercise.

But it didn’t matter what his heart thought, for his fingers couldn’t help but open the computer’s game icon, first enjoy a game then think about it!

.....

Although he said he’d enjoy a game, once the game started, one match after another, he simply couldn’t stop!

Unwittingly, it was afternoon.

“Time during weekends always seem to pass particularly fast.” Song Shuhang made a dry laugh, closed the game, then conveniently opened up the Nine Provinces (1) Group by habit.

Taking a look after booting, taking a look before shutting down, and a happy mood for the whole day!

Once the chat window opened, he realized that the frequently online North River’s Loose Practitioner was already online.

Inside there were many new chat records.

North River’s Loose Practitioner: “Medicine Master bro, your pill concocting standards leave me speechless. I tried 10 furnaces of that altered body tempering liquid, and even managed success with 8 of them, the medicine’s effectiveness was better than expected. It’s a pity that this body tempering liquid is only effective for entry-level cultivators. For a loose practitioner like me this isn’t very useful, but for those like Daluo Sect’s Rainmoon True Monarch and the others’ disciples and disciples’ children, those seniors would have great use for it. Once senior Rain Butterfly and the others receive this pill recipe, they would owe you, Medicine Master bro, a huge favor.”

Roaming Cloud Monk Tong Xuan mysteriously appeared, and sent a thumbs up.

North River's Loose Practitioner immediately laughed, "I forgot, Master Tong Xuan you have a group of little monks under your care. Medicine Master bro, seems like the people who owe you a favor has once again increased."

Roaming Cloud Monk Tong Xuan once again sent a smiley, then lurked.

North River's Loose Practitioner returned with another smiley, he felt that practising that 'silent meditation' was a real pain in the ass, and if it wasn't for the chat software allowing Master Tong Xuan to send punctuations and emoticons, he probably wouldn't even have a way to socialize, right? Buddhist sects were just such a pain in the ass, which was why that time, when a great monk tried to sway him into becoming a novice monk, him not agreeing was a decision that couldn't be greater!

Approximately 10 minutes later, Mad Saber Three Waves came online, "Soft Feather Fairy ~~ Soft Feather Fairy, if you are here please be sure to reply to this majesty for a moment!"

At the same time he sent a line of crying and kneeling emoticons.

"Oh, fellow daoist Three Waves hasn't been online for the past few days, where did you go for closed-door cultivation?" North River's Loose Practitioner made a naughty smile, he was asking despite knowing the circumstances.

"Closed a damned door!" Three Waves sent a voice message, even his voice sounded like choking: "Three days ago, 'senior' Spiritual Butterfly Respected Sage came to visit this majesty, then stayed in this majesty's house for three days. After that, you all know what happened ah ah ah ah....."

"Hehe." North River's Loose Practitioner expressed how he definitely wouldn't pity Three Waves, someone who seeks death is not worth pitying!

"Spiritual Butterfly Island's Soft Feather, beautiful Soft Feather

Fairy, please come out to meet Waves! I have something to request!” Three Waves miserably called, Waves was Three Waves’ surname. His original name was Waves Three.

“?” Spiritual Butterfly Island’s Soft Feather came online, and sent a question mark.

“Fairy, you are finally here. This majesty has a request. I’m requesting you to please bring that overly-attached-to-his-daughter’s-relationships father back home. Waves is kneeling!” Three Waves sent a otz kneeling emoticon.

“Hehe.” Spiritual Butterfly Island’s Soft Feather sent a smiley, and then sent another sentence after a moment, “Old me is overly attached to his daughter’s relationships?”

Huh? Wait a moment, doesn’t something seem to be wrong?

Old me? Oh my mama, it was Spiritual Butterfly Respected Sage using his daughter’s account again?

Clunk, did something break? It was Three Waves’ frail heart.

Sure enough, this old fella was overly attached to his daughter’s relationships, often using his daughter’s account, was there still justice in this world!?

“.....” North River’s Loose Practitioner felt that his mouth could no longer stop twitching. In the end, he kindly prompted, “Right, Three Waves bro. Lady Soft Feather seems to be refining the new version of body tempering liquid right?”

Which is why Lady Soft Feather will not come online for a short period of time.

Afterwards, there no longer was an afterwards.

Mad Saber Three Waves disconnected..... It was a disconnection, not that he went offline.

“Chi!” Song Shuhang happily laughed out.

Cheerful mood.

Over the 10 days of reading the chat records, he felt that the people in the group weren't like normal chuunibyou patients. Their conversations revealed contents were too real, like it wasn't products of their imaginations.

This thought only stayed in Song Shuhang's mind for a moment before it passed.

"Could it be that I've seen too much of their chat records, and have been assimilated by them?" Thinking of this, Song Shuhang was frightened to the point he had cold sweat.

He had long passed the age for chuuni, but who doesn't have a 'remember that time' moments?

Those years of heroic, wuxia and superhero dreams were his dark history, and experiences he wouldn't want to face in this lifetime. Once he thought of it he would feel ashamed, and feel like dying; wanting to forget and wanting to forget!

So he absolutely must not be assimilated by the other fellas in the group.

"Time to go eat." He extended his hand, and was about to close the Nine Provinces (1) Group.

Just as he was about to close the chat, the group's North River's Loose Practitioner once again appeared with a line, "Ah Qi, has the junior in your family finished with his tribulation? Why is there no noise from him?"

Su Clan's Ah Qi replied, "Preparing for it right now, it's about to begin in a few hours."

North River's Loose Practitioner replied with another question, "Going through the tribulation from where? Do you need help?"

"The tribulation will be at a suburb of H city, don't worry, my family's Ah Shiliu has outstanding talent, a mere 3rd stage – Houtian advancement's lightning calamity is a small matter, sprinkle a little water and it's enough to pass. You guys can wait

for my family's Ah Shiliu to advance towards 4th stage – Xiantian, then he will come challenge you guys, wahaha!” Su Clan's Ah Qi laughed, he was very relaxed.

[TL: Ah Qi's Qi is the character seven, while Ah Shiliu's Shiliu refers to sixteen. I might change to the actual numbers if more and more Ahs appear]

“If you put it that way then I'm relieved, Ah Shiliu this little fella's talent is indeed pretty good. 3rd stage – Houtian should pose no problems for this little fella.” North River's Loose Practitioner replied.

After this, the group's peace was restored.

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Song Shuhang rubbed his chin, H City?

Wasn't that the place right beside the Jiang Nan region! Bringing that up, the university city he was at was right beside Jiang Nan City and H City, the J City's district.

H City was a small city in Huaxia, and while the area was small, their economy was doing extremely well. It was Huaxia's famed shopping heaven, with the reputation of having everything within heaven and earth up for sale. Of course, illegal things were excluded.

If the tribulation is received in H City, then can it be seen from the Jiang Nan region?

“Am I an idiot?” Song Shuhang laughed, how could he take things said by the group seriously?

A lightning calamity nonetheless? With this weather there are no clouds within 10000 miles, with bright and beautiful sunshine. It couldn't be possible to have a thunderstorm right?

What's more, the present is unlike a few years prior, the weather

forecast is now accurate, at least within the approaching three days. If it was reported to be a sunny day, there wouldn't be waves of thunder or torrential rains.

“Taking advantage of the good weather, I'll go to the bookshop after eating!” Song Shuhang murmured.

Chapter 5: I Believe In Science!

After finishing his lunch, Song Shuhang walked towards the nearby book renting store to window read.

[TL: Basically he goes to the book shop to read but not to buy, similar to window shopping, and so, window read]

He liked to window read, not because he wanted to save the money of borrowing a few books, but this was his hobby. Song Shuhang found crouching at a corner of the book shop reading to be incredibly pleasurable!

Of course, in order to avoid the boss from hating him, after reading a while, he would rent a book or two. A person must have integrity, and anything done must not be too extreme, things must be worked on little by little! This way he can avoid the boss hating him, and chasing him out.

After all, for a book shop as large as the one in front of him, with a large variety of books not just limited to novels, rather all kinds of genres novels were available. This type of book shop was a rare nowadays.

To be put on a blacklist, in the vicinity around JiangNan University, one could not find a more impressive bookstore.

They say that a person's name is important and the person becomes like their name. Song Shuhang really liked reading books, and had no bias against them.

[TL: The word 'Shu' in Song Shuhang means books, while 'hang' refers to boat/vessel/ship.]

No matter if they were fiction novels, classic literature, classical works, or even works on theories that can make a person's head spin, he enjoyed all of them.

These days, he had been reading books on car driving techniques

and important knowledge. He plans to obtain a driver's license while classes are still easy during his first year. Taking the test at school rather than outside was a lot cheaper, a difference of 7 to 8 thousand yuan.

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While window reading, time would always fly by quickly.

In a blink of an eye, the time reached 3PM.

“So fast.....I need to prepare to go back already. I also need to go to the nearby supermarket to get some snacks for a midnight supper, so I can pull an all nighter on Saturday night.” Song Shuhang laughed.

Done muttering, he randomly chose a book, walked towards the checkout counter, and checked that book out.

The checkout counter was located at the exit of the bookstore. Today, the awning outside which provided shade for the store was broken, so the lady boss took refuge in a shaded spot, avoiding the scorching sun.

“The sun is so bright, it already feels like midsummer.” Song Shuhang said as he used one hand to cover his eyes and looked at the sky.

The lady boss was a classic Jiang Nan beauty, as if she was made of water.

Like Song Shuhang, her interest was also getting a book and reading it all day. From her attire, it could be seen that her quality of life wasn't low and opening this bookstore was merely a hobby for her.

Normally, she would be sitting down and reading in a gentle and refined manner. Simply picturesque, the sight of this was warming to the heart and pleasing to the eyes. To watch this scene of the

painting-like beauty, many youngsters would forcefully change their hobbies from being rebellious youths to literature youths.

However, it was said that this picturesque beauty side was just her peaceful side.

With a peaceful mode, there would certainly be a PK mode or berserk mode in her. Only, in this half-year, Shuhang had not seen this side.

“Alright. Within 2 days, you must remember to return it. An additional day will add another yuan towards the fee.” The lady boss completed the procedures for renting books, then waved her hand to signal Song Shuhang to get lost.

Although they had only interacted for half a semester, this moocher that would stay for more than half a day left a profound impression on her. If it wasn't for his tact in checking out a few books to help her business, she would've used a broom and drove him out ages ago.

“Hehe” Song Shuhang laughed as he took the books and took a step exiting the store.

Boom!!!

At this moment, an ear-splitting sound exploded out.

This noise had scared everyone in this store, and regarding Song Shuhang who had almost taken a step out of the store, he fell flat on his face!

”Fuck!”

“Hey, what the hell!”

“Thunder from a clear sky?”

“Scared me to death.” In this bookstore, all sorts of exclamations could be heard.

Raising his head towards the sky, Song Shuhang found that the endlessly clear sky had changed. In the horizon, there appeared a

black cloud quietly condensing. In a blink of an eye, the cloud covered the horizon, giving the feeling of storm clouds approaching.

[TL: Bad omens]

“It seems like it’s about to rain?” Tch tch. They said that a few years ago, weather forecasts were inaccurate and we must do the opposite. When the forecast states it will be a clear day, you need to bring an umbrella. I expected that after all these years, the weather forecast would’ve improved. To think that it would still be this unreliable.” Song Shuhang sighed.

It would be better if it was back then. Back then, you just needed to follow the opposite of what the forecast predicted. Currently, you need to predict and gamble whether the forecast is accurate.

After letting his imaginations run wild, he grasped his rented books and prepared the race back to the dorms while the rain hadn’t fallen yet.

Not waiting till Song Shuhang’s second foot stepped out.

Boom.....

Yet another thunder roared out, making the people’s ears buzz.

Song Shuhang’s raised leg once again returned back to the ground.

In the horizon, the area with the black cloud started to distort in a peculiar manner. Lightning in the shape of snakes began shooting out from the cloud, forming a “net” of lightning and exploding with rumbles.

Song Shuhang had seen lightning before, but in this lifetime, he had not seen thunder and lightning this concentrated—almost as if it was the apocalypse. The thunder and lightning didn’t strike one by one, but rather struck in a coordinated manner.

The boom from the thunder was also not ordinary.

In the past, the thunder would only have a loud boom with some reverberations afterwards. But right now, it sounded just like when a huge amount of gunpowder was added into firecrackers.

Boom boom, bang bang, boom boom.

With so much noise, even the echos were blocked out.

Supposing someone got struck by this, how much power would that guy unlock?

Moreover, what made Song Shuhang even more apprehensive was that the black cloud did not move. It stayed at the horizon, chaotically bombing that area, without the intention of spreading over.

The cries of thunder surged on for about ten breaths, continuously.

This gave people a feeling that a fierce storm was approaching.

“How unfortunate!” Song Shuhang sighed. He spoke in his heart, “Why not I return to window read some more?”

Generally speaking, regarding thunderstorms, those that arrived quickly, departed quickly as well. However, if the storm lasts longer, couldn't he read another book?

Thinking of this, he once again returned to the bookstore preparing to once again stay for a while.

As if God was playing a joke on Shuhang, upon turning around return to the bookstore, the rumbling seemed to have suddenly stopped!

At the same time, the black cloud covering the horizon and the lightning shaped like snakes also vanished into thin air! It was as if a mighty hand was using the sky to paint, and upon becoming dissatisfied, he effortlessly erased the black clouds and lightning snakes.

Once again, the sky turned back to endlessly clear, the sun shined

over everything! Similar to the recently occurring blasts from the thunder, the sky full of lightning snakes seemed like an illusion and simply fantasy.

In the store, there were people muttering, “What kind of situation is this?”

“There can’t actually be someone who sinned so much that they got struck by lightning, right?”

“Superstition! This thunder and lightning is merely a natural phenomenon.....”

At this time, next to Shuhang, a brat raised his head, his left hand clenching a kids manhua, his right pointing to the sky. Loudly, with an air of heroism, he yelled, “Ahh, I want this sky, to never again cover my eyes. I want this ground, unable to bury my heart! I want the sky covered in black clouds, to disappear without a trace!”

The corners of Song Shuhang’s mouth twitched, certain that once this brat grows up, upon recalling back this memory, he would be rolling on the ground in shame. Moreover, this type of dark history will haunt this brat for his whole life. After that, with great difficulty towards forgetting this memory, he couldn’t say for sure it would not appear from a nook in his brain, prompting him to yell: “Drop dead, so shameful!” and so on. Also making him wish that he could go back in time, and beat himself up.

Because he himself had tons of experience.

Only not knowing why, seeing this laughable brat, Song Shuhang suddenly thought of the Nine Provinces (1) Group and all the chuunibyou in it.

“H City, 3rd Stage-Houtian Tribulation.”

The chat record of the group flashed through his mind.

He once again assessed the location of the event. Just a moment ago, the area where the thunderstorm took place, seemed.....to be

right at H City's location?

Even though Song Shuhang had a big heart, his heart skipped a beat

Could it be? It was true?

The weather forecast displayed clear skies, but before his eyes, countless explosions from thunder had suddenly appeared.

“Hahahaha, how could this be possible! How could there be stuff capable of moving the heavens. It should be coincidence?!” Song Shuhang calmed his heart down.

But, when the thought arose, it was impossible to get rid of it. Were there really such coincidences in this world? Those lightning snakes were extremely strange, as if they weren't natural.

H City, Tribulation. These few words unceasingly resounded in his mind.

Forcefully, Song Shuhang shook his head, throwing this possibility out of his mind.

This worldview, that he had used 18 years to construct, told him to believe in science and refuse superstition. Those thunderclouds were only a strange natural phenomenon and were not from the tribulation!

Chapter 6: Copper Trigram's Immortal Master

“I have been infected by the people in the chat group. Although reading the chat records is pretty fun, as expected, I should leave the group after a while. Or else, if time passes, I will become one of them—I’ll let my cousin look at this recipe, determine whether or not these ingredients will cause death if eaten, then leave the group.” Song Shuhang affirmed internally.

Actually, since this was just a mysterious group...and since he was mysteriously added, Song Shuhang could completely ignore whether the other party would live or die.

However, he always felt that if the “medicinal pill” had poison in it, then nevertheless, he should warn and advise them against consuming it. Even if the other party doesn’t heed his words, he would at least have a clear conscience.

Yes, a clear conscience.

Whether they listen or not was the group members’ responsibility, but whether to advise them or not...that was his responsibility.

* * * * *

Upon arriving at the dorms, Song Shuhang opened the chat application and sent his cousin, Zhao Yaya, a copy of the medicinal ingredients.

“Sis Yaya, hypothetically, if you took all the ingredients, boiled them all down into paste, will the finished product kill someone upon consumption? If you have time, please help me find out.”

Upon hitting the enter key and sending the message, Song Shuhang leaned back on his chair, relaxing his mind.

Cousin Zhou Yaya and Song Shuhang were not close. She had

already started interning at college, and did not come online that often. A lot of times, she would only pop online once in a few days. Upon sending a message, it would be normal to receive a reply after a week.

If he could, Song Shuhang would rather not have asked this question over the internet.

After all, there were some things better said face to face to prevent any misunderstandings. If his cousin thought he was the one who wanted to eat this, then wouldn't this be unexplainable without meeting face to face? He was afraid that his dearest mother would fly all the way over to see him.

However today, he felt himself becoming increasingly like one of the group members—Indeed, reading this chat log was interesting, but it would be better for him to leave earlier.

Taking advantage of the fact that he had never popped up in the chat, and he had not interacted with any of the members, his exit from the group wouldn't have that much impact.

Nevertheless, his fingers involuntarily shifted to the bottom right corner, and opened up the Nine Provinces (1) Group.

It was really easy to form a habit. As a matter of fact, it only took him ten days to form the habit of checking this chat group daily.

At this moment, there were some people online.

North River's Loose Practitioner: "Ah Qi, is the tribulation over? Has little Shiliu advanced in rank?"

This message was sent just over 10 minutes ago, but Su Clan's Ah Qi had not yet responded to him.

"Something couldn't have happened during the tribulation right?" Spiritual Butterfly Island's Soft Feather asked. This time, it was actually she herself and not her father. This girl may have had just joined this group, but with her glib tongue, she had already become familiar with some of the more active group members.

She knew that for cultivators, every single tribulation could not be underestimated. No matter how weak the tribulation was, just a single mistake could cause serious repercussions.

“That shouldn’t be the case, there’s Ah Qi there. It’s merely 3rd Stage-Houtian tribulation, if there were to be a problem, he could forcefully dispel it.” North River’s Loose Practitioner responded.

Only, Su Clan’s Ah Qi never responded, and he couldn’t put himself at ease.

At this moment, an ID that Song Shuhang had never seen emerged. This person was called ‘Copper Trigram’s Immortal Master’. He sent: “You guys need not worry yet. Wait for this Immortal Master to divinate first, then you’ll know the result.”

After a moment of silence, North River’s Loose Practitioner replied: “Ok.”

It looked like this person called Copper Trigram’s Immortal Master played the role of an Immortal Master in terms of divination?

After about two or three minutes, Copper Trigram’s Immortal Master said: “Haha, no problem. The results from my divination shows a very auspicious outcome, Su Clan’s Ah Qi and his younger relative should be fine. Let’s just wait for little Shiliu to come challenge us.”

Very auspicious, then they should be relieved now, right? Even though you can’t take fortune telling as truth, but sometimes it certainly can make you feel better. Shuhang thought to himself.

However, after North River’s Loose Practitioner heard the divination result, he wasn’t delighted. Instead, he became quiet.

After a while, he sent an grimacing emoji and said, “It seems that Ah Shiliu is indeed in trouble, which is why Ah Qi is not online. Is there anybody who is in H City’s vicinity that can go check if Ah Qi needs any help?”

Mad Saber Three Waves appeared, and sighed: “If the result of the Trigram Immortal is very auspicious, then something is wrong. But I am very far away from H city. Even if I rushed there, it will take me days to get there.”

“?” Soft Feather was puzzled.

“Soft Feather, what you don’t know is that Immortal Master’s divination is never correct. If the result from his divination is very auspicious, then you’d better be prepared, because a calamity is imminent. On the other hand, if he divines that you will be in grave danger, you should feel relief, because your luck has just turned great. If one day he foresees that the most world-breaking tribulation is coming your way, then you should have a celebratory party, because this is a sign that you might pick up an immortal tool just from leaving home!” Mad Saber Three Waves explained.

North River’s Loose Practitioner added: “From a different perspective, Trigram Immortal’s divination ability is indeed strong, because if you take the opposite of his divinations, you have basically found correct the correct answer.”

Copper Trigram’s Immortal Master, “.....”

He felt a strong urge to scream and defend himself, but because of his long and dark track record, he felt stifled to death.

“Oh, right, lady Soft Feather, could you ask your father when he plans to return home? He has been staying at my place for a long time. Doesn’t he miss his home, doesn’t he miss his adorable and beautiful daughter?” Mad Saber Three Waver learned his lesson this time and didn’t say anything that would warrant his death

“Sure thing senior, I will ask my dad when I have time.” Soft Feather responded politely, but her response was vague as she didn’t say when she would ask, and also didn’t confirm that the question she will ask her father is for him to return home.

Mad Saber Three Waves is quite astute, and he realized that Soft

Feather was merely throwing him off. As a result, brother Three Waves' eyes once again moistened.

“Is there any lurker here from H City?” North River's Loose Practitioner asked the entire group.

The lurking group members popped out one by one, but all denied being in H city. Huaxia was a huge country, while there were only that many people in the group. It's impossible for everybody to be in the same area.

Song Shuhang was in JiangNan region right next to H city, but he was no acquaintance of Su Clan's Ah Qi. Moreover, he still kept a clear head, it would be impossible for him to assist these folks in the group to go searching for someone who allegedly went missing after a lightning tribulation based on someone's divination.

He had not been assimilated afterall.

At this moment, Spirit Butterfly Island's Soft Feather said again: “I plan to run some errands in J city, I will fly to Jiang Nan airport first, then transfer to J city. Jiang Nan region is close to H city, if there is anything I can help with, please contact me anytime. Even though I am not familiar with H city, I will do my best to help.”

“That is great.” North River's Loose Practitioner responded.

“Passing by Jiang Nan region? This lady from the chat group is coming here?” Song Shuhang blinked a few times.

North River's Loose Practitioner gladly said: “I will try to contact Ah Qi. If he needs help, I will then reach out to you, Soft Feather.”

He and Su Clan's Ah Qi had been great friends even before joining this chat group. Now, with Copper Trigram's Immortal Master's divination, North River's Loose Practitioner became very concerned.

If something does not concern you, then it doesn't matter. If something does concern you, you can't stay calm .

At this moment, Mt. Yellow's True Monarch appeared. The moderator of the chat group tried to console him by saying: "North River, don't get overly worried. With Ah Qi present, don't even mention the 3rd Stage-Houtian tribulation, even if it was the 4th Stage-Xiantian tribulation, it couldn't possibly do a thing to him."

"That's true." North River's Loose Practitioner sighed. "Actually I wasn't worried at first. It was merely a 3rd Stage-Houtian tribulation afterall. However, the very auspicious divination made by Copper Trigram's Immortal Master truly made me endlessly worried."

"...." Mt. Yellow's True Monarch.

"....." Mad Saber Three Waves.

North River's Loose Practitioner words made a lot of sense, and the two of them were left speechless.

Chapter 7: The Group Of Delinquents That Got Wiped Out

Copper Trigram's Immortal Master, "Damn! North River's Loose Practitioner what do you mean by that, this is intolerable bullying! On next month's full moon night, at the Forbidden Purple Peak, do you dare to come?"

"Sure, do you think I'm scared of you, a fake divination master? However, I'm not free on next month's full moon, how about we set the date as three months later?" North River's Loose Practitioner refreshingly agreed, "Also, when the time comes how am I supposed to find you? After all you have too many identities. If you turn into a sockpuppet, I wouldn't recognize you even if you stood in front of my eyes."

Copper Trigram's Immortal Master was not just 'proficient' in divination, he was also a master in changing appearance. The people in the chat group guessed that he must have been chased around to be killed for calculating divinations wrongly so often, and had no choice but to change his identity to flee. Over time, he mastered the art of changing appearances.

"Three months it is then! When the time comes all you need to care about is going up the Forbidden Purple Peak, I will find you there! Your hateful face, I would recognize it even if it turned into ashes!" Copper Trigram's Immortal Master angrily said.

"This is settled then!" North River's Loose Practitioner was very resolute, as if he had Copper Trigram's Immortal Master in the bag.

When Mt. Yellow's True Monarch saw this, he sent a smiley and said, "North River, it seems like you're about to have a breakthrough. You want a fight to draw it out, and breakthrough in one breath right? You have been stuck in the 5th Stage – Spirit

Emperor for a long time, it's indeed about time you made a breakthrough. Three months later during the night of the full moon, if I am able to spare some time to come out, I will go to the Forbidden Purple Peak to referee you two's duel. When the time comes, I will also prepare a small gift for the two of you.

“True Monarch truly understands me!” North River's Loose Practitioner immediately became excited, it must be known that Mt. Yellow's True Monarch was an old senior, something he prepared definitely would not be something as simple as a ‘small gift.’

To procure such things from the fingertips of these old seniors, these things can be considered to be treasures for juniors like them, treasures that they could only get through fortuitous encounters!

“Since True Monarch has said that, when the time comes I won't leave North River out cold. I originally intended to let North River endure half a night of cold wind on the Forbidden Purple Peak first.” said Copper Trigram's Immortal Master slowly.

“.....” North River's Loose Practitioner.

What an asshole!

This fella deserves to be called someone whose divination toys with a person's heart, his heart is really tainted!

At this time North River secretly decided in his heart, three months later he absolutely has to beat up Copper Trigram's Immortal Master so badly that even True Monarch can't recognize him!

As this matter came to a conclusion, the chat group temporarily turned silent.

.....

.....

After Song Shuhang read the chat records, he was a little worried in his heart: It can't be that the Copper Trigram's Immortal Master and North River's Loose Practitioner from the group would really go to the Forbidden City's Forbidden Purple Peak for a duel, right? Based on their character it's possible that they might actually do such silly things, when that happens what if they get caught by the security there?

I shall note this down first, when leaving the group I must warn them not to damage our country's cultural heritage, that is illegal.

Closing the chat group, Song Shuhang opened the Jiang Nan regional University's web page, to see what news there is today.

The lead story of the school's webpage was this afternoon's mysterious wild lightning, the location of the lightning was as Song Shuhang had guessed, at H City.

Because of that thunderstorm within the clear skies, H City and the nearby Jiang Nan region had areas which experienced a blackout. This caused a chain of problems, but luckily, there were no mortalities.

At the end there were bits and pieces of news regarding Jiang Nan University City. Some examples are, the renewal of their school beauties and handsome men rankings, which of the school's graduates had started up a company that was renown throughout the country, the result of the school's national ranking in competitions, the price of the blanket used by senior female graduates in auctions, etc.

Song Shuhang was not interested in these, he just needed to gain knowledge of some of them, so that when necessary, he possesses some shared conversation topics when idly chatting with others.

After that, he started searching for information regarding registration to learn driving on the school's website. The registration fee for ordinary cars was 2500, student price was just that advantageous. In Jiang Nan region, the moment a student

steps out of the school, the costs of learning to drive would start from 10000 and above.

Song Shuhang took note of the contact number, he intended to learn the theory within the next few days, then register for driving classes. The driving school had classes for theory, but if he studied the theory himself and directly applied for practical driving classes it would be quicker.

Ding Dong~

On the school website there was a new update regarding the campus, arousing curiosity from him.

Just about 10 to 20 minutes ago, in the alleys close to the University City, many delinquents were knocked unconscious by a mysterious expert, the whole group was wiped out.

These so-called delinquents are actually mostly students, while a minority were students that dropped out. A large number of them had very gaudy hairdos, with piercings all over their bodies, and secretly dodged from the teachers in a small alley to smoke, they are rebellious youths.

Among them, there would also be repeater students, with the hobby of 'borrowing' money from cowardly students. To the delinquents, to gang beat down others is a type of interest, while it is also nothing out of the ordinary for someone to get beat down. This is because those who don't have a gang or faction, can't even be considered as hoodlums.

Delinquents getting beat up wasn't news, but within a mere few minutes, having about a 100 of these delinquents beat up was the issue.

On the photos taken by students at the scene, the miserable conditions of the delinquents could be seen. Every single one of them had ridiculously red faces, the appearance of their faces were as if they were going to act in a Beijing opera, with bruises of

various colors. They perfectly suit that saying——already beat up to the point that even their mothers can't recognize them!

The school web had many comments regarding this.

There was someone rejoicing in those people's misfortune: "Who did it? They really did not show mercy. Was it the MMA club or the Taekwondo club? Or could it be that someone from the Boxing club trained new members, and formed a group to wipe out the delinquents?"

The one that reports new information: "All of them were knocked unconscious, they are now on the way to the hospital. No one has awoken yet, the suspect is unknown."

The one that speculates: "According to the people from the shophouse beside the alley, they did not see big group of delinquents fighting amongst themselves. Moreover even if they fought amongst themselves, it can't be that not a single one is conscious, right? There can't be such a coincidence even if it was mutual destruction. Therefore it is highly likely that it was an expert at work, a single person or several people had wiped up all of the delinquents."

"Master? The type that can beat up more than 80 alone? Haha." Someone laughed, one must know that even if the number of delinquents didn't number up to a 100, there would still be at least 80. With so many delinquents beaten into the ground in a short few minutes, only those great heroes from the movies that crossed over can do that, right?

"Perhaps it is a person in the elite special forces of the army that did this? It is said that those elite special forces handle ordinary people like handling toys, they can handle a dozen or more in a minute."

"This guy upstairs is here to joke right? Even if elite special forces are so awesome, they also have their own missions. Having them ordered to deal with these delinquents, that is the same as using a

cannon to shoot a mosquito!”

“Please stop speculating, wouldn’t we know who did this once the delinquents wake up?” Someone replied.

Song Shuhang refreshed the webpage, casually looked at the various comments then closed the news window.

In any case, things that happened to the delinquents were of no concern to him.

Despite being only 1.75m tall, Song Shuhang was very buff. With one glance it was obvious that he wasn’t the type that would become the target for ‘borrowing’ money, it was like he and the delinquents lived in separate worlds..... If nothing unexpected happens, there will never be a relationship between him and those delinquents for his entire lifetime.

After doing a lazy stretch, he closed the campus webpage, leaned against his chair and emptied his mind.

The weird thunderstorm in the morning kept resounding in his mind, the mind that was obviously emptied from time to time had lightning and thunder flashing past, causing his spirit to be unable to gain tranquillity for a long time.

* * * * *

The next day.

2 June, Sunday, Clear weather.

Song Shuhang got off bed early, he originally intended to stay awake overnight, but the string of events yesterday kept making him feel strange. He had no idea why he lost the mood to stay awake overnight, and instead washed up to sleep early.

Even if he wanted to do it tonight, the other roommates from the dorm would have returned.

After getting up and washing up, Shuhang once again opened up the group chat software on the bottom right corner of the monitor.

As before, elder cousin Zhao Yaya did not reply. It seems like he still has to wait for more 2 days.

“If after 2 days elder cousin does not reply, then I’ll give her a call.” Song Shuhang thought inside.

After that he once again opened up the Nine Provinces’ (1) Group. Every time he took a look, he would have a beautiful and great mood.

But if he sees too much, he would easily be assimilated.

The first piece of information in the group was from Su Clan’s Ah Qi: “I’ve let everybody worry, Ah Shiliu’s lightning tribulation had a little accident, however I have already settled it. After the accident in Ah Shiliu’s lightning tribulation, he vented his temper. However he was also found and brought away by me, and didn’t cause too great of a disturbance. It was right at a place close to H City, there were several..... Yep, there were dozens of tactless ordinary people knocked unconscious by Ah Shiliu, no one died. I still have to bring Ah Shiliu back for a trip to the Su Clan’s main branch next, I probably won’t be online for the next few days. Anyways..... Everybody, please don’t be worried.”

This was a message that was sent at 3AM that morning.

Chapter 8: Soft Feather And Luo Xin Street

“It’s good that nothing happened, I feel relieved now. I will inform Soft Feather, so that she won’t worry, and to avoid her wasting a trip towards H City.” North River’s Loose Practitioner entered a reply soon after.

Song Shuhang felt that North River’s Loose Practitioner was basically online for all 24 hours everyday, he did not know how this person had so much energy. Could it be that his online habits are coincidentally the same as himself, the one with the name Song? Which was why every time he came online he happens to encounter North River’s Loose Practitioner.

That’s not right..... When Song Shuhang was online, he was online. When Song Shuhang was offline, he was still online, because every time Song Shuhang came online the chat records he sees all had North River’s Loose Practitioner included inside it.

It was like he didn’t need sleep at all, as if he was a sacred warrior of the internet.

Song Shuhang couldn’t help but worry, because as of right now, the number of sudden deaths due to overnight computer usage are so high, if North River’s Loose Practitioner continues on like that will he someday die a sudden death too?

This shall be noted down as well..... When the time comes to leave the group I better advise him.

Song Shuhang continued to pull the scrollbar downwards.

After Su Clan’s Ah Qi was done talking, he greeted everybody once more, then went offline.

Subsequently, at around 5AM in the morning, Medicine Master came online and uploaded a photo, then added a question mark after the photo.

That is a picture of a plant, one that Song Shuhang has never seen before.

This plant grew curved, like a coiling dragon. At the tip of the plant there was a line of thorns, while the rhizome was purplish black, it was a very peculiar plant, with many great points which were worth admiring.

“Poison Dragon Grass huh, Medicine Master do you have a need for this again? Didn’t you cultivated some not too long ago?” North River’s Loose Practitioner was once again the first to reply.

“Experiment, all died.” Medicine Master then sent a depressed emoji. Furthermore, that batch of Poison Dragon Grass’ quality wasn’t very good.

“Alright, I will contact you if I manage to get some. If the others see it they will definitely notify you as well.” North River’s Loose Practitioner replied.

“Want alive.” Medicine Master added one more reply.

Poison Dragon Grass..... From the sound of it, it doesn’t seem like a kind plant, it can’t be that it’s also for concocting pills, right? Will it poison someone to death?

Song Shuhang was a little worried, he kept feeling that the people in the group were very good at seeking death.

Wait, there seems to be something fishy here.

Song Shuhang’s hand trembled for a moment, his fingers moved back a little, up to where Su Clan’s Ah Qi had replied, then looked at it one more time.

“There were several..... Yep, there were dozens of tactless ordinary people knocked unconscious by Ah Shiliu, no one died.”

This sentence gave Song Shuhang a weird feeling, because he automatically thought of the group of delinquents that were wiped out.....

It can't be such a coincidence right? If one were to say all of these were a coincidence, then the number of coincidences recently is a little too much isn't it!?

“Perhaps I should look at it from a different perspective, perhaps it's not a coincidence, it's just me overthinking things.”

“People are always like that, when they have doubts towards a certain topic in their hearts, they bring many unrelated things together to forcibly form a conclusion. Just like when suspecting someone stole their money, they will link many events onto this person's head, and the more they look at that person the more they think they are looking at a criminal.”

He felt that his current state of mind was perhaps the ‘suspecting someone is a thief’ mindset.

I can't over think this anymore, if I continue to think about it I will go astray just like the people in the group. Song Shuhang did a lazy stretch, and prepared to go for a jog.

The time of the day lies in the morning, moreover he felt his physique decline, he hasn't fully recovered from the flu and cough that has lasted for more than 10 days, and still coughs from time to time, it's torture!

So he came up with an idea, and decided to run 1.5km in the morning to toughen his body.

The goal is to persevere morning jogs for a whole month!

* * * * *

At the same time, in Jiang Nan region's airport.

A lady with waist-length hair walked out of the airport with a large suitcase. She had white skin, was tall, had long legs. She wore a white T-shirt, denim shorts, and a pair of sneakers for her slender feet, looking youthful and pretty.

However, at this time the long-haired lady had a vexed

expression as she looked around the gigantic airport, “I dislike large places like this the most, it’s so easy to get lost.”

Subsequently, she took out her cellphone, and fiddled with it.

* * * * *

Sweating all over from his morning jog, Song Shuhang felt freshness and clarity, something he hasn’t felt for a long time.

When he passed by the dining hall he bought a steamed stuffed bun and soy milk as breakfast, and returned to the dormitory after his rapid and shallow breaths stabilized.

It’s Sunday and there’s still a whole day of free time left, what should I do?

Should I go window read?

Nibbling on the steamed stuffed bun, Song Shuhang thought inside.

He then casually turned on the computer, and got onto the school’s webpage. Because he cared about the matter regarding the delinquents being knocked unconscious, he continued to pay attention to it.

However, there wasn’t a following report regarding the delinquents wiped out on the school’s webpage, because the pitiful delinquents were still lying on the hospital beds, and not a single one had shown any signs of being about to gain consciousness yet.

Which was why there was no way to find out who or what beat them into such a state.

The students that previously visited them had brought this up before, even though they were unconscious, the delinquents would from time to time make moans from pain. Due to their numbers being so great, they were placed into an enormous ward by the hospital. An approximate of 80 people’s miserable shrieks, that scene was simply too beautiful, and extremely tragic.

“It it was only being knocked unconscious, they should wake up within a day or two, shouldn’t they? It can’t be that these delinquents have been beaten into vegetables, right?” Song Shuhang softly spoke to himself.

While letting his thoughts drift, he once again opened the chat group.

During the time he went for a jog and had breakfast, there was a lot more new information in the group.

Spiritual Butterfly Island’s Soft Feather (Online via mobile): “Senior North River, I have already arrived at Jiang Nan region’s airport. Does senior Ah Qi’s side require any assistance?”

North River’s Loose Practitioner was expected, online. He rapidly replied, “Soft Feather, you’ve finally came online, Ah Qi had already found Ah Shiliu during the wee hours, and left H City. You need not worry about them, and can directly proceed to J City to deal with your matters at ease.

“If nothing bad happened then all is well.” Soft Feather replied, then added another line, “Has senior Ah Qi already left H City?”

“Yes, he left at dawn.” North River’s Loose Practitioner returned with another question, “Could it be that you need Ah Qi for something, Soft Feather?”

Soft Feather sighed, “Actually..... I was hoping to meet up with senior Ah Qi, if would be best if somebody accompanied me to J City if possible. I am not too familiar with H City, Jiang Nan region and J City, I’m afraid that I might not be able to find my destination.”

“Where are you going to? Right now cellphones have a function called navigation, it’s very useful. It must be said that the inventions by modern people have many convenient uses.” North River’s Loose Practitioner passionately recommended, many people in the group were unfamiliar with modern technology,

North River's Loose Practitioner could be considered as someone 'modern' here.

Hey, hello? Isn't there some problems with you two's conversation? Isn't this a classical Xianxia chuunibyou assembly point? Shouldn't you be recommending some ancient map instead? Or some compass-like treasure?

If raised one level higher, he can even accept to open a teleportation portal, but he just can't accept cellphone navigation.

"I've tried it before, but the navigation software can't find the place I want to go to." Soft Feather gloomily replied.

Of course she knows how to use navigation, fact was she's only 25 this year, there was no difference between her and people of modern times in some regards. However, she was just more knowledgeable when it comes to 'the real world' than other modern youngsters.

"Moreover, I'm bad with directions, I might not be able to find my destination even if I had navigation." Soft Feather added on.

North River's Loose Practitioner consoled: "No matter, after you advance to the 5th Stage and are able to lift yourself into the air, with a higher viewpoint you won't lose your way again. As for now, you can get a taxi, usually, as long as there is an address, taxi drivers are able to send you to the destination. However, be careful not to enter an unlicensed taxi."

"Thank you senior, I will try that." Soft Feather thanked, if nobody suggested, she herself would have forgotten that there was a convenient mode of transport like taxis.

North River's Loose Practitioner added on, "Where are you trying to go, Soft Feather? If you really can't find the place, I can help to ask if there are any fellow daoists in the vicinity, perhaps they could lend a hand."

"It's in a part of J City called Luo Xin Street, there should be an

ancient temple there named Ghost Lamp Temple. The place I want to go to is this ancient temple!” Soft Feather quickly replied.

“Alright, I got it. I’ll help you ask around, and will contact you if there’s any information.” North River’s Loose Practitioner replied.

“Senior, I can’t thank you enough!” Soft Feather sent a smiley and then posted, “I’ll go find a taxi.”

Jiang Nan region’s airport.

That long-haired girl with a slim waist and long-legs pulled along a large suitcase, and walked out of the airport quickly. Her beautiful figure left many males she passed by unable to resist staring blankly at her.

Chapter 9: The Other Luo Xin Street

Song Shuhang was in Jiang Nan region, with his good man character, he definitely wouldn't reject an effortless matter like leading the way. However, at that moment, he had the spirit to help but not the strength. Because University city was a 2 hour car ride from Jiang Nan airport. Jiang Nan region was a county after all, its territory wasn't small.

Moreover, Song Shuhang was unfamiliar with J City, and had never ever heard of that Ghost Lamp Temple before.

All he knew was that J City was adjacent to the Jiang Nan region, and was also a very well known city within Huaxia.

Because that place is also the holy site of various religion, the many religious people can cause eyes to blur. Every year, during the religion's festivals, the number of believers who make a pilgrimage to J City is enough to cause it to be packed to the point where not even an ant can squeeze its way through.

There were as many temples there were hairs on an ox, trying to find a little temple in a city like that was truly difficult.

"Come to think of it, the name Luo Xin Street sounds really familiar, have I heard of it before?" Song Shuhang murmured.

Nibbling on his steamed stuffed bun, Song Shuhang leaned back on the rocking chair and swayed. Searching for the words 'Luo Xin Street' in his mind, he tried to draw out the source of this mysteriously familiar feeling.

Mankind's brains have always been strange, some memories will surface whether the host wishes to or not, yet when the host tries to recalls that memory, they will not surface no matter how the host racks their brains trying to force it out.

"I probably heard this name from some news channel before,

right?” Shuhang gave up, and no longer wasted his brain cells on this matter.

* * * * *

Soft Feather dragged the huge suitcase to the taxi stand.

In barely a moment, there were several taxis moving towards Soft Feather, this proved that a pretty face is advantageous in any situation. Otherwise, solely based on that huge suitcase, many taxi drivers would dispel their thoughts of picking up this passenger.

“Miss, where to?” A red taxi took up the first spot, the driver was a middle-aged man with a square face, speaking Mandarin with a heavy Jiang Nan region’s accent.

“Sir..... Do you know where Ghost Lamp Temple is?” Soft Feather asked, her voice was gentle, a stark difference from a youthful and lively appearance, but all these only made her all the more attractive.

The middle-aged man with a square face thought hard and bitterly, and shook his head, “Ghost Lamp Temple, I’ve never heard of it before.”

Seeing the middle-aged man with a square face shake his head, Soft Feather’s heart sunk, her little face was a little red, for she was extremely disappointed.

Fortunately, the middle-aged man with a square face immediately asked, “Do you know which street it is in?”

“I know, it’s Luo Xin Street!” Soft Feather replied at once.

“Luo Xin Street, I know of this place, and I’m very familiar with it, for I stay in that street. However Miss, are you sure you got the name of the temple right? I’ve stayed there for many years, and have never heard of this Ghost Lamp Temple before.” The middle-aged man with a square face seriously replied.

Because of his vocation, he had a thorough understanding of all

of the nearby areas. He was especially familiar with Luo Xin Street where he stayed, to exaggerate a little, every inch of land had his footprint, yet he had never heard of the name Ghost Lamp Temple.

“Ah?” Soft Feather’s little face turned even redder, however she immediately replied with resolution, “Then Sir, please bring me to Luo Xin Street!”

She was prepared to go there and ask around, if it truly cannot be done..... Then she could only thicken her skin and call her dad. However, that is her final plan, and must not be used unless there truly is no alternative in sight.

“Miss, are you in a hurry? If you aren’t, you may take a bus to Luo Xin Street. Taking a taxi there would be a little expensive, for it’s a 2 hour drive.” The middle-aged man with a square face explained.

It wasn’t that he didn’t want to earn money, but the fee to take a 2 hour taxi ride truly wasn’t small. The other party obviously had no knowledge of the distance, if the distance and price wasn’t clearly mentioned before the journey, a dispute could easily occur after arriving at the destination.

“That’s alright, you only need to worry about bringing me there.” Soft Feather revealed a bashful smile, money wasn’t a problem for her at all.

When the middle-aged man with a square face confirmed this, he was delighted inside. The amount that would be earned in this trip was pretty significant.

“Alright then, you may enter the vehicle, the suitcase can be placed into the boot.” As he said that, the middle-aged man with a square face opened up the boot, then opened his door to prepare getting off and helping to lift the suitcase.

After all, that suitcase was very bulky, where would this young lady find the energy to lift it up?

However, when the middle-aged man with a square face opened his door and turned his head back, his mouth opened into the shape of an ‘O’ and couldn’t close for a long time.

What he saw was that the young lady who seemed weak and gentle lift up the huge suitcase with a single hand..... She did not drag it up, hug it up or whatever. It was like she was merely lifting a small plate as she dexterously lifted up the suitcase with a single hand, and placed it into the boot.

Could it be that the suitcase looked big, but was actually very light?

Just as he was thinking of that, he felt the car’s rear slightly sink. The middle-aged man had been a taxi driver for many years, and had long achieved the stage of one with the car. Once the car’s rear sunk, he could roughly estimate the weight of the object.

This suitcase is probably over 60kg, right? Maybe even heavier, approximately the weight of an adult male.

Does this lady practice weight-lifting? This truly is some godly innate strength.

The middle-aged man with a square face swallowed his saliva. Fortunately, he was always a kind taxi driver, if it was someone with evil intent that schemed after seeing a beauty that met this lady, they would definitely brought down in a flash.

Soft Feather didn’t know how shocking her actions were. After placing the suitcase in, she took two steps back to the car’s rear door and got in.

“Miss, you’re pretty strong, please sit tight.” The middle-aged man with a square face laughed and stepped on the accelerator. The red taxi left the taxi stand, and headed towards Luo Xin Street.

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Nine Provinces (1) Group.

Spiritual Butterfly Island's Soft Feather (Online via Mobile):
"Senior North River, I am headed towards Luo Xin Street right now, but the taxi driver does not know of Ghost Lamp Temple. I intend to ask the residents there after arriving at Luo Xin Street, perhaps somebody would know."

"Alright, I asked several people, however, nobody knows anything about it for now. Anyways, I will contact you if there's any information." North River's Loose Practitioner replied.

"Thank you senior." Soft Feather sent a smiley, and quietly formed a fist. With North River's Loose Practitioner's reply, her restless mood slightly calmed. To be honest, this was her first time travelling so far away from home alone. In the past, she always either had her father to keep her company, or travelled only to regions close to Spiritual Butterfly Island.

She kept feeling a little excited.

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Song Shuhang had not read the chat log above yet..... Because he was too bored with having nothing to do, he once again went to window read.

He carried the thick book he rented previously. This was a book that he hasn't finished reading. To him, if something like a book isn't read in the shop, it would lose a lot of its taste.

Just like the 'Handsome Guy Kang' instant noodles, the taste of it dry and the taste of it cooked is totally different.

[TL: Raws wrote 康帅哥 instant noodles, but I believe he mean 康师傅 instead, maybe the author was trying to be funny, no idea here.]

Before he left, he brought coincidentally brought his cellphone

with him. Song Shuhang doesn't have the habit of bringing his cellphone around with him.

In present day, cellphones have more and more functions, similarly, the sizes of them also increased. Nowadays, it's nearly impossible to find a cellphone that only has the function of making phone calls. Due to the size of the cellphones becoming too big, Song Shuhang even used that thing as a landline telephone.

"7% battery strength, it should be enough to use."

There's not much left, but if it's only to pick up calls and reply messages, it should be enough to last him an afternoon.

Thinking this way, he carried his phone, picked up his rented book and headed for the book shop's bliss of window reading.

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Time flew past.

Approximately 1.5 hours later.

"Strange, could it be that I got up in the wrong posture this morning?" Song Shuhang placed the thick book in his hands back to the bookshelf. Unexpectedly, he couldn't continue reading!

Regardless of whether it was fiction, car theories, manhua or classical works, he totally couldn't extensively read any of them. This was the first time he met something like this in his lifetime.

"This is strange." Song Shuhang murmured, then sighed. He then casually picked out a book and headed for the renting counter.

If he can't immerse himself in it, then window reading has no meaning.

Thinking for a while, he decided to have a stroll around the vicinity of University City, and relieve his boredom.

When it comes to relieving boredom, the well-known spot near Jiang Nan University must be mentioned——Foodie Paradise.

I shall go eat something good!

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Foodie Paradise is a prosperous food street, 2 streets apart from Jiang Nan University, requiring a 20 minute walk. But this little distance is absolutely incapable of stopping the march of the foodies.

Over here, other than the airplanes that fly in the skies, and the four-legged stools that stay on the ground, everything can be found. All appetites can be satiated.

All this time, this place has been named 'Foodie Paradise' or 'Food Paradise', while its original name has instead been forgotten.

What's this place called?

Song Shuhang raised his head to look toward the street's sign.

'Luo Xin Street Welcomes You', the sign with 5 bright and gold words brilliantly shined under the sun.

Oh that's right, this place is called Luo Xin Street, great name.

Shuhang thought that way, and entered the street.

After walking two steps in, he fiercely turned around. He then quickly moved back to the large signboard, and stared at the 5 large bright and dazzling golden words.

Luo Xin Street Welcomes You!

He wasn't seeing things, it was Luo Xin Street.

Song Shuhang was speechless.

Chapter 10: A Brief Interlude While Strolling In The Streets

Shuhang previously thought for a long time, and felt that he had heard of the name Luo Xin Street before, yet couldn't remember no matter how he tried. So it turns out it was here, the incredibly famous foodie heaven!

That's not right, didn't that Soft Feather say Luo Xin Street is in J City? This place is part of the Jiang Nan region.

Could it be that Soft Feather remembered the wrong address?

Or could it be that J City and Jiang Nan region both have a Luo Xin Street?

This is normal, city and county names are rarely repeated, but village names, street names and so on are often repeated. The place Soft Feather wants to go must be the one in J City, and she should not be coming to Jiang Nan region.

Because he came out to relieve his boredom, Shuhang did not continue brooding over this.

He walked while eating, and ate while strolling.

He did not know how long he strolled for, but after he felt a little tired, he bought another 2 crispy chicken rolls, and sat on a bench provided for people to rest by the side of the road, and rested.

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Opposite the resting area was Luo Xin Street's large public square, it had people walking in and out, and bustled with noise and excitement.

The weather just turned warm, but it can never stop women's inborn love for beauty.

Everywhere had dazzling spaghetti tops, midriff tops, miniskirts, low-waist hot pants, heels and pointy-tipped sandals. Enchanting jade necks and cleavage, slim waists and jade legs, increasing the charm and loveliness of Luo Xin Street by a thousand times.

As long as one sat at the resting area, one could see the countless long legs sparkling with innumerable rays of light.

Song Shuhang casually chose the resting area, and it was a great place to spot beauties. By his side were 3 dudes grading the beauties' legs.

"Did you guys see that? The red dress below the large electronic display on the left, that figure, those legs are at least 80 points." The fat dude with thick glasses pointed at the red dress' figure.

"Ah Xu, your insight still needs more practice. 73 marks is the highest, her legs are long, but as a whole entity she is a little too skinny. Moreover the proportion of the calf is somewhat short, affecting the entire package's beauty." Beside him a handsome man gave his professional opinion.

"Is that so?" Glasses fatty scratched his head, with a careful look it truly was as the handsome man said. However it would be impossible to tell if he did not look carefully.

"I think she can be 77 marks and above, after all in reality beautiful legs like this are already hard to come by. We can't use the long leg celebrities or leg models as comparison." The last, short-haired man leaned against the bench, and spoke lazily.

Song Shuhang listened, and couldn't help look towards where the glasses fatty pointed. There was a lady slender legs wearing a red tight-fitting dress breeze and crystal sandals breeze walking.

A woman who dares to wear a tight-fitting dress like that is usually the type that has confidence in her own body.

Shuhang didn't have a leg fetish, but he still admits that this red dress lady was beautiful, her thighs were slender and fair. The

owner of the pair of legs obviously takes great care of them.

They say that when men look at women, a young boy looks at the face, when they wisen up a little they look at the boobs, and only mature men look at the legs.

Shuhang felt that he definitely wasn't a mature man, because he had no inclination towards legs. Even if the street was filled with shining white legs, he wouldn't even bat an eye. He also wouldn't have the urge to grade like the three dudes over there.

Towards his roommates who claim that they want to kneel and lick the legs of celebrities from the neighbouring country, Song Shuhang's inability to understand increased manifold.

[TL: I'm pretty sure he's referring to Korea here.]

Something like legs, men have it too. Women's legs are just a little more fair, a little more tender, there's nothing special about them, right?

These were the thoughts in his head, if the three dudes learned of that, they would definitely have his face covered with spit.

"Hurry and look, it's a 100 marks, a 100 marks!" Suddenly, the glasses fatty spoke with excitement, he couldn't help raising his voice a little.

"Where?" The handsome man asked. Although glasses fatty's grading skills wasn't considered excellent, he was still someone with insight. Something like a 100 marks can't possibly be something he casually brought out.

The lazy-looking short-haired man also sat up straight with curiosity, and looked towards the direction fatty was looking.

As before it was below the huge LED display, a beautiful, tall and slender figure walked out from a corner. She dragged along a huge suitcase, yet it didn't seem to take any effort on her part.

Her long black hair reached her waist, and like a waterfall

draping over her back, it fluttering in the wind.

Despite the fact that she was just wearing sneakers, it was obvious that she her legs were longer than the people in her surroundings. Every step she took was just about the same distance as an ordinary person's two or three steps.

She was simply the role model to be a natural female movie protagonist, even if she stood in the crowd doing nothing, she would give off the feeling of being a crane among a flock of chickens. A natural focal point for the masses.

The black-haired beauty walked very quickly, in a few steps she caught up with the lady in the red dress, which was also the one these 3 dudes graded. All perfect things might not seem so dazzling if they were alone, but once there was something to compare it with, they would appear to be a hundred times more dazzling.

At this moment, the lady in the red dress became the object for comparison. When the black-haired lady walked past her, the two pairs of legs were obviously compared, and were graded. This comparison increases one's aesthetic perception, and the black-haired lady's legs seemed more and more dazzling.

"Ah Xu, I'm speechless. This truly deserves a 100 marks." The handsome man immediately stood up, straightened his clothes, and arranged his hairdo.

"What are you doing?" The short-haired man asked.

"Picking her up! Such a perfect woman, it would be difficult to meet someone like that ever again in my lifetime. It doesn't matter whether I succeed or not, I have to attempt no matter what, otherwise I will regret this my whole life." The handsome man grinned, and his two rows of white teeth shined. He indeed possessed the talent to attract girls, and the aura of a winner in life, a dashing aura of sunshine.

He wouldn't lose a thing if he failed, yet if he succeeded in

picking her up, then it would be jackpot! Something like this had the possibility of a hundred gains and definitely no loss, why not do it?

At a time like this, a real man must have no fear for shame, and must march forth bravely!

Soon after, the handsome dude squeezed into the crowd, and squeezed towards the black-haired beauty.

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Afterwards, in less than two minutes, the handsome dude returned crestfallen.

“You failed? So quickly?” Glasses fatty was puzzled. He knew his comrade had a 90% and above chance of failing, but his comrade was still quite handsome, and was a good talker, how can he fail so quickly? With his abilities, even if he failed at picking the beauty up, there shouldn’t be any problem trying to chat with her for a moment, right?

“There wasn’t a chance to pick her up, that beauty’s legs are really long, and she walked very quickly. When she takes one step, I have to take several to keep up. I was even jogging behind her yet I still couldn’t catch up.” The handsome dude had tears streaming down his cheeks.

“.....” The short haired man had a speechless expression.

“Chi(giggling sound)!” Song Shuhang who was at the side laughed to the point he nearly received internal injuries, these 3 dudes are real jokers.

But to be honest, that black-haired beauty’s legs were really dazzling.

In this generation, the internet flourished. All types of beauties had emerged, and the masses were already exhausted from

appreciating their beauty.

But true gold does not fear fire, a beauty that truly possessed unique points will definitely cause the gazes of the people surrounding her to be firmly attracted to her for eternity.

For example, the black-haired beauty from before, someone like that will definitely be remembered after a glance, the type that probably can't be forgotten within a short period of time.

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A chance to encounter beauties was only a brief interlude for strolling in the streets.

After resting for a while, Song Shuhang got up and continued strolling around.

"I should buy some snacks back later." He thought inside his heart. Previously, when he caught a cold his roommates took care of him, since he was strolling in Foodie Paradise, he had to bring something back as a token of appreciation.

I have no idea what they like to eat, so I'll just bring a serving of many types of tasty food back.

Chapter 11: Turn Back Suddenly, And Discover That Your Destined Person Is There, By The Waning Lantern Lights

In the eyes of divination masters, determining the future is like seeing the outside world through a foggy window, full of different kinds of mysteries.

But according to a ‘very famous’ divination master, depending on different choices that people make, different futures will be created. But no matter which choice it was, it couldn’t be by chance.

Because in this world, there is no such thing as chance. There was only the inevitable.

Even if a meeting between two people seems to be a coincidence, it is actually an inevitable matter. One by one, the things that inevitably happen push the wheel of history forward, developing into all kinds of inevitable futures!

The main point of all that has been said is to simply convey one message, that is, divination masters’ divinations are never wrong. Even if there is a mistake, that is only because the divination master’s divination had revealed an inevitable future from a parallel world. Meanwhile, you are merely following another inevitable development into another future.

Therefore, it’s not the divination master who is wrong but rather, the world!

The above was what a street divination master who had divined countless times yet never divined correctly a single time used to defend himself. You’ve probably guessed it. That’s right, this divination master is Nine Provinces (1) Group’s great Copper Trigram’s Immortal Master.

Although he wasn't a very reliable divinator, but when viewed from another angle, his words still contained some truth.

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Song Shuhang had never thought about going up to meet the black-haired and long-legged beauty. After all, the world was wide, how can there be so many coincidences?

Yet he never imagined that after he strolled one circle, he would meet that lady again.

He was just leaving the shop named Glorious Beef, carrying a large bag of specialties from Foodie Paradise in his hands that he prepared to gift to his roommates. When he took his first step out of the door, he saw the black-haired lady dragging the large suitcase in his direction.

This time Song Shuhang truly experienced the power of 'long legs walks very fast' first-hand. Despite the fact that she was still very far away when he spotted her, in a blink of an eye, the black-haired lady had already strode in front of him with a few steps.

Shuhang slightly tilted his body to open a path, making it convenient for her to pass while dragging the large suitcase.

"Thank you." The black-haired beauty's smile was gentle and bashful.

She then entered the small shop behind him.

Song Shuhang nodded faintly. It was about time for him to start making his way back to the dormitory.

When he had just taken 2 or 3 steps forward, the black-haired beauty had already agilely bought the items she wanted, and simultaneously asked the shopkeeper about a matter. Song Shuhang inadvertently intruded upon their conversation, and unintentionally heard her question.

When Song Shuhang heard the question the lady asked, it made

the leg that he had raised freeze in mid-air.....

“Boss, may I ask if you’ve heard of a temple named ‘Ghost Lamp Temple’ in the vicinity of Luo Xin Street?”

The shopkeeper pondered for a moment before he shook his head and said, “Ghost Lamp Temple? I’ve never heard of it. However, I’ve only moved in two years ago so I’m not very familiar with many places in the vicinity. Young lady, you could try going over to one of those old shops to ask around. The time they’ve spent in Luo Xin Street is much longer and they should know more.”

The shopkeeper was obviously a good person, and explained with great passion; it could also be that in this generation full of scammers, the black-haired lady possessed a halo that had a +100 increase in favorable impressions attribute.

Ghost Lamp Temple, Luo Xin Street?

Naturally, Shuhang thought of the lady named Spiritual Butterfly Island’s Soft Feather in the group.

Did I hear wrongly?

Thinking that way, Song Shuhang brought out the large cellphone from his pockets, and swiped his finger to unlock the screen. After that, he proficiently logged into the chatting software, and opened the Nine Provinces (1) Group.

After he had left, there were indeed more chat records from the group.

First was a message left by Spiritual Butterfly Island’s Soft Feather more than two hours ago.

She said that she wasn’t able to acquire information regarding Ghost Lamp Temple, but she had already taken a taxi towards Luo Xin Street. She would then directly ask the locals there.

Subsequently, 20 minutes ago, Spiritual Butterfly Island’s Soft Feather left another message, “I’ve already arrived at Luo Xin

Street without a hitch. It's very crowded and lively here, completely different from what I imagined. This is a gourmet food street, and I saw many delicious looking things here."

It could be seen that she was in a good mood. Firstly, she arrived "smoothly" at Luo Xin Street. Secondly, there was a lot of good food here.

If she departed from Jiang Nan region's airport that would be an estimated 2 hour car ride. After that was Luo Xin Street with a lot of good food. Song Shuhang massaged his face.

From Jiang Nan airport, even if she took a racing car, it wouldn't be possible to reach J City in two hours, would it?

Based on the duration of the taxi ride and Soft Feather's description of her destination, there was about 80 to 90% chance she went to the wrong place. She basically never even arrived at J City's Luo Xin Street, and instead had made her way to the Foodie Paradise close to Jiang Nan University.

But if it truly wasn't a coincidence, then that super long-legged black-haired beauty, could she be Soft Feather?

Once he thought about how such a modern and fashionable beauty could be a Xianxia chuunibyou, Song Shuhang felt an inexplicable feeling of pain in his heart.

However..... it still wasn't enough to confirm that black-haired beauty was Soft Feather just based on these.

Because, by including the possibility that some special activities going on at the Ghost Lamp Temple in the Luo Xin Street for J City causing many people to rush there, then there would definitely be some of them who went to the wrong place just like the group's Soft Feather.

Such a probability was very small, but that didn't mean it was impossible.

Song Shuhang's finger continued to swipe on the cellphone's

display, however there wasn't any new information from the chat group. Even North River's Loose Practitioner wasn't online, perhaps he went to help look for Ghost Lamp Temple?

Shuhang was continue touching the display when suddenly, Spiritual Butterfly Island's Soft Feather sent a voice message.

Song Shuhang subconsciously opened it up.

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Soft Feather exhaustedly dragged her suitcase out of the store with disappointment. This was already her 12th store. The suggestion by the shopkeeper earlier was great, but she had already asked both old and new shops yet there wasn't a single one who knew of the Ghost Lamp Temple.

Sighing, she drew out her cellphone, and nimbly tapped on her phone, opened the chatting software, and opened the Nine Provinces (1) Group chat window.

There was no news from senior North River's Loose Practitioner, who she pinned her hopes on.

Because it was not convenient to type with one hand, she made use of the voice message function, with a gentle voice she said, "Senior North River, have you received and information regarding Ghost Lamp Temple? I have gone around asking many shops in Luo Xin Street, yet there wasn't a single person who possesses any information regarding Ghost Lamp Temple. Please reply once you hear this."

Releasing her thumb, the voice message was sent.

She kept her phone. Before receiving news from North River's Loose Practitioner, she must continue asking around Luo Xin Street's shops regarding Ghost Lamp Temple, she mustn't give up!

At the shop's entrance, Soft Feather saw that the youngster who gave way to her was still standing by the side of the road, tapping and swiping on his phone, it was unclear what he was doing.

Soft Feather did not mind, and continued walking.

Right at this time..... The youngster's cellphone sent out a voice that was incomparably familiar to Soft Feather.

“Senior North River, have you received and information regarding Ghost Lamp Temple? I have gone around asking many shops in Luo Xin Street, yet there wasn't a single person who possesses any information regarding Ghost Lamp Temple. Please reply once you hear this.”

This..... Isn't this my voice?

Furthermore, it's the voice message that I had just sent!

Soft Feather first blankly stared, then felt an indescribable happiness bubbling in her heart; this man who looked like a youngster in front of her was actually a senior from Nine Provinces (1) Group!

The lost and dejected Soft Feather immediately felt like someone who caught a rope while being swept by the currents!

With three steps, she stepped over to the side of the 'senior' who looked like a youngster!

.....

Song Shuhang had just tapped on the voice message sent by Soft Feather, her gentle voice was truly pleasant to the ear. Suddenly, he felt someone approaching him from behind.

What followed was a fragrant wind entering his nose, there was a faint scent of flowers, yet it was also similar to the body fragrance of ladies.

Shuhang turned around, and saw the long-legged black-haired lady standing behind him with a happy face, and her gaze was fixed onto his cellphone.

“Nine Provinces (1) Group?” The black-haired lady's gentle voice was full of happiness as if she was 'meeting an old friend in a

foreign place’.

At that moment, Song Shuhang didn’t have the slightest idea of what kind of expression he should have facing this lady.

There was no longer a need for her to introduce herself, if Song Shuhang still couldn’t guess her identity, he should buy a block of tofu and kill himself with it.

[TL: This is a chinese joke, because it’s not possible to kill yourself with tofu because of how soft tofu is.]

“Spiritual Butterfly Island’s Soft Feather?” Song Shuhang felt that his voice was very unnatural, and full of awkwardness.

“That’s me! May I ask for senior’s dao name?” Soft Feather finally calmed down, and began carefully sizing up this ‘senior’.

According to her memory, other than Su Clan’s Ah Shiliu who went through tribulation yesterday, all other fellow daoists from Nine Provinces (1) Group were her seniors.

This senior in front of me has the appearance of a 18 or 19 years old, but that definitely can’t be his true age, right? His height is approximately 1.75m, with a kind face, and looks really nice to chat with.

A kind face..... To be frank that is basically having a face with looks that makes someone seem like a good person, and it’s also the type that is easily thrown into the friendzone.

Moreover, she couldn’t sense this senior’s stage of cultivation.

It seems like this senior has completely restrained his aura, when he stands in front of me, it’s like he has completely blended into the world of ordinary people, this is already the stage of returning back to the natural state like father, right? This was how Soft Feather thought.

Senior?! Being addressed like this made Song Shuhang’s liver hurt a little.

Chapter 12: Senior Song, Your Phone Is Also Out Of Battery

This black-haired lady looks approximately in her early twenties, but my 18th birthday just passed not too long ago, all right? Could it be that I look that old? Causing her to assume I'm a mature uncle?

Furthermore..... dao name? He immediately thought of the group's chuuni profile pages. Something like Yellow Mountain's True Monarch, North River's Loose Practitioner, XX Cave Master, XX Palace Master and so on, he suddenly felt the pain in his liver intensify.

"Cough cough, you may call me Song Shuhang. Also..... Let's not mention the dao name for now." Song Shuhang replied, he doesn't want others to think he has chuuniby you.

"Ah? Sorry senior. I forgot about that." Soft Feather apologetically said. As a cultivator, it's common sense to never mention dao names in public, she was just that happy and excited that she forgot.

"Cough, stop calling me senior." Song Shuhang coughed twice. He felt like the winter cough that he had slowly recovered from previously was suddenly showing signs of becoming more severe.

"Ah." Soft Feather gasped softly, and her heart sank. This senior seems to be the type that is hard to get along with? That's to be expected, after all it isn't possible that everyone in the group is as friendly as senior North River.

Plus, although this senior was obviously in Luo Xin Street he had not spoken up in the chat, was it possible that he was a cold and indifferent person and had no intentions of offering help? As she thought of this, she could not help but feel disappointed.

Just as Soft Feather was letting her thoughts run wild, Song

Shuhang added, "Calling me Song Shuhang directly is fine."

"Eh?" Soft Feather momentarily blanked. "That shouldn't be the way, right?"

"Please just call me Song Shuhang. If you really don't want to call me by my full name, then Shuhang, Xiaohang, Xiaosong are also fine as well, it's up to you." Song Shuhang resolutely replied.

If Soft Feather continued to call him senior every time she spoke, then he would feel very ashamed. Afterall, this was the real world!

"Song Shu..... Senior." Halfway through calling his name, Soft Feather felt rather awkward and still added the word "Senior".

But her heart had relaxed completely in this moment, and a happy smile was revealed on her face. It seemed like this senior was a good person, and not cold and indifferent. If it was like this, then perhaps senior would help her!

Song Shuhang raised his hand and rubbed his face vigorously. He had been completely defeated. "Fine, call me whatever you want."

"Senior Song, did you come here to help me? Soft Feather joyfully replied.

"Let's talk while we walk." Song Shuhang lifted the large bag he was holding. The two of them plus that huge suitcase were blocking the way so it would be better if they found a quiet place to talk.

Soft Feather immediately quietly caught up to Shuhang.

"I saw the chatlogs in the group. The place you want to go is the Luo Xin Street of J City, isn't it?" Song Shuhang said.

"En, J City's Luo Xin Street. Please wait, Senior, could it be..." Soft Feather was naturally very smart. From Song Shuhang's tone and attitude, she could guess the actual situation. With a teary, disappointed face, she said, "Could it be that this is not Luo Xin Street?"

“This is indeed Luo Xin Street, however, this is Jiang Nan City’s Luo Xin Street, not the one in J City.” Song Shuhang sighed and replied.

“...” Soft Feather’s small face instantly turned beet red. This time, she truly was embarrassed. After a long while, she asked in a small voice, “Then, Senior Song, do you know how to get to J City’s Luo Xin Street?”

“I have not been there before, but are you able to navigate the way?” Song Shuhang smiled warmly.

Soft Feather knocked on her own head a few times before she once again took up her phone and swiped a few times... However, after swiping just twice, the phone suddenly rang with the soothing sound of music before the screen went dark.

Soft Feather lifted her head and looked towards Song Shuhang. Those were a pair of large, watery eyes. “Senior Song, my phone ran out of battery.”

“...” Song Shuhang felt as though his liver ached with a vague pain. This black-haired beauty was a natural klutz?

But he still tossed his phone over. “Then use mine.”

“Thank you, senior.” Soft Feather happily received Shuhang’s phone, and swiped on it.

Suddenly, the phone also emitted a short and loud sonorous music, and the phone’s display turned dark.

Soft Feather lifted her head another time as she looked at Song Shuhang. Those watery eyes had already misted over. “Senior Song, your phone is also out of battery.”

Fuck! Song Shuhang only just recalled that when he left the house, his phone was only at 6% battery. After he had left the dormitory for close to three hours and surfed the net just now, it just so happened that at this moment, the phone went flat.

Awkwardly taking back his phone, Shuhang asked, “Soft Feather, are you in a hurry to get to Ghost Lamp Temple?”

“Although I’m not in a hurry, the faster the better, problems might occur the more things are delayed.” Soft Feather’s voice was as gentle as before. If she takes too long, her father would return from Senior Mad Saber Three Waves’ house, and he will catch her and bring her home.

Indeed, this was also the reason why she had thrown off Mad Saber Three Waves in the group chat earlier.

If her daddy came home, then she couldn’t sneak out anymore.

“Then, how about you go to the dormitory with me? I’ll use my computer to check the route for you while you take that chance to charge your phone. However, my dormitory is a little more than twenty minutes away, is that fine?” Song Shuhang suggested.

Song Shuhang is a man who is as he looks, he has a good-natured looking face, and thus is a good old man in his bones.

So no matter what, he could never do something like tossing Soft Feather aside. The truth was, other than gays, there would be very few men who could mercilessly abandon such a beauty.

“Dormitory? Is that where senior is living in seclusion?” Soft Feather’s eyes glowed as she said, “A 20 minute journey is no problem at all!”

“Then, shall we?” Song Shuhang asked.

Soft Feather vigorously nodded, and pulled her large suitcase in pursuit of Shuhang’s back.

A truly marvelous target for kidnapping. Song Shuhang’s was somewhat worried in his heart since he kept feeling that two sticks of lollipops would be enough to abduct this girl.

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There's a proverb that says, when men and women pair up together, all labor isn't tiring.

According to reason, when men and women do something together, they will have multiple times the energy. However..... After Song Shuhang walked for 5 minutes with Soft Feather, he felt short of breath, and much more tired.

He bitterly smiled as he looked at Soft Feather beside him, the words spoken by the handsome dude among the three at the public square surfaced in his mind: "That beauty's legs are really long, and she walked very quickly. When she took one step, I had to take several to keep up. I was even jogging behind her yet I still couldn't catch up."

Long legs truly have a large advantage! Her single step was equivalent to two steps from him!

Soft Feather had already tried her best to lower her pace, yet Shuhang still needed to jog. How can this not be tiring?

"Senior, you seem to be panting?" Soft Feather looked towards Shuhang in confusion. This cannot be, right? We've only been walking for 5 minutes, how could this make a senior with great achievements in cultivation gasp for breath?

"Huu, let's walk slowly, there's no hurry." Song Shuhang adjusted his breathing pattern.

"Oh." Soft Feather pretended to understand yet didn't seem to understand as she nodded, she felt that this 'Senior' was in a condition that didn't seem right, as if his physical capabilities were very low.

But she was an intelligent lady, and respected others' privacy. Since senior didn't say, then she definitely wouldn't be nosy, so as to not provoke hostility.

Therefore she took the initiative to match his pace, the strides of her long legs shrunk, until she maintained the same as Song

Shuhang's strides.

Song Shuhang finally felt a lot more relaxed.

The two of them had already left Luo Xin Street, and walked further and further away.

What was a great coincidence was that behind them, the three brothers who were grading various kinds of beautiful legs were carrying all kinds of large and small bags as they left Luo Xin Street.

"Ehh? One hundred! It's one hundred again!" Fatty Ah Xu excitedly pointed towards Soft Feather's back figure.

The handsome man immediately perked up. "Where? This time, I must catch up to her!"

"You've no hope." Short Haired Guy lazily replied, "There's already a man by her side"

The handsome man looked at Song Shuhang who was at the side of Soft Feather and instantly lost hope. "She's already taken, god dammit!"

"Although the flower already has an owner, the hoe is merciless. As long as the hoe is wielded properly, there's no wall that can't be dug till it falls. Proceed bravely!" Ah Xu chuckled and said.

"I don't have any interest in NTRing other people's walls." At this point, the handsome man unexpectedly displayed his bottom line.

But suddenly, the handsome man fixed his eyes onto Song Shuhang's back. "Hey, Have you guys noticed that that guy seems a little familiar?"

"Yep, it's normal that you find him familiar. Because when we were discussing the girl who scored one hundred points at the plaza earlier, he was sitting right beside us." Short Haired Guy continued to speak lazily.

“...” Fatty Ah Xu.

“...” Handsome man.

He was sitting right beside us, he was sitting right beside us.....
This sentence reverberated endlessly in the handsome man's ears.

The handsome man resolutely knelt onto the ground, “Is this the fabled God of Strategies from the legends!?”

Chapter 13: If.....

A school dormitory is a wondrous place, the ladies' dormitory is forbidden ground for the males, any male who dare take a single step into that minefield all receive the death penalty.

But to the ladies, the male dormitory is like their vegetable garden at home. They can enter or leave as and when they want to. Therefore, Song Shuhang did not encounter any obstacles bringing a girl into his dormitory.

Furthermore, since it was Sunday, a majority of the students living in the dormitories went out to have fun, or stayed in the dormitory to play games. When Song Shuhang brought Soft Feather back, it didn't attract much attention.

Shuhang's dorm room was on the 2nd story, and there was an elevator in the dormitory. However, most of the people living in the dormitory all take the elevator. Since it's only one floor, taking the stairs to his room is much faster than taking the elevator.

"Shall I help you bring up your suitcase?" Song Shuhang looked at the huge suitcase pulled by Soft Feather, as a man, offering to carry a lady's suitcase and bags are things that mustn't be declined.

"Sorry to trouble Senior then." Soft Feather bashfully smiled, and pushed the huge suitcase to Song Shuhang.

During the journey, Song Shuhang saw Soft Feather drag that huge suitcase the whole time. When they passed by areas where there were uneven roads, she would even carry it past those roads like it was a very simple task.

Therefore, he assumed that this huge suitcase wasn't filled, and should be pretty light.

When he gripped the suitcase, and tried to pull it upwards, his face immediately flushed!

He only managed to lift the suitcase a small bit after amassing his

strength. What the fuck, this box is at least 50-60 kilograms, and nearly the weight of an adult male!

He widened his eyes and stared at Soft Feather, and stared at her soft and slender hands. This girl, is she secretly a tomboy? For the whole journey, she pulled along this thing that is about 120-130jin like she was flying, wasn't it exhausting?"

[TL: 1 jin is 0.5kg, no idea why author bothered to use it since kilograms is above.]

And I naively thought that she was a good target for kidnapping? Simply with this strength of hers, anybody who wants to kidnap her had better prepare a coffin.

"Senior?" Soft Feather looked towards the senior, puzzled.

"Cough! Let us take the elevator." Song Shuhang quickly decided and said. With his strength, there's no problem for him to carry this box up, but it would be very tiring.

"Oh." Soft Feather pretended to understand but didn't seem to understand as she nodded. This has been mentioned before, she is a good lady, and won't ask superfluous questions. Furthermore, as a guest, she will not interfere with the host's decisions, for the guest should always follow the host's intentions.

The elevator slowly rose, at a time like that there was basically nobody using the elevator, so there was no need to wait.

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There wasn't a single soul in the dormitory room.

His roommates usually return around 3-4PM, there were times they even came back at night.

The dormitory room wasn't considered large, being made for only 4 people to live in. Although the place was small, it had everything necessary. There was an attached bathroom, a balcony,

a washboard and a small kitchen.

“Take a seat, would you like something to drink?” Song Shuhang turned on the computer, and let Soft Feather sit down.

Soft Feather obediently sat down, and replied, “Jade Spirit Vein Tea.”

“?” Song Shuhang was confused.

Jade Spirit Vein Tea? What’s that? A new beverage? Why haven’t I heard of it before?

He blanked out for a moment, then quickly remembered this long-legged beauty’s identity. Don’t just see her as a youthful and pretty girl, she’s a patient deeply afflicted with chuunibyou!

This so-called Jade Spirit Vein Tea, should be something created by the minds of those chuunibyou patients in the chat group.

Song Shuhang only felt his liver start to faintly hurt again.

“I don’t have those kind of things here temporarily, but I have orange juice, clean water, coke and milk... pick one.” Song Shuhang straightforwardly gave her a multiple choice question, he was afraid that Soft Feather might ask him for frightening things like ‘Enriching Dragon Blood Tea’, ‘Phoenix Liquid’ and so on.

Soft Feather was stunned, Senior’s place doesn’t even have Jade Spirit Vein Tea?

One must know that Jade Spirit Vein Tea is the spirit tea that is most commonly served by cultivators to receive guests.

It contains very little Spiritual Qi, but the tea is full of fragrance, with a rich taste that can last for a long time, it’s the most economic tea for entertaining guests. Moreover, one can drink it by themselves if they feel like it and it can even one’s strengthen physique. Although the effects aren’t as miraculous as pills, Jade Spirit Vein Tea’s price is cheaper than pills by thousands of times. As long as one is a cultivator, it’s essential to possess this, right?

Wait, I got it!

Senior is living here in seclusion, in the city, living like ordinary people. It is said that to temper themselves, every 150 years, some seniors would live in with ordinary people and follow their way of life, and truly live like an ordinary person, that is called ‘Realm Of Mortal Tempering’! Although this cannot increase their strength, this can make one’s will more resolute, and make one’s spirit more clear and bright!

“Then, Senior, please give me orange juice, thank you.” Soft Feather revealed a sweet smile.

“Alright, give me a moment.”

After a short while, Song Shuhang carried over a large cup of orange juice poured from the refrigerator in the kitchen.

Soft Feather received the orange juice, “Thank you Senior.”

“You’re welcome.” Song Shuhang replied. This was a good lady, good character, polite, it’s a pity that she had chuuni. He sat in front of the computer, and connected to the internet.

He proficiently opened up Baidu Maps, and entered J City, Luo Xin Street.

[TL: In case you don’t know this, Baidu is like Google in China, and Google is also banned there.]

Very quickly, the map marked out the location of Luo Xin Street in J City.

“I’ve checked, this place is a little far from J City’s Luo Xin Street.” Song Shuhang said.

Originally, taking a taxi from Jiang Nan region’s airport to J City’s Luo Xin Street requires 5 hours or so. But Soft Feather mistook her destination. Luckily, Jiang Nan University City was bordering J City, so something like going north when the destination was south did not occur, she only stumbled upon the

wrong path midway.

Right now, if she takes off from Jiang Nan University City, the journey to J City's Luo Xin Street requires another 3.5 hours, and this is without considering the road traffic/condition. To be honest, the condition/traffic of these roads are incredibly inferior, the real amount of time needed to reach there is approximately 5 hours or so.

Soft Feather moved over, and when she saw the long distance, she couldn't help but open her mouth wide, "Senior, for such a long distance can a taxi go there?"

"Well, they can, but I'm afraid that not many of them will be willing to do so." Song Shuhang replied.

He then explained to Soft Feather.

A 5 hour car journey is a little far, although the various cities in the vicinity of Jiang Nan region can go from one city to another, most of the taxis drivers work on shifts.

Furthermore, going there takes 5 hours, and returning takes another 5 hours. In total it's a 10 hour car journey, how many taxi drivers would want to do this? This is something that isn't a good deal even if there were incentives.

"Then what do we do?" Soft Feather asked.

"Take a train, luckily, there's a train station pretty close to J City's Luo Xin Street, Black Elephant Station. This University City's vicinity also has a station like this. Taking a train is also faster than taking a taxi, and it would take at most 2 hours to arrive." Song Shuhang explained.

"Then what time shall we leave?" Soft Feather's eyes shone.

"No rush, train tickets can now be booked on the same day. Let me see, the train from University City towards Black Elephant Station takes off at 4PM. So you will make it as long as you collect the ticket and enter the station by 3:30PM."

Huh? Wait!

What time are we leaving? We?

This lady can't be thinking that I will accompany her to J City's Luo Xin Street, right?

I still have classes tomorrow, I'm still a mere student, and can't just leave as I please!

"Then Senior, let us quickly book two tickets online. Do you need my identity card?" Soft Feather happily said, she felt very lucky that she was able to meet someone willing to help her like Senior Song.

"Cough cough, us?" Song Shuhang's cold cough has relapsed, "You mean you want to book two tickets? You and me?"

"Ah? Senior isn't accompanying me there?" Soft Feather stared blankly, and her face immediately blushed.

She was indeed too excited earlier, and assumed that Song Shuhang would accompany her to J City. She didn't even ask for Senior's input, it was too rude of her.

"Senior, I was too rude earlier, and didn't ask for Senior's opinion before acting on my own initiative. Senior, may I ask if you can accompany me on a trip to J City's Luo Xin Street? To be honest, I'm..... I'm bad with directions, I'm afraid I won't be able to find Ghost Lamp Temple." Soft Feather beseeched.

Song Shuhang sighed, and rejected her, "Although I wish to help, I'm afraid I'm powerless in this matter."

The train leaves at 4PM, so it will be at least 6:30PM in the evening when it reaches. It is unknown what Soft Feather wants to do there, and what time she will be done with her matters there. But one thing is for sure, I wouldn't be able to get back by noon tomorrow.

Yet he has classes at noon tomorrow!

Soft Feather was immediately incredibly disappointed, she's a lady whose thoughts are written all over her face, "Senior, is it because you don't have time?"

"Yep, it's because I have classes at noon tomorrow." Song Shuhang answered.

Looking at the face of Soft Feather that looked like she was about to kneel, he suddenly felt that his rejection earlier was a little too stern, and was worried that it hurt this lady's fragile heart.

Thinking of that, he negotiated, "If..... What I mean is, Soft Feather, if you're not in too much of a hurry, I do have the time to accompany you to J City next Friday. I am currently a student, and only have rest days on Saturday and Sunday.

Next Friday? Soft Feather was still disappointed. Although she could wait 1 or 2 days, 5 days is a little too long. Her father might enjoy messing with people, but he obviously wouldn't stay and play at Mad Saber Three Waves' place for half a month.

However, she suddenly thought of something, and her eyes shined brightly. She seriously asked, "Senior Song, if you don't have classes tomorrow afternoon..... and I'm only hypothesising, can you accompany me to J City then?"

Chapter 14: Let Me Send Two Chests Of Medicinal Ingredients As My Gift Of Thanks

“Cough, cough, Soft Feather, if the matters you want to do don’t require much time, then perhaps it’s possible.” Song Shuhang chuckled.

But tomorrow’s afternoon class was planned even before school reopened, there’s no way it would be cancelled unless there was a special reason.

Shuhang did not want to be entangled in this topic for too long, and immediately changed the subject, “Soft Feather, the place you’re attempting to go to is Ghost Lamp Temple, right? Why didn’t you confirm its location before setting off?”

The innocent young lady was easily swayed into a different subject, “Yes, I only know that the destination is at J City Luo Xin Street, and had my martial nephews book the air ticket before rushing over. I never expected Ghost Lamp Temple to be this hard to find.”

Martial nephews..... There’s still such a thing in this day and age?

While lost in thought, Song Shuhang tapped on the keyboard, and entered J City, Luo Xin Street, Ghost Lamp Temple on the search bar.

There was information on J City and Luo Xin Street, but no information on Ghost Lamp Temple at all, there was no sign on the map either.

It should either be a very small temple, or it had already closed down long ago, right?

“Senior Song, can you let me borrow your computer? I want to gather information myself, also, perhaps Senior North River from the group has some news!” Soft Feather suddenly said.

Song Shuhang nodded, he first logged out of his chat account, then got up from the seat.

Soft Feather sweetly smiled, sat down, and proficiently typed in her chat credentials

The group's North River's Loose Practitioner as before didn't reply, it was rare for this Senior to stay offline for so long. Shuhang thought he was a true 24/7 internet warrior.

Soft Feather was a little disappointed, she closed the chat window and began searching for all the information regarding Luo Xin Street and its surrounding temples. She began to guess whether Ghost Lamp Temple no longer existed, or it had already changed its name.

Song Shuhang watched from the side for a while, when he suddenly remembered that both his and Soft Feather's phones were out of battery.

"Soft Feather, give me your phone. I have a charger here, it should take only an hour or so to fully charge." Song Shuhang said.

"Thank you, Senior!" Soft Feather quickly took out her phone and handed it over to Song Shuhang.

Shuhang received it, and brought his phone to charge at the same time as well.

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When Song Shuhang turned around, Soft Feather's hands danced on the keyboard at lightning speeds, pa pa pa pa pa pa. In that moment her hand speed was at least 900 APM! With such hand speeds, if she became a professional gamer, she could become a god that schooled the others.

[ED:APM is a term often used in the Starcraft series, made by Blizzard Entertainment. It means Actions per minute, with the

higher the corresponding number equating to more skill. The record APM was 818 by [Park Sung-Joon](#). There are references to APM made by D.Va in Overwatch.]

On the computer, more and more windows rapidly popped up and closed; many webpages opened and refreshed.

Very soon, a male student's information was displayed.

A half body portrait of Song Shuhang with a wide smile, and his personal information beside it.

Song Shuhang, Jiang Nan University's Mechanical Engineering Discipline, Machinery Designs and Manufacturing Faculty's 19th department 43rd class.

Soon after a window quickly popped up, it was Song Shuhang's class timetable.

What immediately popped up after was Monday afternoon's class..... Professor Renshui.

That was a young, promising and handsome professor. He stood tall and straight, wore a black-framed spectacles, with a gentle smile on his face. He could be classified as the type of man that effortlessly attracts the hearts of all the young maidens wherever he goes Everything..... Happened in a flash.

After acquiring the information she wanted, Soft Feather once again closed all of the webpages at high speeds.

A class that had been scheduled for a long time naturally wouldn't casually be cancelled, but accidents always happen in the world. For example, the teacher in charge of the class getting hit by a car and hurting his leg, missing a step and spraining his leg, accidentally falling off the bed and spraining his leg, getting bitten by a dog on his leg..... And so on, anyways, all kinds of leg injuries that would cause hospitalization. That way, tomorrow's afternoon class should either be suspended or delayed for a couple of days, right?

This was what Soft Feather thought in her heart, she felt that this idea of hers was fantastic, and secretly praised herself inside.

* * * * *

On the other side of town, in the apartment building for teachers over 10km away.

Teacher Renshui, who was playing with his daughter, suddenly shivered for unknown reasons, and immediately sneezed multiple times. He rubbed his nose as he thought.

There's another schoolgirl thinking of this handsome and charismatic teacher again?

Oh kids, being too handsome also causes headaches, don't you know he's already married and has a career?

* * * * *

After Soft Feather closed the web page, she stealthily turned around to look at Song Shuhang. Realizing that he was still on the other side trying to charge the phones, she quietly breathed a sigh of relief, giving off a feeling like she was up to mischief behind her senior.

At the same time, after she investigated so much information, her instincts told her..... Senior Song seemed more and more like an ordinary person.

She once again thought of the scene and the words Song Shuhang said when they met, "Call me little Song, or even Shuhang, please don't call me Senior anymore."

Is it because Senior Song's 'Realm Of Mortal Tempering' skills are too profound, or is it just her misunderstanding something?

After closing all of the web pages, Soft Feather stretched her fingers.

Soon after, her gaze fell onto the open notebook beside the computer. On it was a dazzling list of medicine names, it was

precisely the simplified body tempering liquid posted by Medicine Master from Nine Provinces (1) Group.

Shuhang initially wanted to bring this to his cousin Zhao Yaya for research, however it doesn't include Fresh Overlord Branch, 9-Yang Scarlet Flame Bamboo, Morning Dew Mysterious Grass and the other medicinal ingredients that are brimming with the smell of chuuni.

Senior Song is also researching this pill recipe? Soft Feather wondered in her heart.

However, she quickly realized that the recipe copied by Song Shuhang didn't seem to be the complete version.

Why did Senior only copy down the simple and ordinary medicinal ingredients?

Why didn't he include Morning Dew Mysterious Grass and some of the other ingredients?

Wait, could it be that Senior Song actually wants to go deeper with the philosophy of Senior Medicine Master's recipe? To take another step forward in lowering the costs of producing the body tempering liquid?

When she thought of it this way, Soft Feathers eyes immediately shone bright.

Coincidentally, right as Song Shuhang turned around, he saw Soft Feather staring at his notebook. This is bad, written on it is that chuuni pill recipe!

This is truly like having mud fall on the crotch of his pants, even though it wasn't poop, it is now poop. Soft Feather definitely thinks that I am her kindred spirit, a person who is also deeply afflicted by Xianxia chuunibyou.

Sure enough, Soft Feather opened her mouth to ask a question that felt full of chuuni to Shuhang, "Senior, are you also researching Senior Medicine Master's recipe? How many furnaces

can you succeed with in one try?”

Soft Feather happily asked with the mentality of one asking for guidance from her senior.

She followed the recipe provided by Senior Medicine Master and attempted many times, because her control over the flames was insufficient, she only succeeded 3 out of 10 times. It's a pity that although she likes concocting pills, she doesn't have the slightest talent in it.

Wasting medicinal ingredients like that, if other cultivators saw they would definitely drown her in spittle. However, she has a strong and rich father, a small amount of wasted medicinal ingredients for concocting body tempering liquid is just like wasting a drop of water in their pond at Spiritual Butterfly Island, an extremely trivial matter.

“I didn't concoct.” Song Shuhang looked like he was about to cry, he had indeed been taken to be her kindred spirit.

“Why? Could it be that Senior Song wants to further improve Senior Medicine Master's recipe?” Soft Feathers eyes sparkled as she excitedly spoke.

“.....” Song Shuhang was silent, he originally wanted to reply by saying that he can't possibly be concocting a strange chuuni pill like this, but seeing the glittering light in Soft Feather's eyes, he felt that it wasn't right to hurt this lady.

After thinking for a long time, he found a rather honest answer, “Actually, it is because medicinal ingredients are not convenient to find here. Due to many complicated reasons, I don't have any medicinal ingredients on hand, that's why..... I simply didn't have the opportunity to concoct.”

What he said was fact, among the medicinal ingredients in the recipe, even after eliminating those Xuanhuan chuuni ingredients, the other ingredients added together aren't cheap. One must know

that precious medicinal ingredients like Ginseng are priced by per liangs.

[TL:1 liang = 50grams]

As a student, he simply couldn't buy it, not even if he sold his kidney!

"Ah? I'm so sorry Senior, so there was a reason like this." Soft Feather nodded and said, while delighted in her heart!

Although she didn't know why Senior Song doesn't even have the medicinal ingredients for a mere body tempering liquid, in Spiritual Butterfly Island such medicinal ingredients can be stacked to be as tall as a mountain!

"Senior, after I return, let me send two chests of medicinal ingredients as my gift of thanks!" Soft Feather insisted.

This was how she planned to repay Shuhang. In any case, by hook or by crook, she had already decided to have Shuhang help her look for Ghost Lamp Temple.

Two chests of medicinal ingredients, these words sounded so domineering.

To reinterpret these words as something more straightforward it means: Senior, I'll send you two boxes of ginseng as a gift of thanks.

If the interpretation above is still not blunt enough, then take a look at this version: Senior, I'll send you two boxes of gold bars as my gift of thanks!

The value of the medicinal ingredients Soft Feather wanted to send was definitely many times more expensive than gold bars.

It was a pity that of this moment Song Shuhang simply didn't know the value of these two chests of medicinal ingredients that Soft Feather mentioned, otherwise he would've knelt to this tyrant long ago!

Chapter 15: Professor Renshui's Injury

In Song Shuhang's mind he thought. I'm afraid these two chests of medicinal ingredients are various kinds of weird things, right? At the very least it won't be expensive items.

So he casually said, "Then I'll first thank you. By the way, do you have an account for the ticket booking website?"

Soft Feather shook her head, it didn't matter whether it was an air ticket or land ticket, she had never needed to book one herself. Her family had many servant disciples in Spiritual Butterfly Island.

"Pass me your identification card then, I'll book a ticket for you in a moment." Song Shuhang replied.

"Alright!" Soft Feather obediently handed over her identification card, then asked, "Senior Song, may I go look around on the balcony?"

"Don't be so reserved, do whatever you like." Song Shuhang smiled as he spoke. What a good and polite lady, a pity she's a chuuni.

Soft Feather bashfully grinned, then walked to the balcony and surveyed the outside.

On the east side of the balcony was a wide path and the school's garden, with nothing blocking the view. Although this was only the second floor, the field of view was rather vast.

Soft Feather first carefully observed Song Shuhang, then sneakily executed a small magic to cancel energy fluctuations to hide her following actions, so that 'Senior Song' didn't find out.

With her preparations done, she stealthily took out a pair of contact lenses from her pocket and put them on.

Don't look down on these. These are magical treasures personally refined by Spiritual Butterfly's Respected Sage, Desiring Thousand

Miles Eyes, Take It Up A Notch!

The name was a little long, but this was basically an upgraded version of Thousand Miles Eyes.

Once the lenses are put on, it's like the name implies, it could give the person a view from high altitudes, like a god overlooking the land.

This was the painstaking creation of a father who knew his daughter easily gets lost. It was for his daughter to have a bird's eye view of an area when she loses her directions and to help her find the correct path. It was full of fatherly love.

They say that a daughter is like a father's lover in his previous lifetime, sure enough, these words were right.

If it was a son, Spiritual Butterfly's Respected Safe definitely wouldn't put so much thought into this. A proper adult man getting lost, wouldn't that be humiliating if it was known? If you can't find the path, don't you know how to tear down whatever is in the way and take a straight path towards the destination? To advance bravely is a man's dream!

[TL: The a man's dream here has the exact same meaning/words as otoko no roman in Japanese, if you know what that means.]

Putting aside this matter, let's get back to Soft Feather.

Soft Feather used the magical treasure's godly view to quickly lock onto Jiang Nan University's teachers' apartments. Then following the intelligence, smoothly locked onto that tall and scholarly Professor Renshui who wore a pair of black framed spectacles.

At this moment, the innocent teacher Renshui..... was having an afternoon nap with his daughter who was just 6 months old.

Because 'having an afternoon nap with his daughter' could easily lead some gentlemen to misunderstand, it was necessary to add in the daughter's age! To once again reinforce that statement, this

was a 6 month old daughter!

Everything proceeded extremely smoothly, as if there was a god lending a helping hand.

“Found it!” Soft Feather was happy inside, and her palms joined together, “Sorry, sorry, I’m really sorry, I will definitely compensate you, but right now you must injure your leg and get hospitalized!”

When she joined her palms, there was a golden talisman flickering. Things like talismans were usually one-time/single use items, but there were also high-grade merchandise that could be reused many times.

Without a doubt, the one in Soft Feathers hands was a high-grade tool.

Only second generation cultivators like Soft Feather who had a rich father would waste high-grade talismans in this manner.

It wasn’t easy to make high-grade talismans. Although they could be repeatedly used, they still had a limit, the more it’s used, the sooner it breaks. When ordinary cultivators attain a high-grade talisman, they would even roll it up, make an incision and insert it into their body!

The gold talisman power began moving under Soft Feather’s control.

Far away, at the teachers’ apartment building.

While Teacher Renshui was asleep, a force suddenly pushed him, and he fell off the bed.

What was very unfortunate was, his leg was at an angle which it could easily get hurt.

Therefore..... Crash!

Crack, there was the sound of something twisting.

“Hiss!” Teacher Renshui woke up from the pain and groaned. He

was immediately in cold sweat, and the sprained leg rapidly swelled up. But so as not to disturb his cute daughter who was sleeping, he tightly gripped onto the quilt/blanket, tightly clenched his teeth and sent his screams back to his stomach. Pity all the parents of the world.

With his teeth still clenched, Teacher Renshui quickly rubbed his ankle, he was obviously experienced. With a sprain of this level, there was no need to be hospitalized, he just needs to rub a little Hong Hua ointment and rest, and it should be fine the next day.

After rubbing for a while, Teacher Renshui stood on one leg, and hopped towards the refrigerator while leaning against the wall.

However..... Soft Feather's magic hasn't ended, her objective was to send this pitiful teacher into the hospital!

Teacher Renshui thought it was an accident that he fell off the bed and hurt his knee, he didn't know that there was a mysterious force secretly trying to hurt his leg to the point of hospitalization being required. Meaning, he had no idea how dangerous it was for him to lean against the wall and hop on one leg. It was without doubt that this way of moving forward was incredibly suitable for him to hurt himself again.

Teacher Renshui hopped and hopped, and suddenly his hop missed.

Crack, this time it was the sound of bones breaking..... It was his perfectly fine leg, fractured. The injury this time was more serious than his injury on the other leg.

"Hiss!" Teacher Renshui crashed into the ground, with his eyes wide open, he sucked in a cool breath, this time he was in so much pain that tears appeared. A man's tears do not easily fall, they only fall for heartbreaking matters.

He gazed upon his sprained leg, and his broken leg, and his eyes immediately turned moist.

But there was no choice other than to resign himself to bad luck.

After sucking in cool breaths for a while, he carefully took out his phone, and made a call to his lord wife, requesting backup. His lord wife was also a teacher at Jiang Nan University.

Because his daughter was around, it wasn't a good idea for him to directly call for an ambulance. He has to wait for his wife to return, so that she can take care of his daughter while he is sent to the hospital.

When she heard her husband narrate the experience of 'injuring the two legs', Teacher Renshui's wife felt worried, yet also felt that what happened was funny.

After hastily requesting leave for a single class, she rushed back home.....

After Teacher Renshui ended his call with his lord wife, he made a call to the school management, requesting leave for his three classes tomorrow afternoon. With the condition his two legs were in, he definitely had to be hospitalized, and so he naturally had to let the school rearrange the classes.

"Done." Soft Feather nodded with satisfaction, and stored her gold talisman.

With this, her objective has been completed.

Since Teacher Renshui requested for leave, tomorrow afternoon's class would be cancelled.

If there aren't classes tomorrow, Song Shuhang would be free.

If Shuhang is free, he can accompany her to J City.

Look! It really was that simple!

With the matter settled, Soft Feather was in a great mood.

After she returned into the room, she noticed that Song Shuhang was on the ticket booking website booking train tickets for her.

“Senior Song, how about you book a ticket for yourself as well. Perhaps you don’t have afternoon classes tomorrow?” Soft Feather moved forward, and gently prodded.

“Haha, if there truly aren’t classes I will book one more ticket.” Song Shuhang joked.

The moment he said that.

Ding dong!

At this time, the school’s email network suddenly had a popup.

“Mechanical Engineering Discipline, Machinery Designs and Manufacturing Faculty’s 19th department 43rd class’ students please take note: As Teacher Renshui is injured and hospitalized, tomorrow afternoon’s Mathematical Sciences Statistics class will be swapped with Professor Smith’s University English class. Please notify each other, and make the appropriate preparations! Thank you.”

This information was repeatedly broadcasted three times.

Furthermore, it was set to be rebroadcasted once an hour.

Jiang Nan University’s management moves very fast, and works very efficiently! From the moment Teacher Renshui made a call requesting leave, till this message was sent, only a minute or two had passed!

“Huh? Teacher Renshui is injured? What a coincidence. However tomorrow’s lesson is changed to English class..... Do I have to attend that old-fashioned class taught by that old fellow Smith?” Song Shuhang muttered to himself.

But Soft Feather, who stood by his side suddenly had her eyes moistened.

This was like kicking a ball one foot forward, only to have the goalpost shifted 10 feet away!

However, as someone who is from Spiritual Butterfly Island, she

definitely can't give up so easily.

Definitely not!

Chapter 16: This Matter Feels A Tad Abnormal!

Since sending one teacher to the hospital is no big deal, why not send two!

Since I've already started something, I can't give up halfway, this English teacher named Smith will be sent to the hospital too! Determination flashed in Soft Feather's eyes.....along with killing intent!

"Senior Song, is this Teacher Smith of yours a foreigner? What does he look like?" Soft Feather pretended to be curious as she asked.

"That fella? He's an old-fashioned man, his standard of teaching is good, though." Song Shuhang grinned as he said, then casually tapped on the name 'Professor Smith' in the message.

Soon after, the face of an old English man with a rigid face and flawlessly combed hair popped out.

Jiang Nan University's school network has a large information system, where as long as one has the required level of authority, all of the students' and teachers' information can be found.

"He looks so serious, does he also stay at the teachers' apartments?" Soft Feather nervously asked.

"Yep, that's right." Song Shuhang didn't think much of it as he nodded, and continued to key in the particulars of Soft Feather's identity card. He then registered and prepared to book the tickets.

Soft Feather felt embarrassed as she smiled, and quietly walked back to the balcony. She once again put on the magical tool: Desiring Thousand Miles Eyes, Take It Up A Notch.

Very soon, she located her target.

[TL: I've got you in my sights. – Soldier 76]

As of that moment, Professor Smith was out on a walk with his dog, by the school's river

“Strange, is there a cold wind blowing?” Suddenly, this rigid old Englishman tightened his collar. He felt a mysterious chill, and was baffled.

“Sorry, sorry. Just like Teacher Renshui, after I'm done with my matters, I will compensate you.” Soft Feather again mumbled, then her hands rubbed the gold talisman.

At the school's river.....

The rigid Englishman felt that his condition today wasn't good, and spontaneously decided to return to the hostel and rest, “Ham, let's go back. Perfect timing, I still have to prepare the contents for tomorrow's class.”

Having said that, Professor Smith pulled on the dog's leash.

“Wu.....Wu!” At this time, his normally obedient pet dog suddenly howled, while its eyes turned completely red.

Professor Smith felt a tremendous force coming from the dog's leash. Ham the little puppy usually follows obediently with a gentle pull, yet today it fiercely pulled the leash.

Professor Smith frowned, then used more force to pull on the dog's leash.

“Wang!” The pet dog indeed followed the dog leash as it returned, but it returned pouncing with red eyes! His mouth ferociously opened, targeting the Englishman's skinny calf, and fiercely bit down on it.

“Oh, no! Help! Help me!” At the riverside, Professor Smith's screams resounded.

.....

.....

15 minutes later.

At the affiliated hospital close to Jiang Nan University, in a room with two beds.

Teacher Renshui was lying in bed, both his legs dangled high, showing an extremely shameful posture. His wife held their child, while she displayed an expression of not knowing whether to laugh or to cry.

Right at this time, the ward's door was opened, and a rigid-looking Englishman was pushed into the ward.

“Huh? Professor Smith? Aren't you supposed to substitute me for tomorrow afternoon's class? What happened?” Teacher Renshui was surprised and questioned him.

The Englishman spoke with clear Mandarin as he angrily said, “I was..... bitten by Ham. Ss, it's the dog I'm raising. The doctor said it bit too hard, and hurt the bone. Ss, I have to be hospitalized. When I'm discharged tomorrow I will slaughter it and turn it into stew! Ss.....”

It seemed like this rigid old Englishman was deeply hurt emotionally by the puppy he was raising. He felt that that dog was a practically a white-eyed wolf that cannot be domesticated. It so fiercely bit onto him, and nearly wanted his old life. Stew, it must be stewed!

[TL: White-eyed wolf means ungrateful person.]

“.....” Teacher Renshui felt that the events of today were a tad abnormal!

* * * * *

At the dormitory, Song Shuhang had already booked a train ticket for Soft Feather.

At this time, the school's email network once again broadcasted a new message.

“Mechanical Engineering Discipline, Machinery Designs and

Manufacturing Faculty's 19th department 43rd class' students please take note: As Professor Smith is injured and hospitalized, tomorrow afternoon's University English class is cancelled. Mechanical Engineering Discipline, Machinery Designs and Manufacturing Faculty's 19th department 43rd class' students are to have a half-day break tomorrow afternoon. Please notify each other, and make the appropriate preparations! Thank you."

Likewise, this message was broadcasted three times in a row.

Moreover it was set to be rebroadcasted every half an hour, so as to cover up the previous message.

"....." Song Shuhang looked at this short message, in his mind thousands of grass mud horses crazily galloped across.

[TL: Grass mud horse is how the chinese say 'F**k your mother' on the internet, they sound almost the same.]

He turned around to look at Soft Feather who had a flowery smile. He felt that the things that happened today are a tad abnormal!

* * * * *

In the end Shuhang still had to go along with Soft Feather to J City; because he no longer had a reason not to accompany Soft Feather for this trip.

He truly didn't expect for the two professors to be sent to the hospital one after another. The probabilities of this were practically the same as winning the top prize in a lottery, yet he somehow managed to strike it? Due to the tragic encounters of the two professors, he had a whole day of free time tomorrow. Therefore, under Soft Feather's expectant gaze, he booked two train tickets to J City.

The ticket number was the one right after Soft Feather's, therefore it was the seat immediately next to hers.

"Hey Soft Feather, for the two professors to be hospitalized in

succession, do you think it is a coincidence?” Shuhang unyieldingly stared at Soft Feather without blinking. These were eyes that could kill, using an oppressive air to force the enemy to confess. Under this fierce gaze, the one getting stared at would feel uneasy if they lied.

The matters today were indeed excessively coincidental. A professor was sent to a hospital, while another professor substituted for the class, and in less than three minutes that professor too was abruptly sent to the hospital. What kind of bullshit story line was this?

Shuhang had long thought that he had passed the age of delusions and fantasies. Wuxia dreams, Xianxia dreams and so on should have left his life a long time ago. But right now, he truly suspected that Soft Feather had some special abilities, abilities that had somehow caused the two professors to be hospitalized.

When he opened his mind, he even thought towards the side of evil; this young lady is actually the young mistress of a terrifying dark organization, like in the movies, she has a large bunch of people following her in secret, and ready to fulfill whatever she wishes. Then, because she wanted him to accompany to her to J City, those covert subordinates ruthlessly sent the two professors to the hospital?

Yet upon receiving this death stare from Song Shuhang, Soft Feather instead wore a unperturbed expression, “How can that be? Ah am not the kind to do such things, right? Senior Song, you must believe ah!”

[TL: I’m just using Ah as a slang for I, Soft Feather is using a countryside slang in that sentence.]

Her innocent eyes were like a sacred lake that has never been tainted by anybody, but..... Where did that ‘Ah’ slang come from?

Luckily, Shuhang didn’t continue pursuing this topic, he just felt that all these events were too surprising, and casually asked.

“We will set off at approximately 3.10PM in the afternoon, and will be able to arrive at Jiang Nan University Station at 3.30PM. Since we still have some time, why not you make use of it by looking up the internet for information regarding ‘Ghost Lamp Temple’? I’ll go purchase lunch for us both, is there anything you can’t eat?” Song Shuhang asked.

“Nope, I can eat anything.” Soft Feather answered. At this moment, in order to conceal the uneasiness in her heart, even if her most hated green peppers appeared in front of her, she would dump them straight into her mouth!

“Then you try your best to find Ghost Lamp Temple, I’ll be back in a jiffy. If before that my roommates return, just tell them you’re my friend.” Song Shuhang waved his hand as he went out the door.

After Song Shuhang left, Soft Feather guiltily cringed in front of the computer, then continued to research all of the temples in the Luo Xin Street of J City, going through them one by one.

* * * * *

June 2nd, at 3PM in the afternoon.

Song Shuhang’s 3 roommates had received the school’s email notification, so they didn’t return to the dormitory today.

“Soft Feather, it’s time to go.” Song Shuhang called out.

“Coming.” Soft Feather stood up in front of the computer, crestfallen.

She had researched for half a day, yet still didn’t manage to find any information regarding Ghost Lamp Temple. Meanwhile, it was unknown what happened to North River’s Loose Practitioner as he didn’t come online for the whole afternoon.

Song Shuhang put the stuff he bought from the Foodie Paradise into the fridge, then wrote a simple note for his three roommates, mentioning that there was food in the fridge for them to eat.

For this trip he brought a sling bag. Inside, he placed his phone, power bank and charger. It was unknown how long this trip would take, if his phone runs out of battery things could become extremely troublesome.

Soft Feather pulled her large suitcase along while following Shuhang out.

Shuhang saw how dejected she was, and asked, “Couldn’t find Ghost Lamp Temple?”

“There’s completely zero information, I don’t even know if it has changed its name or has been torn down. Right now there is only the option of going to J City and asking the locals there.” Soft Feather said gloomily.

“When the boat gets to the pier-head it will naturally straighten itself, let’s get there first.”

The two spoke as they walked, and took the elevator down.

As it was 3PM in the afternoon, the number of people in the dormitory gradually increased, and the boarding students from the various disciplines began returning to school.

“Ah Hang, where are you going to play~” Approaching was Shuhang’s classmates greeting while waving their hands. Soon, their attention was stolen by Soft Feather who was behind Song Shuhang.

What a tall beauty!

Chapter 17: Investigation For Ghost Lamp Temple

“Hehe, sending my elder sister back, and having fun with her along the way. Our teachers are on leave, so we could play for one more day.” Shuhang intentionally attached importance to the two words ‘elder sister’ as he spoke.

The relationship between him and Soft Feather must be presented clearly.

Otherwise, with this bunch of gossipers, the entire faculty will have knowledge of Song Shuhang having a girlfriend who has a figure that is even more tyrannical than models.

That way, his, Song Shuhang’s innocence will be lost. He wanted to take advantage of the fact that he was in university to find a girlfriend and end the virginity of his body, and that would become difficult.

Moreover, he also wanted to retaliate against the identity of a ‘senior’ that Soft Feather gave him. He’s only 18-years young, yet he was being called a senior over and over by a lady. Are you asking for a beating!

“Erm erm, it’s your sister huh, Shuhang?” The guys from the same dormitory’s eyes shone, in their hearts they all thought of the same thing; Shuhang, aren’t we friends?

If we could evolve once more from this term called ‘friends’ and become Shuhang’s brother-in-law that would be even better!

“We’re leaving now, see you!” Shuhang laughed out loud, and didn’t give these fellas the chance to meet and greet, he waved goodbye, then charismatically left.

Soft Feather smiled as she waved towards those guys too, and quickly followed Song Shuhang out of the males’ dormitory.

“This brat Shuhang actually has such a beautiful sister. I’ve decided, from tomorrow onwards Shuhang is my bro, I’ll take good care of him.” Someone joked.

“You want to be Shuhang’s brother-in-law even more, right?” Another person bantered.

“Be careful for you might not just fail at becoming his elder brother-in-law, you might instead become Shuhang’s little brother-in-law. I remember you have a pretty elder sister at home too yo.”

“Tch, if Shuhang’s willing to introduce his sister to me, I’ll immediately sell my sister to him. I’ll even sell one and give another for free!”

The guys joked about as they returned to the dormitory.

After all, she may be stunning, but which modern person hasn’t

experienced a baptism of beauties on the internet? Who would still have the pure heart for love at first sight?

* * * * *

Check-in is at 3.30PM, while the train leaves at 4PM.

Soft Feather took the window seat, while Song Shuhang sat beside her.

To be honest, when he got onto the train with Soft Feather, Song Shuhang suddenly thought of the few Modern genre novels he read recently.

In those, whenever the male lead goes out with the female lead, it doesn't matter whether it's driving a sports car, taking the metro/subway, sitting the bus, or even riding a bicycle, there would always be a mean actor backstage that takes fancy to the beauty of the female lead, and would come up to provoke them.

Possessing supreme skills, the male lead will naturally be in the limelight, and will deal with the mean actor in various harsh ways. Then the mean actor will take off, with hatred in his heart. Without the guts to openly deal with the male lead, he secretly prepares various evil schemes.

Then there will be all kinds of enmity and retaliation.

Shuhang resigned himself to the fact that he wasn't like those

male leads, however the beauty of Soft Feather beside him shouldn't be beneath those female leads in the modern novels. Therefore, Song Shuhang thought, will there be some kickass dude that appears wanting to know a beauty, who will then provoke him in various ways?

When that happens..... Should he kill that person to prevent future troubles? Or should he just beat him till he's half dead?

It's a pity that novels are just novels. In reality, perhaps there are those rampant and brainless mean actors, but there are too few. They are as rare as giant pandas, and aren't easy to meet.

On the slow two-hour train ride, there simply wasn't a single person who came to provoke Shuhang, and nobody who tried to approach Soft Feather.

This made Shuhang feel a little disappointed.....

Half an hour through the journey, Soft Feather was sleepy, and fell asleep in the seat. Not long later, her body leaned to the side, and her head rested on Shuhang's shoulder.

Song Shuhang could only relax his shoulders to let the lady sleep more comfortably.

The two hours of the train journey passed quickly.

“Ding ding ding~~ Hello travelers, the train has arrived at Black

Elephant Station, please do not forget your belongings, and exit from the train from the doors on the right. When alighting, please mind the gap.”

“We’ve arrived.” Song Shuhang lightly patted Soft Feather.

In a daze, Soft Feather opened her eyes, while rubbing her eyes, there was clear saliva flowing from the corner of her mouth, “Is it morning?”

Moe, he actually felt moe from a girl who looked older than him.

“The train has reached the station, let’s quickly get off.” Song Shuhang pulled her hand and dragged along the heavy suitcase out of the train’s carriage.

.....

Only after the train whistled away did Soft Feather truly wake up.

“Senior, what time is it?”

“It’s 6.07PM in the evening, we’re already at J City’s Black Elephant Station, when we get out we can directly take a taxi to Luo Xin Street, then we’ll first find a place to stay there.” Song Shuhang answered.

“Alright, I’ll follow Senior’s arrangements.” Soft Feather nodded..... This is what she likes the most! Having someone plan where to eat, drink and stay for her, and all she needs to do is to follow the arrangements. She doesn’t even need to work her brain, this feeling was true happiness.

There was a taxi stand at Black Elephant Station, and there were many taxi’s awaiting customers.

“Hey man, where to?” A taxi stopped beside Song Shuhang and Soft Feather.

“Luo Xin Street.” Song Shuhang opened the door to the front passenger seat as he answered.

“J City’s Luo Xin Street!” Soft Feather added on, this lady was traumatised by Jiang Nan region’s Luo Xin Street.

The taxi driver was first stunned, then casually smiled, “Haha, you’re an amusing lady.”

Soft Feather knew she made a joke out of herself, and blushed.

.....

J City’s Luo Xin Street was very close to the Black Elephant Train Station, and was a mere 10 minute car journey.

After the two got off the taxi, using the phone's GPS they found a hotel to temporarily stay at. As the two of them weren't husband and wife, there wasn't even a need to think of something romantic like sharing a room.

Even if Song Shuhang wanted to, and Soft Feather doesn't reject, the hotel's boss might not agree! In this day and age, things are too strict. If something bad happens, the hotel has to bear a part of the responsibility.

After dinner, taking advantage of the fact that it was still relatively bright, the two prepared to stroll around Luo Xin Street to look for Ghost Lamp Temple.

Soft Feather had to first deposit her suitcase into the room. Shuhang didn't have such a need, so he waited by the front desk after receiving the card.

There weren't many guests today, so the receptionist lady wasn't busy.

Song Shuhang seized this opportunity to ask, "Excuse me, I would like to ask if there's a place called Ghost Lamp Temple in Luo Xin Street?"

The receptionist lady pondered for a while, then shook her head, "My apologies mister, there are quite a number of temples in Luo Xin Street, but I've never heard of Ghost Lamp Temple."

For a temple with such a unique name, if it existed there was no way she would have never heard of it before.

“Then are there similarly named temples? Perhaps it might not be called Ghost Lamp Temple, it might be called Ghost Ascending Temple, Scholar Lamp Temple, Returning Seat Temple, anything is possible.” Shuhang continued asking.

Right now the internet is so well developed, yet a trace of a clue to the temple cannot even be found, perhaps the name was something else entirely that sounds similar.

The receptionist lady conscientiously thought for a long time, then once again shook her head, “Sorry, I’m afraid I can’t help you. Perhaps it’s a temple from a long time ago, if mister truly wants to find it, you may attempt asking the elderly in Luo Xin Street.”

“Thank you.” Said Song Shuhang while nodding.

As they spoke, Soft Feather already came out of her room.

“Where are we going to next?” She asked.

“Let’s randomly stroll around, our primary aim is to look for groups of elderly chatting idly, and see if we can get some information from them.”

While the two chatted, they left the hotel.

.....

Right as the two left the hotel, in the hotel's lounge, a lady with a grave expression took out her phone, "Altar Master, I'm at Luo Xin Glory Hotel and saw someone looking for information regarding Ghost Lamp Temple. One man and one woman, they look approximately 20 years old or so."

"Has what should have come finally arrived..... How strong are they?" On the line, a cold and indifferent voice sounded.

"The woman appears to be very strong, while the man looks like an ordinary person. However, the woman treats him with incredible respect, and privately addresses him as her senior." Answered the lady.

"How strong?" That voice remained unflustered and cold.

"Your subordinate can't make it out at all, and could only feel that she's very strong."

"I understand. Continue monitoring their movements, do not let them discover you. I will attempt to probe their limits. In addition, tell the members at the other monitoring points to keep their guards up, we can't say for sure that these two are the only ones looking for Ghost Lamp Temple."

"Affirmative." The lady closed her phone and quickly walked out

of the hotel, walking in the direction Song Shuhang and Soft Feather had left.

Chapter 18: Meeting Familiar Faces In Another Place

A man covered the phone on the other end of the call. His face was cold and remote, but the hand grasping the phone shook slightly.

It had been sixty years. He also knew that the original owner of the Ghost Lamp Temple had a domineering strength and wouldn't die that easily. However, it'd been sixty years. He felt that perhaps the original owner of the Ghost Lamp Temple no longer cared about this area.

So, he began to make his preparations and surreptitiously tried to break through the seal on the sides of the Ghost Lamp Temple to obtain what was inside.

He hadn't thought that someone would still come looking for it in the end.

“Damn it!” The man ground his teeth.

.....

After they had walked out from the hotel, Shuhang and Soft Feather started aimlessly shopping around the Luo Xin Streets.

They didn't run into any groups of chitchatting elders, but ran

into something far more interesting — five drunk perverts.

He didn't run into the circumstances of 'femme fatale' on the train, but he hadn't thought that after arriving on the Luo Xin Streets, he'd bump into the plot line of a bunch of drunk perverts forming lascivious intentions after seeing a pretty girl.

It was a sparsely populated small alleyway where the five drunks swayed as they blocked Song Shuhang and Soft Feather's way. Five pairs of eyes were bloodshot as they stared greedily at Soft Feather.

Alcohol could bolster a hero's courage and does the same for petty characters. None of the acts that people could commit whilst under the influence were worth goggling about. They could do anything from kissing female pigs, biting dogs, and slugging it out with each other.

The five drunks had never seen such a beautiful lass in their lives. They couldn't move their eyes away after seeing Soft Feather.

"Hot damn! This woman is as beautiful as a fairy. If I can have a round with her, I'm down even if I lose ten years of my life!" These were their thoughts and so they surrounded Soft Feather and Song Shuhang, using their inebriation as an excuse.

What were they afraid of? In the worst case, they would just spend a few years in jail.

This was the pathetic part of not understanding the law. They'd only vaguely heard people mention it in passing boasts that forcing themselves on girls would result in a few years in jail. Did they think that the times now were still those of a few years ago, or that this was India?

These days, forcing themselves on a girl meant a life sentence. If the situation was a bit worse off, it'd mean a bullet to the head.

Song Shuhang didn't know whether to laugh or cry when he saw this scene. He loosened up his joints and prepared to fight.

His fighting abilities weren't bad... he could easily take three at a time usually, not to mention these five skinny drunkards in front of him. It was precisely because of this that the thugs around school didn't bother him.

He could take on ten of these kinds of opponents!

Just as Song Shuhang was about to demonstrate his punches and kicks, a breeze whistled past his ears.

He then saw a pair of slender legs kick out repeatedly as fast as lightning. When those legs kicked in the air, it was as if butterflies were flitting through the shrubbery. It posed a wonderfully beautiful sight. Not only did it look pretty, its power was even more frightening. When the pair of legs moved through the air, even the snaps like a whip cracking through air were emitted.

The five drunkards released shrill yells and flew out backwards, spasming crazily on the ground and vomiting everywhere, falling unconscious after a short while.

Faceplanting onto the ground? How long did it take? A second? Or even shorter?!

Song Shuhang turned his head back and saw Soft Feather retract her long legs — that was damned awesome alright?!

Compared to Soft Feather, his punches and kicks were seriously child's play.

Looking at the unconscious drunks, Shuhang suddenly recalled the youths who had collectively lost consciousness outside the school.

If, and he was only hypothesizing here, with the battle strength that Soft Feather had just demonstrated, it seemed that she could indeed have sent those seven, eight, or ten thugs kissing the ground in a short amount of time that day?

However, Soft Feather had been on the plane then.

Could the Su Clan's Ah Shiliu in the chat group really have done it? Could it be that those within the chat group all had off the charts battle strength?

“Are they dead?” Song Shuhang was a bit worried.

“Don’t worry senior, I know the proper limits. They’ll be out for two days at most before waking up. This timing is perfect, as not eating or drinking for three days easily results in problems.” Soft Feather answered.

These answers gave Song Shuhang a feeling of sudden enlightenment — those thugs who still remained in their coma, was it because the deadline of ‘two days’ had yet to arrive?

“Let’s go, senior.” Soft Feather giggled.

Song Shuhang nodded his head stiffly due to his mind being a chaotic mess. He left the alleyway with Soft Feather...

.....

After Shuhang and Soft Feather had been gone for quite a while, a man strode over with steady steps from a corner behind the alleyway, making his way to the five drunkards.

“Drunkards are indeed too weak. They couldn’t even make the two bring their true strength to bear.” The man sighed.

A figure clothed in black knelt on the ground behind the man, spoke in a low voice, “Altar Master, do you need us to send a few people to test them?”

“No need. These five drunkards were only ordinary people. This is why the pair had held back when they made their moves. If our people made an appearance... they may not act with mercy.” The Altar Master spoke quietly. Each of his underlings had been cultivated with care and effort. Even training an ordinary rookie would require more than one million yuan, they weren’t expendable goods that he would easily dispose without thought.

The girl had made a move to teach these five drunks a lesson just now. The level of her strength had been subtly discernible. The legs audibly whipping through air and easy control over her power, this wasn’t something that someone of the first rank mortal ascension level could do.

Their opponent was someone who had coalesced true qi!

This wasn’t a level of existence that his underlings could contend against.

Besides, there was another “senior” beside the girl with an unfathomable depth that even he couldn’t probe.

These opponents could easily use their variety of skills to destroy the elites that he’d spent a great deal of money to train. Even if he had a lot of underlings, it wouldn’t do to waste them like this.

To be honest, he had been a bit frightened.

“We can only bide our time and wait for the right moment.” The

Altar Master murmured to himself.

He'd already lost most of his hope towards attaining the treasure within the Ghost Lamp Temple, he just wasn't quite willing to call it quits yet.

Soft Feather and Song Shuhang ambled around Luo Xin Street for another half day, meeting up with an elder that was fifty some years old, but no one knew of the Ghost Lamp Temple.

Song Shuhang felt his head ache. He hadn't thought that even looking for a temple would be this much of a hassle. "Soft Feather, are you sure that the Ghost Lamp Temple is within the Luo Xin Street of J City?"

"It is absolutely here and I haven't remembered the name incorrectly either. Ghost as in ghosts and monsters, lamp as in what's used to light the way!" Soft Feather spoke resolutely. "My mother brought me here when she was carrying me, but I could only use father's arts to observe the outside world with my consciousness. All I remember is the Ghost Lamp Temple plaque made from wood."

Song Shuhang could understand the first half of her words, but didn't know where she'd traveled off to with the second part. His thoughts and hers were obviously in different dimensions.

"Then were there any places of interest nearby? The top of a mountain perhaps? Halfway up a mountain? Or a small creek maybe?" Shuhang asked.

“Not a mountain, it should’ve been flat ground. I don’t really remember anything else.” Soft Feather said with some embarrassment.

“Does Senior North River happen to have any news?”

Soft Feather fished out her cellphone to take a look and said with joy, “Senior North River is online.”

Within the Nine Provinces (1) Chat Group.

North River Loose Practitioner: “Soft Feather, have you already found the Ghost Lamp Temple?”

“Not yet, does senior have any news?” Soft Feather entered the message happily.

“Apologies, I asked some comrades around here, but all the people I know are on the eastern side of Huaxia. No one knows anything about the J City area.” North River Loose Practitioner sent a ruefully smiling emoticon: “And, a thorny fellow has just arrived and is still clinging onto me. I’m afraid I won’t be of much help from now on.”

“No worries, senior, please take care of your business.” Soft Feather smiled and responded.

When Shuhang saw these messages, he immediately felt that this North River Loose Practitioner... was a man who couldn't be relied on. He was online every second of the day when he wasn't needed, but something would draw his attention away as soon as he was needed!

“Senior Song, we're on our own!” Soft Feather formed a fist and made a “fighting!” gesture.

So cute and girly! For reasons unknown to him, Song Shuhang somehow felt that this woman who looked older than him looked so cute and girly.

A blinding row of headlights lit up the street as they were talking. A row of brightly colored motorcycles revved their engines and charged towards Shuhang. It was apparent from the loud sound of their engines that these bikes had all been modified.

“Bikers? What age is this?” Song Shuhang murmured to himself and pulled Soft Feather towards the side of the street.

Soft Feather's eyes lit up when she heard the words “bikers”, “Should we finish them off?”

“Eh?” Song Shuhang was perplexed.

“Shouldn't bikers all be in jail? Knock them out and send them to jail!” Soft Feather rubbed her fists and wiped her palms, eager for action.

“...” Girl, you make a lot of sense. I actually have no words for you.

However, Soft Feather didn't make a move in the end.

When the seven or eight bikes passed by Shuhang and Soft Feather, one of them braked suddenly and made a beautiful U-turn, coming to a stop next to Shuhang.

Opening the visor of the motorcycle's helmet, a handsome face with dashing eyebrows and bright eyes was revealed. “Shuhang! What are you doing here, kid?”

Chapter 19: Ghost Lamp Temple 50 Years Ago

Song Shuhang stared blankly at first, until he recognised who the man riding the bike was. He immediately became delighted, “Bo Zai? Why is it you? What’re you doing here?”

This good-looking boy was one of his three classmates Bo Zai. Bo Zai had a handsome appearance and an entirely uncharacteristically garbage name. His surname was Lin, so his full name was Lin Tubo.

Bo Zai has hated this name for more than 10 years, he felt that this name was lame to the point of being garbage. Because of this name, he and his father have fought for many years. There was even a time where he brought his passport and ID card to the related department to change his name. In the end, when his father found out, he dragged him home, and gave him a good beating.

Therefore, whenever Bo Zai met someone, he would ask them to call him Ah Bo, Little Bo or Bo Zai.

In reality, in Shuhang’s point of view, Tu Bo’s name could still be considered a tolerable one. Compared to others like Wang Erdan (Idiot Wang) and Liu Gousheng (Leftover Dogshit), his name was certainly much better. Don’t think of names like “Dogshit” as merely a joke. In Shuhang’s old home, there was someone who bore that name; however, that guy’s surname was Wang so he was called Wang Gousheng (Dogshit).

All along, Wang Gousheng had thought that he was actually not related to his father by blood, he even thought that his father bore a grudge against him. Otherwise, how could he possibly have been given such a name?

To get back onto topic, Shuhang had never thought that he would meet Bo Zai here.

“My grandpa lives in J City. This week, my whole family is over at my grandpa’s place. But what about you? Why are you running around in J City?” Bo Zai was speaking when he suddenly saw the long-legged beauty standing beside Shuhang. Instantly, he clapped his left palm with his right fist. He understood now. It seems like this fella, Shuhang, brought his girl here to play!

“Tsk tsk, Shuhang you don’t seem like it but your introverted exterior actually hides such a playboy? There was no word at all of you hooking up with such a gorgeous beauty. Next time, you definitely have to treat me to a meal.” Bo Zai laughed nastily.

Facing Bo Zai’s teasing, Song Shuhang was indifferent, without any telltale signs of being affected he said, “Don’t try to tease blindly, if she’s really my girlfriend I would burn incense to thank the heavens. This is my elder sister, Soft Feather. She wanted to come to J City to look for a place called Ghost Lamp Temple, but doesn’t know the way, which is why I’m accompanying her here.

“Really?” Tu Bo gazed intently at Shuhang.

Shuhang shrugged. Beside him, Soft Feather smiled sweetly.

“Heh, fine. If you say she’s your sister, then she’s your sister.” Tu Bo was not a gossip-monger. “Earlier you said you were looking for some temple? Have you found it?”

Song Shuhang shook his head, “We’ve searched online for a long time but couldn’t find anything, which is why we came down here to Luo Xin Street to see if anybody knows. However, even the hotel receptionist had never heard of Ghost Lamp Temple. We don’t even know if it changed its name or has been torn down, so we intend to find and ask some elderly locals, perhaps there might be clues by doing so.”

“If that’s the case... why don’t you visit my place? We could ask my grandpa and see. My grandpa is a proper born-and-bred J City resident, perhaps he’ll know of that Ghost-Something Temple you’re looking for. Tsk, what a miserable name; a temple with that kind of name definitely won’t many visitors. It’s probably already closed down!” Tu Bo clicked his tongue, he had vehement hatred for bad names.

Shuhang’s heart was gleeful, but he had to ask, “Will we be disturbing your family’s vacation?”

“Rest assured, my grandpa is great with guests. As for my father, he strongly wants me to study with other students instead of doing random things. I’m already in college, yet he wants me to study all day, it’s driving me crazy.” Tubo chuckled as he said.

Even though his words painted a depressing picture, their father and son relationship could be considered pretty good. The only problem was his father liked to beat people up. His father strongly believed that a wooden cane produces a well-educated child. His favourite phrase that he used to hang beside his mouth all the time was, “When it’s raining, it’s time to beat up the kids. There’s nothing better to do anyway.” This was quite a pain in Tubo’s ass.

In the end, Tubo asked, “Shuhang, do you know how to ride a motorcycle?”

“I do, but I don’t have a license.” Shuhang replied.

“It doesn’t matter, at a remote place like this, who would go through the trouble of checking people’s driving license?” Tubo laughed loudly, then turned around and called out, “Ah Tong, lend him your motorcycle for a while, you can ride with someone else for now!”

“Sure!” A big and buff guy got off his bike and stopped it in front of Song Shuhang.

“Thank you.” Shuhang smiled.

Ah Tong charismatically waved his hand, and rode pillion with one of his comrades.

Within the blink of an eye, the large swarm of people had their bikes roaring as they rode into the distance with a loud rumble.

Song Shuhang got onto the black motorcycle, and got a feel of it. He turned the throttled a little, and felt the body of the bike ferociously roar.

“This fella has been modified?” Shuhang braked and stopped the bike, smiling.

“All of these guys’ bikes have been personally modified by me. Their horsepower has been increased multiple times.” Turbo smirked.

He had forgotten that this fella is a tech otaku and skillful with his hands. Although it wasn’t to the point of being able to single-handedly build a Gundam, he’s still able to produce various interesting mechanical products.

“Soft Feather, get on the bike.” Shuhang turned around and called to Soft Feather.

It was lucky that she had left her huge luggage back at the hotel. Otherwise, how would they bring it along on such a small bike?

Soft Feather straddled onto the bike, sitting behind Shuhang. Her soft breasts pressed onto Shuhang’s back, causing Soft Feather to feel soft in the legs.

In front of them, Turbo laughed. “Follow me!”

Amidst the rumbling of the engines, two bikes shot into the distance one after the other.

Tubo's grandpa is a very modern old man, and he also liked to tinker with things like engines. This hobby of Tubo's seems to have been inherited from his grandpa.

Because he is very modern, he easily gets along with young people.

"Ghost Lamp Temple? You mean there are still youngsters who know of that place?" Tubo's grandpa laughed heartily.

When Shuhang heard him say that, he knew that something was definitely up!

Immediately, he asked, "Ah Ye, do you know where the Ghost Lamp temple is?"

Ah Ye was what the residents of Jiang Nan region, J City and the surrounding area liked to call grandfathers and elders of that age.

"Nowadays not many people know of that place, it's from over 60 years ago. Most of those who know of it has entered a coffin, which is why most of you younglings don't know of it." Tubo's grandpa brought everybody to the courtyard, and pointed towards a place in the east saying, "Keep going east, and you'll find a forest around 700 metres in. After you enter it, you will find a large tomb, that is

where Ghost Lamp Temple originally was.”

“Old tomb? Ghost Lamp Temple is a tomb?” Shuhang unconsciously asked a silly question.

“Ghost Lamp Temple has been destroyed?” Soft Feather’s eyes widened as she caught the main gist.

“Indeed. More than sixty years ago, it was bulldozed by some guy who constructed a giant tomb for himself.” Tubo’s grandpa replied.

So it was something that happened sixty years ago. At that time, not even televisions were widespread yet. It wasn’t like the current internet age where any tiny matter could be blown so out of proportion that everyone has heard of it.

Which is why there was simply no news regarding Ghost Lamp Temple. Only some of the elderly living in the local area knew what happened that year, so there weren’t many young people who knew about it.

“But, as far as I know, Ghost Lamp Temple is private property, isn’t it? Many years ago, didn’t someone already purchase it?” Soft Feather raised a doubt.

“You know quite a lot, little lady.” Tubo’s grandpa reminisced, “In reality..... at that time Ghost Lamp Temple’s land belonged to Trickster Huang, also known as tomb owner Huang Dagen. More

than sixty years ago, he sold that Ghost Lamp Temple to a foreigner. But even before he sold it, he had already prepared to convert the Ghost Lamp Temple into a tomb. It just so happened that this foreigner came and offered to buy the temple. Therefore, Huang Dagen took advantage of this and sold the Ghost Lamp temple to him. However, several years later, when he saw that the foreigner never returned again, he had no qualms about building his own tomb on top of the Ghost Lamp temple.”

“So shameless?” Said Song Shuhang.

Tubo’s grandpa sighed then said, “The fella Trickster Huang is indeed shameless, the number of foreigners who were cheated by him in those years were many. There’s nothing that can be done about it, those foreigners were all silly and rich.”

Song Shuhang quietly glanced at Soft Feather——He was guessing that the one who bought Ghost Lamp Temple was very possibly Soft Feather’s elder.

However, there wasn’t an expression of anger on Soft Feather’s face. There was only a sigh, and she said, “Then, that guy named Trickster Huang should already be dead, right?”

These words, gave people chills.

Chapter 20: Spirit Ghost

“Little girl, how do you know of this?” Tubo’s grandpa asked curiously. “Indeed, since the time that Trickster Huang constructed the tomb, seven days after he hung up the tombstone, he died. And then, one after another... within the span of a year, all of the ten-plus members of his family were wiped out. Everyone in the district was saying that there was something supernatural about it. They say that Trickster Huang, that bastard, built a huge tomb and doomed his entire family.”

“Because that Ghost Lamp Temple contains ghosts that are about to reach maturity, a discerning person bought the temple and laid down a seal so as to prevent the ghosts and spirits from harming humans. But someone actually destroyed the temple to build a tomb on the land. That’s virtually leaping on the earth god’s head to cause trouble (i.e. deliberately angering a far greater power)... By following the energy of the tombstone, the spirits were able to track down the owner of the tomb and his family members, and consume their life energy. For the entire family to die can be considered fortunate; as long as nine generations after him are spared, he’s lucky.” Soft Feather replied. These pieces of information were not considered secrets to ordinary people so she was able to say them.

Tubo’s grandpa fell into a long silence. He affixed his gaze on Soft Feather before calling out two words, “Blind superstition!”

“Youngster, believe in science, knowledge is power. Don’t learn from those ghostly superstitions!” Tubo’s grandpa was undeniably a modern-minded old man.

“Pffft–” Shuhang could not help but laugh out loud.

But after he laughed, a chill ran through his heart.

Was it really something as simple as just superstition? Could there really be such a coincidence?

Soft Feather’s face instantly turned red from embarrassment; sometimes she was really thin-skinned.

It was a good thing that Tubo’s grandpa didn’t nitpick too much about this topic. He was a very conversational old man and possessed all kinds of knowledge from all around the world.

Shuhang and Soft Feather rested at Tubo’s grandpa’s home until nine o’clock that night, both hosts and the guests thoroughly enjoying themselves.

After borrowing a bike from Tubo, Shuhang and Soft Feather returned to the hotel.

“Rest early.” Shuhang felt that after everything that had transpired in this day, both his body and mind were exhausted. After bidding Soft Feather goodbye, he entered his room to rest.

Soft Feather sweetly smiled and waved.

* * * * *

“Senior, wake up. Wake up.” In the midst of his dreams, Shuhang felt as though his chest was being rather suffocated, before a small, icy hand patted his face.

“Uwh? Let me sleep a bit more... I’m sleepy.” Song Shuhang waved his hand vigorously, swatting away the thing on his face.

“Senpai, wake up now. It’s almost time.” Those two dainty hands rubbed his face strenuously.

The hands were icy cold, and very comfortable as they pressed against his face.

Shuhang who had been sleeping soundly had no choice but to blearily open his eyes. Then, he realised that there was an unsurpassable beauty sitting on his chest in a very sexual manner.

Big breasts, long slender legs, black long hair that reached her waist, the soft sensation of a tight ass pressed against his chest... it was Soft Feather.

The proverb goes “What you think about during the day, you will dream about at night.”

During the day, he had spent all his time with this beauty, Soft Feather, so it wasn’t strange at all that he would dream about her at night in such shady scenarios. Hence, Song Shuhang smiled

stupidly before falling asleep again.

“Senior, wake up!” Soft Feather pinched Shuhang’s cheeks with both hands, rubbing them with force.

Damn it, this isn’t a dream. In the middle of the night, Soft Feather had crawled into his bed.

More importantly... only he possessed his room key. How had Soft Feather entered the room? This was the twenty-third floor!

He glanced at the time. It was 11 o’clock and approaching midnight.

Girl, feeling your way into my bed in the middle of the night, this could very easily mislead people.

“What’s up?” Song Shuhang tried his hardest to calm his demeanor and asked.

“Let’s go to the Ghost Lamp Temple,” Soft Feather replied. “Midnight is when it’s easiest to find ghosts.”

What? Ghosts?

Girl, you’ve traveled thousands of miles to J City just to catch those random ghosts?

What kind of crap is this?

He had thought that Soft Feather wanted to find the Ghost Lamp Temple because of some important thing... He had never even imagined that someone could use “catching ghosts” as an excuse to rush thousands of miles to reach J City.

With this super beauty Soft Feather sitting on top of him, he had long since experienced a reaction. Was this girl unafraid that his predatory instincts would take over him?

Uh...maybe Soft Feather was really not afraid. With her firepower, she was able to massacre five drunkards with a single whip of her leg. If Song Shuhang gave in to his predatory nature, that would surely result in a tragedy.

Using a single palm, Soft Feather leapt off his body with a flawless mid air tumble. She landed lightly beside his bed without making even the slightest sound.

Shuhang sat up helplessly. He changed his clothes in the washroom and wiped his face to freshen up. At any rate, he had already accompanied her to J City. Right now, he might as well sacrifice his life to escort his lord, escort her throughout her insanity.

“Shall we ride the bike?” Shuhang asked.

“Yes.” Soft Feather nodded as she pulled her huge suitcase along.

Song Shuhang said, “Then, won’t bringing such a large suitcase with you be a problem?”

With a wave of her dainty hand, Soft Feather raised the suitcase and put it on top of her head as if it was as light as a feather “It’ll be no problem at all, it doesn’t take up any space.”

Song Shuhang felt his knees growing rather weak.

Luckily he hadn’t given in to his predatory instincts. Otherwise, tomorrow, perhaps the man called “Song Shuhang” would be nothing but a corpse encased in a horse-skin body bag.

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The roars of the bike disturbed the dreams of others in this late night, Song Shuhang resolutely accelerated, speedily leaving the hotel district.

Following the direction Tubo’s grandpa pointed towards, the pair quickly found that forest. It wasn’t hard to find at all, but because this was a tomb, it was also the reason why nobody knew that this was where Ghost Lamp Temple was.

The bike couldn’t go on further ahead, and further progress had to be made on foot.

“Do you need my help?” Shuhang asked.

“Please be at ease Senior, a mere spirit ghost can’t harm me. I can deal with them very quickly. Senior, you just need to keep a lookout for a while.” Soft Feather happily laughed.

While they spoke, the two had arrived where Huang Dagen and family were buried.

The huge chair shaped tomb was a design that was very popular 60 years ago. It was unknown whether Huang Dagen had known his whole family was going to die that year, for the constructed tomb was huge, and just enough to fit in the family’s four generations, there were 14 people that were buried here.

As it was late night, the cemetery seemed a little eerie.

Song Shuhang couldn’t help but hug onto his coat, and recited in his heart, “It can’t be that we will really meet ghosts, right?”

On the other hand, Soft Feather had already begun taking action.

The huge suitcase of hers opened, and there was a layer of light radiating from it. Song Shuhang could see layers of jade sheets, there was over a hundred of them!

There was also a purplish gold bell, which seemed like copper yet

wasn't copper, and seemed like gold yet wasn't gold, but it gave off a feeling, a feeling like it was very expensive!

“Phew!” Soft Feather lightly released a breath, her head full of black hair swayed without any nearby wind, looking brave and heroic!

Afterwards, Soft Feather began taking out some silver metal rods, one after another, surrounding the entire whole tomb. These silver rods also seemed extremely expensive. Then, she took out a stack of talisman paper that was bound together with a cord, and wrapped them over a whole circle of the silver metal rods.

But she still wasn't done, she took out various types of powder, and liquor and put it by the side of the tomb. It was unknown what the powder actually was, while the liquor had a dull light to it, appearing to be something good.

Song Shuhang found a clean stone to sit on, and watched Soft Feather working by the side of the tomb.

Unwittingly, sleepiness filled him, and he felt his vision turn hazy.

An unknown amount of time later.

When Song Shuhang once again opened his eyes in a daze, he saw Soft Feather gracefully dancing at the tomb..... Dancing at a tomb late at night, this lady's hobby is truly special!

Huh? Beside the lady, there seemed to be two green lights flickering, like it was accompanying Soft Feather in the dance, it looked very nice. The only pity was that this place wasn't beautiful, the tomb made this aesthetically beautiful scene seem weird.

For such a beautiful scene, it should be recorded and kept!

Shuhang slipped his hand into his pocket to take out his phone. It must be said that Song Shuhang was truly daring, if ordinary people saw this scene, their first reaction should be fright and pee. Yet this guy instead wanted to record this scene.

As he was still in a dazed state, his stiff fingers carelessly let the phone fall out of his pocket, and onto the floor.

The light from his cellphone's display vaguely illuminated something strange by his feet!

Chapter 21: Poison Dragon Grass, How Dangerous!

Soft Feather, who was in the midst of gracefully dancing, was actually angry in her heart, because a mere ghost dared to move alongside her. Furthermore, this had happened in front of Senior!

The matter regarding spirit ghosts in Ghost Lamp Temple was something she had learned about from a note inside one of her father's old books.

Her father had once passed by this place many years ago, and saw a spirit ghost that was about to mature.

Spirit ghosts are rare. For a mature spirit ghost, even if it's of inferior-grade, once it makes a contract with a master, it would become one with its master, and share its power with the master. This also means that, even if it's just one more inferior spirit ghost, it's the equivalent to having one portion of energy more than others!

However, at the very best, inferior ghosts could only advance to the 3rd Stage – Houtian.

If its quality was of mid grade or above, the spirit ghost would have decent attack prowess, moreover, its cultivation speed would not be slower than that of ordinary cultivators. If it was nurtured well, it could even advance to the level of being 6th Stage – Spirit Monarch, and it would also be a great helper for cultivators that is hard to come by.

Furthermore, all mid-grade spirit ghosts possesses one or two innate skills. These innate skills come in all shapes and forms. If one was lucky, it might be able a skill that could increase its master's battle prowess by multiple folds.

As for high-grade spirit ghosts, they possess intelligence no less than that of a human, and their cultivation speed is even faster than common cultivators. They would even be able to practice some Ghost Dao magic. When they cultivate to the limit, they could transform into Ghost Immortals, and could be considered to be on the same level as the legendary doppelganger technique. Yet high-grade ghosts were existences to wish for but not something that could be looked for. Throughout the last tens of thousands of years, the number of high-grade spirit ghosts that have been recorded number less than five.

Other than this, mid-grade and above spirit ghosts can even temper their master's qi. It doesn't matter whether it's blood qi, true qi, or spiritual qi, they can all be utilized between the attributes shared by the master and spirit ghost. Being tempered by the spirit ghost, it will become more pure with an increased quantity.

With a contract it will never betray its master for all eternity, it will do whatever it's asked to and never voice a complaint. Other than being unable to warm the bed and give birth to monkeys for its master, spirit ghosts are practically the best dao companions.

[TL: Warm the bed means XXX, while giving birth to monkeys probably means bearing the master's children.]

It is a shame that spirit ghosts have always been rarely seen even during ancient times, and their numbers have always been low. Even in present day, spirit ghosts are on the brink of extinction.

This was why Spiritual Butterfly Respected Sage was so astonished when he found a spirit ghost that grew up in the wild in present day. The difficulty of this was akin to finding a tyrannosaurus rex in a major city.

It was a pity that at that time this spirit ghost hadn't matured, so Spiritual Butterfly's Respected Sage bought Ghost Lamp Temple, and set up a simple seal to keep the spirit ghost locked, to wait for it to grow up.

To him, a spirit ghost of that grade was far too weak, it was completely useless to him even if it had matured. But he was about to have a daughter, and the spirit ghost could be of use to her in the future.

However, that future had arrived, while Spiritual Butterfly's Respected Sage seemed to have forgotten about it though? He didn't mention anything regarding Ghost Lamp Temple to his daughter at all. Perhaps to an existence like him, a mere spirit ghost was too insignificant.

Until Soft Feather 'accidentally' found the notes her father had written.

As a result, taking advantage of the fact that her father was at

Mad Saber Three Waves' home torturing him, she secretly left for J City alone, intending to capture the spirit ghost.

Since her trip began, everything had went without a hitch. However, Soft Feather never expected one thing, Ghost Lamp Temple actually contained two spirit ghosts!

While she followed the movements of the first spirit ghost, the second spirit ghost hid itself in the dark to make a sneak attack on her, forcing her into a stalemate.

That's strange, Father definitely stated that he only saw one spirit ghost. Why are there two now? How did this other ghost get here?

Furthemore, for mere spirit ghosts to suppress her, how could she not be annoyed?

If one wished to capture spirit ghosts, there were two methods. One way is to use the emotional route, whereby you get close to the ghost by spending many days and nights with it. Shocking the heavens and making the god of ghosts sob, once they have felt the person's sincerity, the spirit ghost will naturally submit. This method requires quite a bit of charisma and patience, especially charisma. If one's charisma was too low, it's likely that they would be unable to form a relationship with the ghost, and would instead become the spirit ghost's meal.

The other method is through sheer force. Fight the ghost until they give in. This is a pretty cruel and yet simple tactic. Once you see the ghost, beat it up until it is are half-dead, and then voilà, you have a spirit ghost!

Soft Feather chose the latter method.

She was, after all, a 3rd Stage – Houtian Battle Emperor, her true qi had condensed into a true river; which flowed ceaselessly, and her fists were unimaginably strong! Add her incredibly kick-ass father to the equation, who supplied her with a body full of godly equipments, she was in a condition where if she meets a god, she will slaughter that god, if she meets a ghost she will behead that ghost!

Although the spirit ghosts' sneak attack had confused her slightly, it was just that and nothing more!

“Be sealed!” Soft Feather cutely called out, with a flip of her hands, two shiny gold paper talismans appeared, speeding towards the two spirit ghosts.

Originally, she was too lazy to use these charms, but she was so annoyed with them that she wanted to take the two ghosts down as soon as possible.

Once the charm landed on the spirit ghosts, their bodies started to produce green smoke. They began to generate blood curdling screams, and they quickly weakened. Soft Feather then seized this opportunity to get up close and personal. Her figure moved as

though she was dancing, her two hands relentlessly struck the spirit ghosts' bodies and repeatedly hit them until they retreated in defeat.

With each hit those small hands put out, the spirit ghosts' bodies unceasingly emitted breaking sounds. As their bodies split open, it seemed like they would just crumble at any moment.

This happened even though Soft Feather was controlling her strength, because she wanted to tame the spirit ghosts, she could only injure them but not take their lives. If she utilized her full strength, one palm strike from her was enough to send the spirit ghost's soul shattering apart.

The two spirit ghosts' were at their limit, and they decided to use their final trump card.

One of the spirit ghosts roared, at its side a golden shield appeared, and it slammed the shield against Soft Feather.

The other spirit ghost also roared, and a shining red light surrounded its body. Immediately, its body swelled to twice its normal size.

Innate Magic! The two spirit ghosts were actually mid-grade or above.

“So this is your trump card?” Soft Feather's gaze was as sharp as a sword, her two hands clasped together with her wrists met. Her

palms opened into the shape of a butterfly: “If this is all you have, then be vanquished and submit to me!”

Soft Feather used Spiritual Butterfly Island’s secret technique, Dancing Butterfly Palms. At 2nd Stage – True Expert level, it could penetrate all kinds of defensive shields. For mere spirit ghosts that haven’t started cultivating, breaking the innate skill of defensive shields they had executed was just child’s play to her.

An explosion burst forth from her palm and the small golden shield formed by the spirit ghost shattered like glass. The spirit ghost hiding behind said shield found itself severely injured, to the point that it could not get up. On the surface of its body, cracks began to emerge.

Now, all Soft Feather needed to do was to execute the contract, and it would be bound to her.

At this moment, the spirit ghost that had been enveloped in red light charged forward, and pulled the other spirit ghost up from the ground. At the same time, with lightning speed it charged away, trying to escape.

Soft Feather was quite strong, but her battle experience was lacking. To think that two spirit ghosts that had been nearly within reach escaped.

After expanding its body once, the spirit ghost’s strength appeared to have increased a considerable amount, as it was actually able to break through the the spirit sealing formation laid

out by Soft Feather.

With the array broken, the two spirit ghosts were able to maliciously dash towards Song Shuhang. They needed to suck a living human's blood in order to recover from their injuries and return back to have another fight to the death with this frightful woman.

As for fleeing? The spirit ghosts had never thought about it. If they were able to leave this place, why hadn't they left and instead remained here for over sixty years?

Mid-grade spirit ghosts are bound to have some form of intelligence.

At this moment, Song Shuhuang was crouching to get his phone because it had dropped to the ground.

“Oh no, Senior Song.” Soft Feather was panicking in her heart, her right foot firmly stomped on the ground. Her body transformed, looking similar to that of a butterfly, like a ray of light she launched herself towards the two spirit ghosts!

But that made the spirit ghost who had released its innate skill increase its powers to the limit and attempt to ignore her attacks, it had instead chose to viciously charge towards Shuhuang.

If they had to die, they must take someone with them!

When the two spirit ghosts were just about to reach Song Shuhang, the said person wasn't even panicking, he instead picked up his mobile phone. He then switched on the cellphone's lights to look at the ground. He seemed to have noticed a weird plant.

With the light of his cellphone, he managed to have a better look at the plant. It was curved, almost looking like a coiling dragon. This plant was sharply pointed at one tip, and the stem was purplish-black.

He wiped off his sweat. Isn't this the Poison Dragon Grass that Medicine Master had uploaded at Nine Provinces Group?!

Shuhang was thinking this while he moved his hand to clutch the grass, and used all his strength to pull it out. If Soft Feather were to see this, she would definitely find a way to send it to Medicine Master.

And when that happens, the Medicine Master would then throw this thing into a pot and concoct it in 5 minutes, and then if someone drank it, it would kill that someone wouldn't it?

Hence, without knowing whether the grass was harmful to one's life, Song Shuhuang decided that he definitely couldn't let Soft Feather discover this herb.

Bang!

When the grass was pulled out, Shuhang's ears picked up a sound like something had smashed into a wall. He raised his head and looked all around him, but couldn't find anything, there was only Soft Feather, who stood nearby, with a face full of excitement and astonishment.

Chapter 22: An Unexpected Gift

From Soft Feather's perspective:

Right at the moment that the two ghosts were fiercely charging towards Shuhang, she saw that Senior Song was calm and unflustered, stooping down to pick up his cellphone, then pulling out a stalk of Poison Dragon Grass.

Senior was really calm, as if the two malevolent spirit ghosts charging at him were just garbage that weren't worth paying attention to!

Poison Dragon Grass is not even a treasured herb, but... this specific Poison Dragon Grass doesn't appear to have grown naturally here in the wild, instead it seemed like someone had specifically planted it! It seems to be the eye of a formation array.

Once it was pulled out, an incorporeal protective array spread out.

As for the two spirit ghosts that had intended to attack Song Shuhang, they collided with an invisible wall as if they were house flies that flew into an electric flycatcher. After two banging sounds, the ghosts fell down to the floor, unable to move. They had lost all ability to resist.

"So... so powerful!" Soft Feather said in shock.

She was lamenting how she wasn't as perceptive as Senior Song was.

She had been deploying an array for such a long time and hadn't even noticed the hidden array. When did Senior Song discover it?

That Poison Dragon Grass was the eye of an array. This differed completely from normal array's eyes, the eye of this formation was the switch, once it gets pulled out, the array is activated!

This was probably planted by her father sixty years ago.

It seems that, at that time, her father had laid down two layers of barriers at Ghost Lamp Temple. One was a simple sealing array to limit the spirit ghost's movements. Located in the internal section of the temple, since Ghost Lamp Temple had been torn down, it had lost its effect.

The other array he had placed, was a powerful sealing technique which usually remained hidden. However, once the Dragon Grass is pulled out, it would be activated. This was essentially an array to tame the spirit ghosts. All of the spirit ghosts in the temple would be tamed and thus, sealed!

Senior Song had discovered this second seal the moment he came, right? He had appeared to randomly choose to sit by the eye of the array, in the event that anything unexpected happened to her.

As expected of Senior, I have so much to learn from him!

Soft Feather thought to herself, and at the same time she leapt toward the two spirit ghosts and stepped on them with her feet.

Afterwards, she took out two pearls that were suffused with a frigid air from her large suitcase.

‘Ghost Sealing Ice Pearl,’ this was a treasure that seals spirit ghosts. Once a spirit ghost enters it, all one needs is to prepare the array related to contracting, and the contract with the spirit ghost would be complete!

To prepare for anything that could go awry during the sealing process, Soft Feather brought a large number of ‘Ghost Sealing Ice Pearls’.

She then held the spirit pearls between her fingertips, and her two hands quickly casted a number of seals on it.

“Seal!” A clear voice sounded.

The two heavily injured spirit ghosts no longer had any energy to fight back, and were sealed into the Ghost Sealing Ice Pearls!

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Under Song Shuhang's wide open eyes, the two green lights that had previously been by Soft Feather's side accompanying her as she danced, were absorbed into the two ice pearls.

This scene was incredibly Xuanhuan!

There's no scientific way to explain what had just happened.

Song Shuhang softly swallowed his saliva. The worldview that he took 18 years to construct has mostly crumbled. Perhaps there were truly ghosts in this world?

Something like this that cannot be even explained by science, perhaps this is a special event on earth that only exists in legends?

"Senior, I have to thank you so much. If it weren't for your assistance, these two spirit ghosts would have escaped. If they had escaped, they wouldn't return here ever again and it would have been troublesome to find them again." Soft Feather was incomparably grateful.

"Haha." Song Shuhang made a dry laugh. Other than making a dry laugh, what else could he say?

"Senior, it just so happens that I have two spirit ghosts. I only need one, so the other is a gift to you! Although you might not have much use for it considering your cultivation level, but perhaps you could give it to your children or disciple in the future." Soft Feather was a very generous person. Mid grade spirit ghosts were

priceless, but she didn't hesitate for a moment before she held it out to Shuhang.

I don't even have a girlfriend, where are my children going to come from?

"This is too precious, I cannot accept this!" Song Shuhang replied in a serious tone. Are you trying to kill me, this ice pearl has a ghost inside! Although he was in a state of half believe and half doubt, but what if there were really ghosts inside?

What if a ghost came out? What was he going to do? He was just an ordinary person, and had no way of fighting against ghosts. He's definitely going to get his blood drained away and die to the ghost!

Something like this, he can't possibly accept, right?

"Senior, please, you must accept this. This is to thank you for accompanying me to this trip to the Ghost Lamp Temple, for you've helped me too much! If you don't accept this spirit ghost, my heart will be uneasy, and it will affect my cultivation in the future!" Soft Feather insisted, and then proceeded to forcefully stuff one of the 'Ghost Sealing Ice Pearls' into his hands, not allowing any rejection.

Song Shuhang could only feel a chill entering his hand under this hot weather. He actually felt that his whole body was more cool and refreshed. If this thing was on him during summer, it would definitely feel as if he was carrying an air conditioner with him.

“Alright, let’s go back.” Soft Feather smiled, quickly packed all of her belongings into the suitcase, and cheerfully returned to Shuhang’s side.

Shuhang had no choice but to place the ‘Ghost Sealing Ice Pearl’ into his pocket. Since this gift was a token of appreciation from Soft Feather, then he should just keep it. Besides, the spirit ghost has been sealed into this thing, it shouldn’t be able to get out anytime soon, right?

This is what he thought.

“Let’s go back and sleep. When morning comes we will go to the train station for the train tickets and prepare to go back.” Song Shuhang said.

“Yep.” Having achieved her objective without a hitch, Soft Feather was in a very good mood.

The two walked shoulder to shoulder out of the forest.

“Ouch.” Soft Feather suddenly called, and looked down at her right foot. It was unknown to her at what time had the glue to the sole lost effectiveness, and the sole fell.

It was actually damaged when she was chasing after those two spirit ghosts.

Song Shuhang turned his head in bewilderment: “Hm?”

“My shoe is spoilt.” Soft Feather lifted her right leg. The sole had broken off, exposing her delicate jade foot. Her crystal clean foot cutely tilted about.

“I’ll support you, the motorcycle is just ahead. In addition, I remember that there was a shopping street near the hotel. Later on we’ll check whether there are any shoes for sale there.” Song Shuhang laughed.

In a short period of time, the motorcycle once again roared, carrying the two of them far away from the Ghost Lamp Temple cemetery.

Soft Feather took along her large suitcase, and sat in the pillion seat leaning against Shuhang’s back. Her smile crawled upwards, showing her good mood.

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Song Shuhang felt that the auntie who sold sandals on the shopping street was really cold-hearted.

Shuhang: “Auntie, how much does it cost for this pair of shoes?”

The auntie scowled and coldly said. “Forty dollars.”

“That’s really expensive, can we buy for it twenty?” Song Shuhang mercilessly bargained. On a shopping street like this, it’s never the wrong choice to directly cut down the price to fifty percent on any product.

“Okay.” The auntie laughed coldly. “Do you want the left shoe or the right one?”

Shuhang: “....”

“Hahahaha.” Soft Feather could not help but laugh so hard that she couldn’t stand straight.

In the end, Song Shuhang could only obediently spend forty dollars on a pair of ladies’ sandals and let Soft Feather put them on.

The two of them got on the bike and headed towards the hotel.

On the way, Song Shuhang asked curiously. “Tell me, what did I do to offend that auntie?” Why do I feel that she was constantly sneering at me? Sneering till the point my back felt so cold.”

“I don’t know anything about that!” Soft Feather laughed.

Senior, your experience in the mortal world is still far from enough! She thought in her heart.

At the shopping street, the auntie coldly remarked. : “This lady is only twenty nine years and 144 months old, and you dare to address me as auntie? You were lucky that I didn’t sell those sandals to you for a price of two hundred and fifty. Hmph!”

[ED: Bahahaha, She’s had her twenty-ninth birthday twelve times!]

At the Ghost Lamp Temple cemetery.

After Song Shuhang and Soft Feather had left, another figure emerged from the forest. This person sighed, and took out a cigarette. Lighting it up while trembling, he wore a bitter smile. This was a bitter smile that would make others feel that even if he was a hundred miles away, the agony could still be felt.

This figure was that of the mysterious Altar Master. He had hidden himself and waited for an opportunity to act. But until the end, the opportunity that he waited for never came, and he couldn’t make a move at all.

From beginning to end, he had hidden himself to observe from afar, watching Soft Feather and Song Shuhang catch the spirit ghosts.

He had thought about seizing the spirit ghosts by force, but didn’t dare to make a move.

Chapter 23: Spiritual Butterfly Respected Sage's Scheme

The opponent's strength was way beyond the Altar Master's expectations; they were on completely different levels.

One casual palm strike from the lady contained enough force to scare people. The spirit ghost's innate skill of a golden shield was literally as fragile as paper under the strength of such a strike.

Not only that, the woman even pulled out a golden paper talisman to deal with those two spirit ghosts. For a high quality good like that, he would have to sell away half of his life for it.

“She should at least be at the peak of the 2nd Stage – True Expert level, or maybe she could be at the 3rd stage – Houtian Battle Emperor level. Furthermore, there's still that youth.” Even though the Altar Master had lived for so long, he still felt as powerless as a dog.

Regardless of ability or equipments, he is definitely not the lady's match. If he had sneak attacked, his fate would not be any better than those two spirit ghosts.

No, if he had dared to act, his fate would've definitely been much worse than the two spirit ghosts. The spirit ghosts might still have some usefulness to them, but he definitely possessed no value to Soft Feather. As an enemy of no value, it was appropriate to send him to the grave.

There's also that ordinary-looking boy. The man was unable to sense a trace of blood qi or true qi from him. Yet it was that ordinary guy who somehow managed to find the eye of that terrifying sealing array when he randomly found a place to sit. He had activated the array at the a crucial time, thereby capturing the two spirit ghosts and sealing them.

This kind of confidence and perception, and adding that to his 'senior' identity. When the Altar Master thought of it, he felt his legs quiver.

He was naturally a cautious person, or rather one would call him a cowardly man.

Because of his cautiousness, he was able to practice the Demonic Ghost technique, and create demon spirits and evil spirits all over the place, as well as healthily survive a hundred and seventy good years.

Still, he was bitter.

60 years. He wasted 60 years with the Ghost Lamp Temple and its spirit ghosts! 60 years of scheming and waiting, and it was all in vain.

No matter how cowardly he might be, he couldn't accept this.

The Altar Master felt his chest turn stuffy. He raised his head to

look at the starry sky, his voice mournful. “You’ve already taken away your own spirit ghost, you could have at least left mine for me.”

The Ghost Lamp Temple had two spirit ghosts. One was sealed by the Spiritual Butterfly Respected Sage. While the other belonged to the Altar Master!

Why was he unable to take the two spirit ghosts that had long matured? For what reason did he have to wait for the likes of Soft Feather to steal them?

It wasn’t that he did not want to take away the spirit ghost. During the time it took for the spirit ghost to mature, he practically thought about taking the spirit ghost away from Huang Dagen’s tomb for every single moment!

But he was unable to do this!

With regards to the Ghost Lamp Temple, there were seven insane hidden arrays surrounding Huang Dagen’s tomb that gave people goosebumps. Without including the trapping array and the array that Song Shuhang had triggered with the Poison Dragon Grass as the eye, there were five other terrifying arrays hidden outside the tomb. These were arrays that he couldn’t break through even if you gave him a thousand years.

If these arrays were to be activated, you had to wait until Spiritual Butterfly Respected Sage’s bloodline descendants arrived, only then could you get rid of it! As long as these seal arrays were

not broken, then no one would be able to steal the spirit ghost inside!

The sealed spirit ghost could enter the array but not exit!

Indeed, the Altar Master hated this part – he could only seal the spirits inside but not remove them.

At this time, he did not notice the hidden array. So he thought that by taking over Huang Dagen and demolishing the Ghost Lamp Temple, he would be able to destroy the sealing array. Afterwards, he would happily treat the Ghost Lamp Temple as his personal belonging and wait for the spirit ghosts to mature.

Perhaps this Luo Xin Street was truly his land of opportunities. After living in hiding for a few years, he was able to chance upon a not yet matured spirit ghost and gleefully sent it to be nourished in Huang Dagen's tomb.

But just as the spirit ghost matured, when he was about to extract it, he discovered the six other big arrays.

This definitely made him feel cheated.

Actually, if he had used his brain slightly, he should have realised — no matter what, this was the place where the Spiritual Butterfly Respected Sage was preparing spirit ghosts in advance for his daughter. How could the Spiritual Butterfly Respected Sage possibly be that careless? In retrospect, even if the Respected Sage

didn't think much of spirit ghosts, he had still bought this piece of land for the sake of getting the spirit ghosts, so there was no way that he was just going to just lay one feeble array to keep the spirit ghosts inside.

It was a pity, that for such a simple thing, the Altar Master who was blinded by greed had wasted sixty years without noticing this.

“No, it can't end like this. At least... At the very least, I must get that spirit ghost back. That could be considered as my reward for all these years.” The Altar Master thought.⁹

As long as he could obtain one spirit ghost, he would have the opportunity to break through the 2nd Stage – True Expert stage to enter the 3rd Stage – Houtian Battle Emperor stage, which would increase his longevity by another hundred years!

Even kneeling and prostrating himself would be fine, no matter what price he had to pay, it would be worth it.

Looking at the tomb of Huang Dagen that was enshrouded in the array, the Altar Master felt mysteriously sorrowful and walked away from Huang Dagen's tomb with heavy footsteps.

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After the Altar Master left, a tall and handsome young man

appeared from the bushes. He wore a lazy expression on this face, and took out his mobile phone to make a call.

“Master, junior has found the Ghost Lamp Temple and sealed the spirit ghost. She has already returned to rest. I reckon that she will return to Spiritual Butterfly Island in a day or two.” The man earnestly reported, but there was a tone of laziness ingrained into it.

“That’s good. That little brat made me worry so much, there weren’t any accidents in the process, right?” From the phone, the voice of Spiritual Butterfly Respected Sage who was on the other side of the line was transmitted.

“Yes, there were no accidents.” The disciple reported.

“Very good. Continue to watch over your junior sister and report to me once you return to the island.” The Spiritual Butterfly Respected Sage said and then added; “Also, clean up the arrays I laid, so as to avoid the accidental activation of the arrays from causing civilian casualties. Sorry for the trouble, Jianyi.”

“Leave it to me, I will make sure to do a good job so you need not worry!” The man laughed, hung up and shrugged.

Actually, there had been some bumps that happened along the way. For example, that Altar Master, and there was also that young man named Song Shuhang.

Looking in the direction where the Altar Master had left, Liu Jianyi yawned. “Well, how should I say it, this guy can be quite tactful. Since he did not make a move, that saved me the trouble of making a move myself.”

The Altar Master was lucky that he did not have an opportunity to make a move. If he had dared to take up a pose of attacking Soft Feather, he would have been sent into the tomb with Huang Dagen and be his companion in hell.

As for that Song Shuhang, he was extremely troublesome! If Master found out that this girl, Soft Feather had barged into a man’s room in the middle of the night, and sat in that kind of position on his chest to converse with him, wouldn’t that send his master flying into a rage?

When that moment comes, would his master assign him the task of spying on Song Shuhang? So in regards to the matter regarding Song Shuhang, he definitely wasn’t going to inform his master.

It’s too troublesome. Liu Jianyi lazily thought. In any case, Soft Feather wasn’t harmed in any way, and didn’t lose anything of value. Instead, she received a lot of help from that man, Song Shuhang.

What is important is that he was a man who held conserving energy very highly. There was one time where he was too lazy to breathe, so he painstakingly learnt the Turtle Breathing Technique. In the end, he reached the stage of only requiring three breaths a month. His life’s motto was, if he can use one finger to settle something, he absolutely won’t use two fingers.

Something like creating more trouble for himself was something he would absolutely not do!

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Soft Feather would never have expected that her discovering her father's notes, and the whole journey to Ghost Lamp Temple was something that her father had secretly planned out for her. For this journey, Spiritual Butterfly Respected Sage even sent his disciple to take care of his daughter, it could be said that he had put a lot of thought into this.

In actuality, even if Mad Saber Three Waves didn't invite his own destruction, Spiritual Butterfly Respected Sage would have found some other reason to temporarily leave Spiritual Butterfly Island.

Mad Saber Three Waves could only blame himself for leaping into the line of fire, which saved Spiritual Butterfly Respected Sage the time for finding an excuse.

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The next day.

June 3rd, 1st week of the month, clear weather.

Song Shuhang only managed to get up after struggling till it was 8AM.

This time, there wasn't Soft Feather straddling his chest to make him get up.

But this made him feel more calm and easy, yet he faintly felt a little depressed. Human nature is dirty!

Once he got up, he picked up the phone on his bedside to give Soft Feather a call, "Have you gotten up?"

"I'm already awake, I just ended my morning meditation, are we going back now, Senior?" Soft Feather asked.

"Let's go have our breakfast, then we'll return." Song Shuhang answered, the hotel did provide a complimentary breakfast buffet.

Chapter 24: Student Song Shuhang, Here's Your Express Delivery

9AM in the morning.

The pair sat on the train heading towards Jiangnan University. They had good luck, as they arrived at J City's Black Elephant station at 8:45 while the train was due to leave at 9AM.

The journey back was peaceful.

When they arrived at Jiangnan University City, it was already noon.

“Would you like to go to my place to play?” Song Shuhang said politely. He realised upon asking her that having only known her for a few days that he wasn't close enough to her to suggest that. Their relationship was similar to that of acquaintances, asking this of her was extremely rude of him.

“Thank you very much Senior, if I ever have time in the future I will definitely come find you. However, I must now rush home to complete the contract with this spirit ghost first. Furthermore, if I delay any further daddy might return, and that would be very bad.” Soft Feather kindly declined with a sweet smile and a slight bow.

Song Shuhang laughed heartily. “Then this is where we part. You can take a taxi directly to Jiangnan Airport once you exit the train

station. Will you be alright by yourself?”

“There’ll be no problem, I have already booked the ticket for my return flight as well. I just need to get to the airport and then I will be able to get home. By the way Senior, what is your address? I still need to send you those two boxes of herbs!” Soft Feather suddenly remembered the promise she had made before their trip.

She is a proper lady that keeps her word, if she promises to do something she would definitely do everything she could to fulfill it.

“Forget about it, let’s talk about that another time.” Grasping this so called ice pearl with a ‘ghost sealed’ within, Song Shuhang faintly felt that the medicinal ingredients that Soft Feather had mentioned earlier weren’t nearly as simple as he previously thought.

“Senior, please don’t think that I am one who goes back on their word. The word of a Butterfly Islander holds the weight of nine cauldrons!” Soft Feather seriously insisted.

“Okay then...” Song Shuang knew that he couldn’t refuse, so took out his notebook and wrote down his mailing address on it, then tore out the page and gave it to Soft Feather.

Soft Feather carefully stored this note, and then bade Shuhang farewell.

Song Shuhang watched her leave, then heaved a sigh of relief.

“It’s finally over! I probably won’t have any interaction with this lady again, right?” Song Shuhang scratched his head and laughed to himself. “Time to go back!”

To the future Song Shuhang, you have to be grateful to Soft Feather’s insistence on this day!

If she hadn’t insisted on sending those two boxes of herbs, Song Shuhang would have stayed an ordinary person for his entire life. He would finish university, find an ordinary job, marry an ordinary wife and have cute kids. A simplistic, idyllic life would have been his future.

As a result of Soft Feather’s support today, Song Shuhang’s life would soon experience a transformation that would shake the heavens and rock the earth.

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Nine Provinces (1) Group.

North River’s Loose Practitioner: “Soft Feather, did you manage to find the Ghost Lamp Temple?”

Spiritual Butterfly Island's Soft Feather (Online via Mobile): "I found it and managed to accomplish my task smoothly, and I'm now on my way home."

"I had mistakenly went to the wrong place, and ended up in Jiangnan City's Luo Xin Street. However, I was fortunate to meet a powerful senior from the group there, Senior Song, who helped me find the J City's Luo Xin Street and the Ghost Lamp Temple. Then he helped me accomplish my mission as well!"

"The group's Senior Song? What is that senior's dao name?" The North River's Loose Practitioner asked. The surname Song was a very common surname, there were many seniors with the surname Song in the group.

"Ah!" Soft Feather sent a tongue stuck-out expression. "I asked him for his dao name, but he didn't tell me. I then forgot about it afterwards, but I do know that his name is Song Shuhang!"

"Song Shuhang, this name sounds familiar..." The North River's Loose Practitioner felt that he heard the name somewhere before but couldn't remember where. "Haha, in any case, I should congratulate you on your smooth completion of the task."

After all, he had agreed to help but in the end yet wasn't much help at all. He felt guilty in this regard.

"Thank you North River Senior, you were very helpful too!" Soft Feather happily commented. "I am boarding the plane now, I'll talk to you later!"

On the plane, Soft Feather switched off her phone and looked out the window.

The seniors in the chat group are truly very nice.

Especially Senior Song, he's such an incredibly nice guy!

The shining good friend card was firmly placed onto Song Shuhang's head despite the great distance between them.

* * * * *

The next day.

June 4th, Tuesday, relentless heat!

Jiangnan University City, the lecture theatre had fourteen large fans blowing frantically, yet all it blew was hot wind, making people turn even more muddle-headed.

The lecturer's back had long been soaked with sweat, it was hot to the point that speech became a lot softer.

Shuhang sat upright in the classroom on this hot summer's day. Unlike the others in the room, he felt pretty clear-headed.

He had attended so many classes ever since he was young, yet this was the first time he had attended in such a relaxed manner. He was able to memorize the contents of the lesson that the lecturer was teaching, and was even able to clarify three points just from hearing one point, speedily grasping the important things.

He even had the ability to multitask in this situation. While paying attention in class, he was also allowing his thoughts to run wild on other matters.

By his side, there was a female student that was sitting three seats away from him. She could not help but get closer and closer to him. In the end, she wished that she could stick her well-developed body onto Song Shuhang, and let the smell of her perfume unceasingly enter his nose.

This was not because Song Shuhang's charm had increased overnight. Rather, in this blistering hot weather, he was producing cold air, almost like a human air conditioner. It made it hard for people to not move closer to him.

Song Shuhang secretly lowered his head to look at the pearl hanging from his neck. This was the 'Ghost Sealing Ice Pearl' that Soft Feather gave her. When he put on this pearl, it automatically removed all of the torrid heat on Song Shuhang's body, and even gave him a cool layer of protection against the sweltering heat.

Moreover, when he wore this pearl, he felt that his mind became very clear and agile. In the past, he had to recite the English idioms three to four times before he could memorise them. Now, he felt like he was able to keep them firmly in his heart just by hearing

them once.

This... was definitely a godlike item for studying! With this, he could get through school with no difficulties.

This item was already somewhat beyond the realm of what science could explain.

The scene of what happened when Soft Feather 'sealed the ghosts' surfaced in his mind.

“Do they really exist?” Song Shuhang murmured to himself. This miraculous ice pearl made him believe in the existence of cultivation a little bit more.

In this pearl, is there really a spirit ghost sealed inside?

Cultivation, is it truly more than a legend?

Immortals that could fly? Do they actually exist?

Is it really possible to move the mountains and seas?

One after another, questions surfaced in Shuhang's mind, filling his brain.

If these things truly exist..... Then are the people in the Nine

Province (1) Group really immortals?

He never had a day that he wanted to look at ‘Nine Provinces (1) Group’ more than today, he wanted to see the conversations between the people inside, and find evidence to support his hypothesis.

Why hasn’t the class ended yet? Please end quickly.

Shuhang muttered in his heart.

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Ding Ding Dong

The bell for break time had sounded.

The students in the classroom all cheered excitedly then quickly stood up to leave the steamer-like classroom, and walked out to the hallway to cool down.

There was only the girl who sat beside Song Shuhang who felt reluctant to leave. She felt that it was very cooling by his side, and it was even more comfortable than an air conditioner. It was a shame she wasn’t Song Shuhang’s girlfriend, it wasn’t appropriate to continue bothering Shuhang when class had ended.

Should she try to be Song Shuhang's girlfriend? She quietly eyed Shuhang. Although he didn't stand out in class, wasn't he very manly? It's so tempting, if she could hug a cool man like him to sleep in the hot summer, he would make the best body pillow, right?

"Hello, may I ask if student Shuhang is around?" At this point, there was a powerful voice by the door.

This ear-splitting sound made all the students at the scene come to a stop.

Shuhang looked over, and noticed the man dressed in a suit. He had a scary face which displayed an awkwardly kind smile.

I don't seem to know him?

He got up and raised his hand. "That would be me. May I ask who are you and what do you want from me?"

"Haha, I am from Feng Shou Courier. There are two large packages for student Song Shuhang that had been sent by means of express delivery via air travel, sent to you at maximum speeds overnight. Because this was sent at the request of an extremely important customer, so I require your personal signature before handing it over." The formal man laughed, and respectfully handed his name card over to Song Shuhang.

Shuhang received the business card and looked at it.

Feng Shou Courier Corporation LLC, Sima Jiang!

This was a simple name card, with no information on his post, just the his name and the name of the company.

Even courier personnel hands out name cards these days?

Shuhang kept this name card with doubts in his head. What express delivery did he have which required immediate air delivery?

It was at this point that Soft Feather's bashful smile surfaced in his mind.

Chapter 25: The Two Boxes Of Herbs

Upon seeing Soft Feather for the first time, a person's first impression would definitely be about her long legs. But after some interaction with her, the first thing that would come to mind would instead be her blushing smile, so moe.

At this moment, Tubo and two other boys stood up and walked over to Shuhang's side and asked him, "Shuhang, did something happen?"

They were Shuhang's three roommates. When they saw that this tall dark man was looking for Shuhang, they were worried as well as curious as to what was going on.

"Nothing much, it's just an express delivery and they have two packages for me. I need to sign before I can accept it." Shuhang said with a smile, then he turned back to ask Sima Jiang, "Little Jiang, it's nice to meet you. Where are the boxes?"

Little Jiang..... The man in the suit's mouth twitched. How many years has it been since someone dared to address him as such? He never thought that he would have the chance to hear this from someone, moreover it came from a young man.

However, this gave him a refreshing feeling as he laughed. "It is already at the entrance of your dormitory, we just need for you to verify it."

"Shall we go now then? It just so happens that I have a fifteen

minute break.” Shuhang replied.

Sima Jiang laughed, “I have been waiting for you to say that!”

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Shuhang stood at the doorstep of his room on the second floor of the men’s dormitory.

Four men dressed in black suits were guarding a pair of 80cmx80cm boxes with serious expressions on their faces.

Shuhang was speechless. “Is your Feng Shou Courier service always this amazing?”

Your service is so amazing, is there even a way out for other couriers?

“Haha, our service has always been amazing. However, the sender this time is rather special, which is why our service this time is of an even higher quality.” Sima Jiang chortled.

“Thank you for your hard work.” Song Shuhang nodded, and looked at the courier receipt as he stood in front of the two boxes.

As expected, on the sender column, the name 'Soft Feather' was written. However, the sender's address and other columns weren't filled in.

These two packing cases were probably the boxes of herbs for concocting the 'Simplified Body Tempering Liquid' that Soft Feather had promised him.

"Do you need to confirm the contents?" Sima Jiang asked politely.

Fact was there was simply no need to look. Even if Sima Jiang had the heart of a dragon or guts of a tiger, he still wouldn't dare to open it without approval.

"There's no need for that. If there are any problems, I will directly contact you." Song Shuhang waved him off, brandishing the name card in his hand.

"That is natural, if there are no problems, may I please have Student Shuhang sign here." Sima Jiang's impression of Song Shuhang soared, and he pointed to the spot on the courier receipt that needed to be signed.

"Alright." Song Shuhang reached out and speedily signed his great name onto the line.

"We shall now say our farewells to Student Shuhang, we hope you have a good day." Sima Jiang waved his hand and left with the

four men in tow.

Shuhang felt that these five men did not look like couriers. They were all so inhumanely muscular and intimidating.

Song Shuhang opened his room's door. "Damn, I forgot to ask them to help move the two boxes inside. I hope they aren't heavy."

He had a deep impression of Soft Feather's heavy luggage, and was worried that these two boxes' weight would be in tons.

Fortunately, when he tried to lift the two boxes, he found that they weren't as heavy as expected.

He carried them one by one into the room and then lifted them onto his bed.

After closing the door, Song Shuhang impatiently opened the cardboard boxes. Inside the cardboard box, there were numerous small intricate wooden cases. Each cardboard box was comprised of 4 layers, and each layer contained 4 wooden cases. Altogether, there were 32 wooden cases in both boxes.

Carefully inspecting the contents of the small wooden cases, he found over forty medicinal ingredients in them.

He noticed there were ginseng, Goji Berry, Actinolite, Ladies' Fragrance and more.

There were some that Shuhang had never seen before, but upon smelling them he felt his body and mind relax. It was as though he had been cleansed through the fragrance of these herbs. Among them there were probably the Fresh Overlord Branch, the 9-Yang Scarlet Flame Bamboo slices and other Xuanhuan ingredients.

Song Shuhang stared blankly at these two boxes of medicinal ingredients.

Without even mentioning the other ingredients within the boxes, just the pieces of ginseng inside were worth quite a considerable sum. As for the Morning Dew Grass, Overlord Branch and the 9-Yang Scarlet Flame Bamboo slices, these were very possibly one hundred times more expensive than the ginseng.

But their value wasn't the reason why Song Shuhang was blankly staring at them.

There was only one thing on his mind. Aren't these the medicinal ingredients for the 'Simplified Body Tempering Liquid' prescription?

Using these medicinal ingredients, if he followed the recipe that the Medicine Master in the Nine Provinces (1) Group had instructed, by simmering it in the cauldron while paying attention to the intensity of the heat, would he also be able to concoct the Simplified Body Tempering Fluid?

Just what kind of effects does the Body Tempering Liquid have?

Could it really be like those narrated in Xianxia novels, allowing one to experience rebirth?

“Perhaps by utilizing these herbs and following Medicine Master’s instructions, I can ascertain the existence of cultivation!”

A thought emerged in Song Shuhang’s mind, once this thought came up, it was like a insatiable fire which couldn’t be extinguished, causing him to be incredibly tempted.

Song Shuhang didn’t consider himself pigheaded, if the Body Tempering Liquid truly possessed an effect like those mentioned in legends, then he would believe that cultivation truly exists.

But if it really does exist, what was he going to do?

“Since there’re no afternoon classes today, with a total of 45 different herbs, if each herb takes an approximate of 5 minutes, that would be about 3 to 4 hours. Within one afternoon, I can attempt it!”

Song Shuhang is the kind of person who does something if he wants to do it. Since he had made the decision to do it, then he had to make it happen!

“If I want to refine this pill, then I would first need... a pill furnace?”

Something like a pill furnace definitely couldn’t be found in the

market. Perhaps it could be found on Taobao, but those that can be purchased were definitely only toys.

Therefore, if he wanted to concoct the Body Tempering Liquid this afternoon, trying to find a pill furnace would be unrealistic, so he had to find something to substitute it.

Song Shuhang then walked into the attached kitchen and searched the cabinets.

Soon, he managed to find something that could simmer herbs..... A hot pot.

But that thought only lasted for a moment before he rejected it. “This won’t do, this deviates too far from an actual pill furnace.”

He had never seen a pill furnace before, and so he didn’t know whether it would be like those shown in movies. But no matter what, it should be some kind of stove, a hot pot would be too different.

Upon putting the hot pot down, Shuhang searched the kitchen once more.

After a long time, he still did not manage to find anything.

Rice cooker, electric kettle, frying pan, pressure cooker... none of them could substitute a pill furnace.

Although the pressure cooker appeared to be more logical, it was meant for cooking through use of high pressure, and couldn't be opened halfway/in-between. Yet, to concoct the Body Tempering Liquid, an ingredient has to be inserted every five minutes.

In other words, after all that looking, he could only choose that one thing that seemed relatively suitable for the job. Song Shuhang helplessly stared at the hot pot.

“Well, since they're both used to simmer, why don't I just give it a shot?” He pinched his chin. Since there's thirty two sets of herbs, it would be acceptable even if he failed once!

He just felt that it would be a little wasteful, after all these herbs seemed to be very valuable.

“Let's try it once at least. If I don't try I will never be successful. Besides, even if it fails, I can just think of it as an experience.” Song Shuhang made up his mind.

It shall begin this afternoon!

Hopefully his roommates wouldn't mind his eccentricity in the kitchen; or maybe he should find somewhere else to quietly make this attempt?

However, right now he had to return for his final class this morning before doing starting.

Shuhang opened his cupboard, and placed the wooden cases containing the herbs into the cupboard, one by one.

The cupboard provided by the school worked perfectly. Once he took his personal belongings that were in the cupboard out, all of the medicinal herbs were able to fit perfectly.

“This is great. If it hadn’t fit, I wouldn’t know where else I could hide them.” Song Shuhang muttered.

Chapter 26: My Extraordinary Pill Furnace

After peacefully attending the last lesson of the day, Song Shuhang stored his textbook then stood up and put his hand on his lower back as he stretched his back.

At his side, the female student who had great curves once again parted reluctantly from him. At the same time, the thought of confessing to Shuhang rose once again — at the very least, for the length of this summer, she wanted to be Song Shuhang's girlfriend to enjoy his human air conditioner-like body.

Shuhang felt chills from this girl's reluctant gaze, it was very awkward.

Then, with impeccable timing, Tubo and two more of Shuhang's roommates walked over.

“Motherfucker, it's so hot that I nearly shed another layer of skin.” Tubo used the textbook as a fan to keep himself cool. Beads of sweat continuously slid down his forehead. “Oh yeah, Shuhang, do you want to hang out this afternoon?”

“You still have the mood to go out and play in this sweltering heat?” Shuhang joked. The sun was unforgiving today, and it definitely wasn't the kind of weather that was suitable for one to go out to have fun.

“Hehe, this fella Yang De recently developed a computer program and sold it for a decent sum of money. So he wanted to rent a 3-

room flat close to the school so that no one could disturb him.

We're trying to help him a good place, and if we do find it, it could possibly become our second base of operations and at the same time, we could beat him up tonight." Tubo laughed.

Shuhang raised his thumb up towards his dark and skinny roommate, "Yang De, you really have good prospects, you're both good at tinkering with things, but you're much stronger than Tubo. You're able to earn money, while Tubo only knows how to spend money!"

Tubo: "..."

Yang De laughed, exposing his two white rows of teeth. Despite his young age, he already had the stoic temperament of a programmer, and wasn't very good at talking. This was due to the fact that programmers often used keyboards to communicate more frequently than they used their mouths to speak.

"I'm busy this afternoon because I got to deal with the two boxes that I received today. Call me when you find a flat, and I'll come over immediately!" Song Shuhang replied quickly. It was perfect that his roommates were planning to go out, this would allow him to try concocting in peace.

"You brat, you don't want to contribute yet you want freeloader huh!" Tubo coldly accused him. "I'm telling you, there's no way for that to happen! However, there's a window, introduce your beautiful sister to us!"

“Get lost.” Song Shuhang said. “There’s no way for that to happen! However, there’s room for negotiation, treat me to supper tonight then!”

Song Shuhang didn’t have much, but he did have a few beautiful sisters. As for the woman named Soft Feather that Tubo was thinking of, unfortunately, she wasn’t his sister.

Tubo’s eyes immediately glittered as he showed an expression of making a profitable trade, “Deal!”

Do we actually know Shuhang’s beautiful sister? Yang De felt suspicious about this. There was a “sister” who we met called Zhao Yaya when she sent Shuhang to Jiangnan University. Could it be that Tubo wants to pursue Shuhang’s older female cousin?

The difficulty seemed to be pretty high as Elder Sister Zhao’s Ballbusting Kick looked like one that would leave him infertile.

He thought of that day, the day when Elder Sister Zhao had sent Shuhang to school and encountered a few delinquent youths who didn’t know better.

Besides Tubo, Yang De and company all witnessed how strong Elder Sister Zhao was. Her two long legs casually kicked, each hit struck the family jewels. Elder Sister Zhao had definitely had that practiced. Moreover the skill Ballbusting Kick was surely put to use often. The few delinquents quickly fell to the ground, crying out loud while covering their balls. As witnesses, they felt as if their

balls would hurt just from spectating the scene.

* * * * *

After lunch, the three roommates left the dorm to go out, leaving Song Shuhang alone.

“Hu.” He took a deep breath and the pearl hanging around his neck calmed him down. This was a good situation to begin his project.

Opening one of the small cases containing the herbs, Song Shuhang referred to the recipe of the ‘Tempering Body Pill’ that was created by the Medicine Master.

Inside the case there were four layers, each layer containing over ten kinds of herbs.

“Ginseng, Goji Berry, Actinolite, Ladies’ Fragrance....” Shuhang managed to identify over thirty herbs that could be found on the internet.

Morning Dew Black Grass, and following that is the Fresh Overlord Branch, the 9-Yang Scarlet Flame Bamboo and other items couldn’t be found on the internet. Even if he did find something, it was either an equipment or a material in a game.

One of the good traits about Soft Feather was her attentiveness to detail. Shuhang realized that the small cases already had

everything arranged neatly in a sequence following the recipe, herbs in the recipe from start to end were placed in the order of left to right.

Even the dosage for each herb had been meticulously measured.

“An attentive and gentle lady is definitely the best.” Shuhang heaved a sigh of relief. “With this, I don’t need to consult the Nine Province (1) Group.”

The herbs for refining the ‘Body Tempering Pill’ required one to follow the recipe and periodically insert the herbs in a specific sequence into the cauldron. If the order is messed up, it would fail immediately. If Soft Feather had not arranged the herbs and left it all a mess, Song Shuhang would have a headache.

“Follow the proportion of the recipe and put them one by one into the pill furnace, boil it for approximately five minutes, insert the next herb, then boil for approximately five minutes, insert next herb and repeat. Pay attention to the fire’s temperature! By using this process, the medicinal liquid would turn into a paste. A successfully completed Body Tempering Liquid should be black in colour, transparent, and with a strong smell.” These were Medicine Master’s original words.

Reading the instructions, this seemed really simple, and sounded like if one was really careful, anybody could do this.

That was true. The Body Tempering Liquid was merely the lowest of lowest-grade pills, it couldn’t even be considered as pill

medicine or dregs of a concoction. Refine pills did not require the consumption of true qi, spiritual qi. It also did not need special Earth Flames, Heavenly Flames or Pill Flames.

Even an ordinary person would be able to refine this pill if they paid close attention!

However, it wouldn't be that easy to succeed at concocting.

There was heat control, and the words 'approximately five minutes', which meant that the time may not necessarily be fixed five minutes. It was partially dependent on the refiner's experience and adjustment according to the type of herb.

Furthermore, the Body Tempering Liquid required forty-five types of herbs, which meant that it would take almost four hours, required a lot of concentration, and one couldn't even relax for a moment. If an ordinary person wanted to refine this 'Body Tempering Liquid', they would require an incredible amount of willpower and experience.

Song Shuhang opened the hot pot and inserted the slices of ginseng.

"Come to think of it, the pill recipe didn't mention whether water needed to be added..." Song Shuhang scratched his head.

I have to add it, right? If I don't add it, within 5 minutes, there will be no need to mention the ginseng slices, even the bottom of

the pot would be scorched... right?

But how much water do I need to add?

“Should I enter the chat group to ask?” Song Shuhang whipped out his phone, but put it down after calmly thinking it through.

This was his first time refining the Body Tempering Pill, so he was bound to have many problems in the process. But he couldn't possibly go and ask the chat group every time he encountered a problem, right?

The cultivators in the chat group weren't online all the time, if he went to the chat group to ask for help every time he encountered a problem, and ended up taking over 5 minutes for an issue, the concoction would end up in a failure. Looking at it this way, even the 32 sets of herbs he had wouldn't be enough for him to waste.

So he decided embrace the mentality of definite failure and follow the Medicine Master's recipe once. If there were any issues in the concoction process he would make a list of them all, and ask them in the chat group in one go.

“Let's add a ladle of water then.” He scooped a ladle of water and added it into the cauldron, and turned on the induction cooker.

Using the induction cooker... was also because he had no other choice.

Because the school's dormitory didn't have a fire alarm installed, to prevent the risk of fire, all sources of fire were prohibited. Having an induction cooker could already be considered pretty good.

Besides, it just needed to be boiled, boiling using fire and boiling using electricity shouldn't make a difference, right?

Then, he pressed the function for stewing soup. The induction cooker provided by the dormitory had four preset functions, there was fry, roast, stew, and sauté. There was also the function to manually adjust the heat.

If cultivating really existed, then I would definitely be the first person to use an induction cooker to refine pills. Song Shuhang thought as he mocked himself.

Chapter 27: Refining The Body Tempering Liquid!

The amount of time required to boil the Body Tempering Liquid was approximately four hours. Would the induction cooker break halfway through? Shuhang was worried in his heart pondering over this.

Looking through the hot pot's glass lid, he could see that the slices of ginseng were rolling about inside. There was a mysterious excitement in his heart. Is this pill concocting?

That's right, this was pill concocting.

But why does it not feel much different from the way I usually cook noodles?

Perhaps it's because the style I'm doing it is wrong?

Using his phone's stopwatch function, while Song Shuhang stared at the sliced ginseng in the pot, while at the same time he also paid attention to the time indicated on his phone.

Five minutes later.....

He immediately took off the lid, and inserted the second herb which was goji berries.

The two herbs rolled about in the nearly boiling water, and they quietly dyed the water a faint yellow color.

Fire control and timing; these required accumulated experience.

Whereas something like experience was what this man with the surname Song was utterly lacking.

Therefore, all he could do was to pay attention to the time. Once five minutes had passed, he would immediately open the lid and insert the next herb. As for controlling the heat, that was an effort saved for the induction cooker.

“It really feels like I am cooking noodles.”

If three hours later, what I’m cooking turns out to merely be a bowl of ordinary Chinese medicinal soup, what would I feel then...?

This “Simplified Body Tempering Liquid” Pill recipe, could it completely shatter the worldview he had taken over his eighteen years to build? Or would the dreams of cultivation that he had come into contact with over the past few days be extinguished once again?

As the heat from the pot rose, the temperature in the kitchen rose accordingly.

At that time, a chill burst forth from the ice pearl on Shuhang’s

neck, causing him to feel cool and refreshed. Not only that, the ice pearl also helped him to keep a clear head. Not knowing of the outside world and the time that passed, he entered into a state of high concentration.

He lightly grasped the ice pearl that was laid against his chest.

This magical ice pearl gave him more confidence in concocting the Body Tempering Liquid.

“Please don’t disappoint me. If possible, even if my concoction fails, at least let me see that ‘cultivation’ truly exists.”

Song Shuhang grabbed the third herb, causing waves in his calm heart. This third herb was one of the items that Song Shuhang was unable to find on the internet, which was the Morning Dew Mysterious Grass!

Judging from this situation, this Morning Dew Mysterious Grass wasn’t too different from ordinary grass, both were long and thin green plants. However, upon closer examination, it could be observed that the condensation on the Morning Dew Mysterious Grass would not dissipate, shimmering like the leaves of grass in the early morning.

The numbers displayed by the stopwatch on his cellphone moved very fast, indicating that the five minutes were about to be up!

Song Shuhang lifted the lid, directly inserted the Morning Dew

Mysterious Grass he held in his hand into the pot, and quickly placed the lid back on.

In his heart, there was some quiet anticipation. After all, this was a special medicinal herb. Perhaps it could cause some unique changes to happen to the medicinal herbs within the pot.

Similar to the previous two medicinal herbs, the Morning Dew Mysterious Grass swirled and rolled around in the boiling water.

Song Shuhang's gaze remained affixed to the Morning Dew Mysterious Grass. Threads of cold chill emanated from the icy pearl resting against his chest, causing his concentration to raise to an unprecedented level!

Gradually, the three herbs in the pot started to become magnified before his very eyes.

At this moment, there were only herbs in Song Shuhang's world, and nothing else.

It was unknown whether it was because of his extreme concentration, or it was because of the special characteristics of the ice pearl that was pressed against his chest, because Song Shuhang soon began to sense every change within the three types of herbs in the nearly boiling water.

Every time they rolled, a light yellow medicinal property would be boiled out, blending into the herbal soup. As the slices scattered

the medicinal property, their bodies swelled.

This is definitely a weird feeling!

“The heat doesn’t seem strong enough?” Song Shuhang suddenly had this feeling in his heart.

He felt that the medicinal herbs in the pot required a stronger heat. The Morning Dew Mysterious Grass in particular required a higher temperature to stimulate its effects.

Hence, he pressed a finger against the temperature control of the induction cooker and unhesitatingly increased the temperature.

Huuuuuu~

The water in the pot boiled more furiously, and the cover of the pot began to shake under the pressure accumulated from the rising steam.

Song Shuhang’s eyes widened — After increasing the temperature, there was actually a change to the Morning Dew Mysterious Grass!

The Morning Dew Mysterious Grass which had initially been floating on the water had dissolved in it after a short while!

Song Shuhang did not know how much time and what kind of

temperature would be needed to completely breakdown a normal blade of grass from boiling it. But not even five minutes had passed, with the amount of heat his small induction cooker produced, it would still have been impossible to cook grass until it dissolved.

This was the special characteristic of the Morning Dew Mysterious Grass.

As the mysterious grass dissolved, the herbal soup was dyed with a layer of jade green medicinal liquid. This jade green liquid seemed as though it contained some spiritual attributes as it swirled around the ginseng slices and the goji berries in the pot, wrapping them completely.

After the two kinds of herbs were wrapped up, they also started to dissolve themselves into the green liquid.

Song Shuhang's heart began to beat slightly faster than before.

A magical transformation!

At the same time, he made a vague conjecture that to create the Body Tempering Fluid, perhaps there was no need to add water at all, but rather, a special method should have been used to heat the ginseng and the goji berries. Upon further adding the Morning Dew Mysterious Grass, all of the ingredients would dissolve into the jade green medicinal liquid.

He didn't know whether this concoction had already turned out to be a failure or not.

Luckily, he had long prepared for the possibility of failure, the main goal of concocting these herbs in this attempt was getting used to the process. All the problems encountered during the practice of refining herbs were jotted down.

Five minutes had passed yet again.

This time, Song Shuhang calmly took out the fourth medicinal herb and tossed it into the pot.

The fourth ingredient was similarly wrapped up by the jade green liquid and bit by bit, it dissolved into the liquid.

“If I heat it by using heat of this intensity, it'll take approximately five minutes for the fourth medicinal herb to dissolve completely. This must be why Medicine Master said approximately five minutes. Because of the differences in size, shape and age of the ingredients, the differences in heat intensity, and differences in quality of furnaces, they all cause instability in the stated time of five minutes,” This revelation dawned on Song Shuhang as his eyes remained glued to the medicinal ingredients in the pot.

He gained a deeper understanding towards the pill recipe of Medicine Master.

The main contributing factor towards this improvement was the ice pearl sitting around his neck. This ice pearl caused Song Shuhang's soul to be as calm as still water, his consciousness to become more focused and his thought process to become more clear.

On the other hand, Song Shuhang possessed a kind of natural instinct towards concocting pills. This was a talent that was unique to him. If he wanted to switch occupations to become a pill master in the future, then this talent would allow to achieve twice the result with half the effort.

As Song Shuhang gained more and more insight towards the pill recipe, he began to break free of the restriction of the "five minute rule".

He started to judge when he should add the next ingredient according to the level of dissolution in the pot. Sometimes, he would toss in a medicinal herb after just four and a half minutes and other times, he would wait for more than five minutes.

Unknowingly, forty-six minutes had passed.

By the time Shuhang added the tenth kind of medicinal herb, he had already tried tampering with the intensity of the heat. According to how much the medicinal herbs had dissolved, his finger hovered the buttons of the induction cooker to either add or reduce the intensity of the heat.

He was no longer rigidly adhering to the timings; his whole

person was now working hectically.

After dissolving the sixteenth medicinal herb, the Morning Dew Grass in the pot reached the limits of the dissolving ability. And at this time, following to the pill recipe, Song Shuhang tossed in another special ingredient — the “Three Lives Fruit Core”.

As expected, the Three Lives Fruit Core which played a similar role to the Morning Dew Mysterious Grass took over as the new herb solvent.

After the first ladle of water, Song Shuhang had no longer added any more water. The liquid that had been boiling in the pot for half an hour had not dried up at all; in fact, the volume had increased.

Add ingredient, observe the state of dissolution and wait; then, continue by adding the next ingredient. It was a tedious and monotonous process, yet a single careless mistake could not be afforded.

This was the path of a medicine master, a pill master! Even among cultivators, not even one in a thousand could take on this line of work that required such harsh perfection. It was truly a path that only someone who was most tolerant of loneliness could walk!

Chapter 28: Last Resort In A Desperate Situation, Let's Go!

3.5 hours later...

Song Shuhang's eyes remained bright and clear, but his body was wracked with exhaustion.

"The forty-first medicinal ingredient. Finally, it's almost over." Song Shuhang mumbled to himself.

He had never thought that he could endure till this step during his inaugural pill refining process. But at this point, he had more or less reached his limit. After this ingredient, there were only the slices of Fresh Overlord Branch, 9-Yang Scarlet Bamboo, Ocean Trench Frost Crystal and Core of the Snow Demon left. Once these four ingredients had been added, the process would be over!

He removed the lid of the pot and quickly tossed the forty-first ingredient into the pot.

Before Song Shuhang could even replace the cover, something strange had already erupted from within the pot.

The ash-colored liquid that comprised of the first forty ingredients abruptly flared up with a burning stench upon contact with the forty-first ingredient!

What had initially been half a pot of water rapidly evaporated to a fifth of its original volume in the blink of an eye.

“Eh, did it fail?” Song Shuhang wondered miserably. He suspected that since he had added water at the start, he had been doomed to fail from the very beginning.

However, he had already persisted till the forty-first medicinal ingredient without a hitch. His heart could not help but contain a thread of hope and anticipation. Was this the “gambler’s fallacy” that was the characteristic of humanity?

But now, had he finally attained utter failure?

“No, this can’t be. It’s not over.” As Song Shuhang watched the charcoal-colored liquid evaporate, he noticed how the gray medicinal liquid continued to tenaciously dissolve the forty-first medicinal ingredient.

He knew that at this point in time he had to do something, or else this attempt would end up as a failure.

As a matter of fact, adding the forty-first ingredient was truly the most difficult step of concocting the “Simplified Body Tempering Liquid”.

After this step, it was already in the concluding steps of the process to refine the “Simplified Body Tempering Liquid”. The four ingredients after this one would no longer add to the medical

characteristics of the liquid.

The first two ingredients – slices of the Fresh Overlord Branch and the 9-Yang Scarlet Bamboo -symbolised yang and firmness. The other two ingredients – the Ocean Trench Frost Crystal and the Seed of the Snow Demon – symbolised yin and softness. These four ingredients were used to purify the “Simplified Body Tempering Liquid”.

The purification process was the most important step in creating the Body Tempering Liquid. If it was not purified, the Body Tempering Liquid in the pot would just be an expensive all-nourishing herbal soup. When consumed, a person would feel fantastic but the body tempering effect would be greatly diminished. This all-nourishing herbal soup would transform into Body Tempering Liquid with the addition of the purification process — a transformation from an ordinary medicine into a mystical liquid.

And the forty-first medicinal ingredient acted as the catalyst for the purification.

This step was truly the one where most people were likely to fail at. Soft Feather herself had suffered defeat here dozens of times.

But how exactly was he supposed to reverse the imminent failure?

If Medicine Master was at this scene, he would be able to turn the tides on this furnace by relying on his exceptional refining

experience and technique... wait a moment, this was a ‘pot’ of Body Tempering Liquid.

But Shuhang did not possess any experience, much less any techniques like Medicine Master.

“It’s evaporating too quickly. I have to slow this part down a little first. Add water!” Song Shuhang as the last resort in this desperate situation had added another ladle of water into the pot. Although he didn’t know if this would have any effect, it could at least slow down the rate of evaporation.

“All that’s left are these four ingredients.”

Song Shuhang’s thoughts were racing.

Timewise, there was no longer enough time for him to attempt another refinement. In an hour or two, his roommates would be probably be back.

To be honest, if they saw the mess he had made in their little kitchen from his “pill refining”, Song Shuhang could not guarantee that his compassionate roommates wouldn’t tie him up and send him to the asylum.

Judging from the fact that they were so compassionate to the extent that others would distribute each at least ten good friend cards to each of them, the possibility of that happening was very high!

“I’ll insert all the remaining ingredients in together just to experiment. It’s most likely a failure anyway. I’ll just treat this as an experience.” Song Shuhang decided.

Within the group, North River’s Loose Practitioner and Soft Feather had both failed numerous times. Wouldn’t it be more ridiculous if a complete amateur like him was able to succeed on their first time?

Open the pot.

Fresh Overlord Branch, slices of 9-Yang Scarlet Bamboo, Ocean Trench Frost Crystal, and the Seed of the Snow Demon; Song Shuhang simultaneously added these four ingredients into the pot.

Close the lid!

After that, Song Shuhang witnessed the true “Heavenly Ice and Fire Hotpot”.

When the two medical ingredients, slices of Fresh Overlord Branch and the 9-Yang Scarlet Bamboo, were dissolved into the liquid and heated, they would turn bright red as if they were burning.. This portion of medicinal liquid would boil violently and evaporate quicker. The steam violently gushed out of the vent holes of the pot lid like a fountain.

On the other hand, the Ocean Trench Frost Crystal and the Seed

of the Snow Demon cracked upon contact with heat. From within the cracked shell, an icy blue liquid that seemed to have a very low temperature was secreted. Upon fusing with the other half of the liquid, the boiling liquid began to cool down quietly.

The temperature of the cooled down half spiralled downwards while the boiling half evaporated rapidly. The two halves of the medicinal liquid seemed to be separating from each other.

I can't allow them to separate. Song Shuhang thought of an idea and immediately turned up the heat on the induction cooker. He was trying to make the cool part of the liquid boil again.

As the heat increased, the liquid started to evaporate faster and faster. In less than a minute, only a third of the medical liquid that had filled half the pot remained.

It's at most ten more breaths before it completely evaporates.

"I completely failed." Song Shuhang laughed. After all, he had already made mental preparations for this outcome so he wasn't too hung up about failing.

He extended his hand to switch off the induction cooker. If he continued to let it heat up, the pot would be burned.

However, in the midst of extending his arm, he paused. He saw that the liquid had started to merge together even though it evaporated at a faster rate.

By this curious coincidence, Song Shuhang no longer chose to switch off the fire. Instead, he made up his mind and turned the heat on to the maximum.

It's all or nothing. He might as well go all-in and fuse all of the medicinal ingredients in a single breath, thereby forcing the purification of all of the forty-five ingredients' medicinal properties! This way, perhaps he might still be able to cut his losses before the liquid completely evaporates.

The induction cooker that had been switched on to its maximum power let out a weird noise.

Both fire and ice intersected in the small pot, blossoming into beautiful patterns. The two medicinal liquids toiled and swirled, shaking the pot.

In the end, Song Shuhang could no longer find any changes inside the pot.

After the liquid evaporated, a thick layer of impurities had stuck itself onto the reinforced glass lid of the pot.

Drip, drip...

This was the sound of the medicinal ingredients rolling in the pot. The sound of each roll lasted exactly one second.

Song Shuhang once again grabbed his phone, and stared at the time.

Since he could not see what happening in the pot, he could only rely on the timing again. He planned to switch off the pot in five minutes.

Three minutes and twenty-three seconds.

Boom

At this moment, a huge amount of pressure welled up inside the pot and caused the lid of the pot to fly off.

A pungent smell invaded his nose as black smoke immediately puffed out to envelop the small kitchen..

The smell was too strong, it was as if the world's most unpleasant smells had joined together. Even an accidental sniff would make one have the urge to vomit.

“Bleargh....” Song Shuhang pinched his nose, and frantically turned off the induction cooker.

“So smelly.” Even though he had pinched his nose and breathed carefully, this disgusting stench still managed to make its way into Shuhang's nose, like it was impossible to get rid of.

He ran to open the windows. If he still didn't air out the room, his roommates would have to collect a corpse when they return — and the cause of death was definitely due to the putrid smell.

Once the window was opened, the black smoke began to dissipate out of the room. This also allowed the stinky smell in the kitchen to waft out as well.

“This smell, I literally have no words to describe it. What's more, its aftertaste is endless.” Song Shuhang exclaimed. He probably wouldn't be able to forget this smell for at least two or three days. Could he even swallow food after this?

“After this thing has been refined wrongly, the killer smell is truly terrifying. Just the smell alone can be used as a bioweapon. If I can have this smell contained, then when someone offends me, I can release this stench into his house. I guarantee that it will leave a strong memory.” Song Shuhang mocked to himself.

On the floor, the pot of the lid was still spinning. It was fortunate that this thing was made of reinforced glass and had not been sacrificed. Otherwise, he would be forced to spend his own money to reimburse the school.

After he picked up the lid, Song Shuhang suddenly felt a burst of dizziness. Streams of fatigue rushed towards him like toppling mountains and shifting seas. This was the accumulated stress and exhaustion over the past four hours!

He hurriedly gripped the table for support before slowly sitting

down.

After resting for a brief moment, he pinched his nose and gazed towards the bottom of the pot. He wanted to see just what the final result of his failure looked like for it to emit such a foul smell.

In the pot, only a thin layer of medicinal liquid remained from the initial half-full pot.

It was black and transparent, coupled with an overwhelming nose-stinging smell.

“It’s black and murky, kind of like a transparent sesame paste. It’s way too smelly.” Song Shuhang scoffed.

“Eh? This... how can this be?” He suddenly seemed to think of something and hastily retrieved the notebook where he recorded Medicine Master’s recipe.

Liquid turned into paste, black in color, transparent, strong smell. These were the characteristics that the medicine master had used to describe the completed Simplified Body Tempering Liquid.

It seems... very similar to this thing that he had just refined?

Chapter 29: Running Under The Setting Sun, This Is The Youthfulness I Lost

But when I was failing the last few steps, I ended up refining following my instincts. I didn't use the steps given by the recipe!

Then, right now, did I succeed or did I fail?

Song Shuhang rubbed his chin as he stared at the medicinal fluid for a while.

Should I... try it? No matter what, this is the fruit of three difficult hours of labour.

He hesitated for a brief second before silently coming to a decision.

The desire to prove the existence of 'cultivation' quashed his paranoia towards this unknown fluid.

Anyway, the worst that could happen to him was to be sent to the hospital for stomach pumping.

Of course, Song Shuhang was not an impulsive person.

He first took out his mobile phone and scrolled to the contact page of his roommate Tubo. If any kind of accident happened to him, he could call Tubo with a small tap of his finger.

He had originally wanted to scroll to the emergency contact page but he was afraid that he wouldn't have any strength to speak. If he called without being able to say a word, at that time, the reception lady behind the emergency desk might think he was pulling a prank — that would truly be a tragedy. So it's better to call his roommate whom he was familiar with. If he ended up not feeling well, even if he just randomly screamed a few times, they would definitely still respond.

“Let's give it a shot. If it's just one mouthful... it probably can't kill me?” Song Shuhang reasoned.

In the end, he scooped up a spoonful of liquid and blew on it. This was tragic — forty-five kinds of medicinal ingredients but only five measly spoonfuls of medicine remained.

The value of these five spoonfuls of medicine must surely exceed ten thousand pieces of gold?

“It's just sesame paste; it's just sesame paste,” he hypnotised himself. He closed his eyes and held his breath as he swallowed the medicine in one mouthful.

Unexpectedly, even though the medicinal paste smelled terrible, there wasn't any herbal taste after it entered his mouth.

However, immediately after that, two kinds of sensations erupted from his throat... Pain and burn!!

This kind of burning feeling could not be verbally described. What had clearly been a medicine paste that he had cooled by blowing on it, had seemingly exploded the moment it entered his throat. As if it wanted to blow Shuhang's throat apart, it emanated an endless wave of heat.

This is the end, I am going to have to have my stomach pumped.

Shuhang grabbed his throat with one hand and moved the other to the call button on his phone, preparing to make a call to Tubo.

But before he had even moved his finger, the burning sensation in his throat had already disappeared.

Accurately speaking, the explosive medicinal fluid had dissolved into a lukewarm heat. The liquid flowed down from his throat to his stomach. The warm sensation in his stomach was so comfortable that it made him want to moan in bliss.

But wouldn't be gross if a grown man moaned? He forcefully repressed that urge.

It wasn't over yet. This burst of heat centered around Shuhang's belly and started to spread through his nerves, branching throughout his body. What was originally a comfortable feeling in his stomach had now enveloped his entire body, causing him to feel incomparably comfortable.

Shuhang could endure it no longer and he finally opened his mouth to let out a moan. It was really just too comfortable! He just couldn't help it!

But when he opened his mouth, he felt as though his mouth had been stuffed. He couldn't say anything; nor could he make a single sound!

The thing was that at this point, he wouldn't be satisfied until he spat out those words.

Hence he held his breath tightly, opened his mouth and tried to emanate his voice from his stomach to his throat.

He held and held on, for a good long while.

Brrraaapp!

It was a very loud sound. It was a pity that it hadn't originated from his mouth but rather, from his ass. After expending so much force, he could only squeeze out a fart.

The good thing was that since his lower body was no longer clogged, his upper body also unclogged itself. Song Shuhang opened his mouth and let out an enormous burp.

It seemed as though this burp released all of the heat that had been accumulated in his body.

One had to know that after a person matured, with the accumulation of toxins from day to day life, he would sometimes feel as though a burst of heat was stuck in his heart. Sometimes, he would feel his throat parched and hot when he tries to breathe.

But at this moment, after Shuhang released that burp, he felt as if all of his internal organs had been through a cleansing. He felt refreshed and incomparably happy! Every breath he took felt like he was in the middle of the forest at dawn, with the cool air entering his nose and to his lungs.

With this burp, the medicinal effect in his body exploded completely. It made its way to every part of his body, energy flowed through it unceasingly!

The medicinal effect was still exploding, and exploding!

Shuhang's entire body started to itch, and the exhaustion caused by hours of refining the medicine had long vanished.

“The Body Tempering Liquid is real!” Song Shuhang had already confirmed that the black medicinal liquid he had just swallowed was without a doubt the genuine Body Tempering Liquid.

The energy in his body was still full, that heat was still exploding and charging his body, to the point that it was overflowing so much so that Shuhang felt like he was going to explode.

At this time, Song Shuhang suddenly had an epiphany. He remembered that in Xianxia novels, when the MC eats a godly medicine he would have a set of fist techniques or something to help him digest the medicinal power.

But he didn't know any fist techniques.

Although he had learnt a bit Taichi from a bored teacher when he was in elementary school, all Shuhang could vaguely remember was 'One big watermelon, cut into halves; half is for you and half is for me'.

Furthermore, he was extremely skeptical of the version of Taichi imparted by that elementary school teacher who taught both math and physical education. Maybe that was XX publishing house's pretend version of Taichi.

"I must release this medicinal power out. Otherwise I might end up the same way Xianxia novels described it and have my body directly explode from the medicinal power?" Song Shuhang felt that he had to work out.

"How about I go out for a run?" Looking at the scorching sun outside, Shuhang felt that this was a terrible idea. But the unceasing charging power and vitality made him feel as if he had to vent it somehow.

Clenching his teeth, he ran towards the track in the school.

Running and running, along the way Shuhang's speed kept increasing. The comfortable feeling increased as he ran. He even had the illusion of his legs floating.

He practically used sprinting speeds to arrive at the school's track.

The weather at this time was so hot that it could turn a man into a dog. Students who were full of vitality would choose to play basketball or something. There was absolutely no one who would choose to make a few rounds around the track in this scorching weather.

On the wide track there was only Shuhang. He unleashed it all, like a mad horse off the reins running on the track. Going faster and faster!

In the end, he felt as if his legs were about to go out of control.

Everytime he turned on the track, he felt as if he was a car drifting!

Although he had already sprinted three whole rounds, which was 900 meters without much effort, he didn't feel the slightest bit tired. Instead, he felt that along with the heat emitted in his stomach, he felt that his whole body was becoming lighter and lighter; the more he ran the more relaxed he felt.

Under the intense workout, even the ice pearl on Shuhang's

chest couldn't maintain his body temperature. Sweat poured out from every pore on his body, and his clothes quickly became wet.

However, it was comfortable!

When a drip of sweat flowed out, he could feel his body become a tiny bit lighter. Every hot breath he released while running, he could feel the innards of his body become more refreshed.

Body Tempering Liquid, this wasn't something that could temper the body just by drinking it and going to sleep. Whenever a cultivator drank the Body Tempering Liquid, they would have a set of martial arts or fist techniques to supplement the digestion of the medicinal liquid, allowing the effect of the Body Tempering Liquid be maximized.

Song Shuhang didn't have a fist technique or martial art like that, at this moment the only thing that suited him was running, madly running!

Round after round, Song Shuhang did not know the meaning of exhaustion.

At the beginning he counted how many rounds he ran, but as time passed, there was no longer the need to.

Because, based on his current state, as long as the erupting medicinal power remained as it is, he felt that he could even run a whole circle around the earth.

In any case, he had to keep sprinting round after round until the medicinal power was no longer overflowing.

Thinking that way, he wondered how many rounds he had run. 30 rounds? 40 rounds? Maybe more.

Song Shuhang finally stopped.

Even after such a long run at sprinting speeds, his breathing was still uniform, without the slightest sign of exhaustion.

Luckily, the medicinal power that kept surging forth in his body had calmed down. The remnants of the medicinal power stayed in Song Shuhang's lower abdomen, and it started to strengthen his body in a gentle fashion.

His clothes were completely soaked, Shuhang straightforwardly took off his sticky shirt and held it in his hands.

Chapter 30: Learning Something In The Morning, Even If Death Comes In The Evening It's Worth It!

At that moment, at block B6 of the women's dormitories.

The position of this block was able to see the school's track perfectly.

“Wahahaha, come look, there's a fool running on the track out in this weather.” A girl with shoulder-length hair laughed out loud.

“Is this a new trick of acting cool by a pretentious bastard to attract innocent girls?” A girl who had a well-developed body was lying on the bed, using a fan to blow away the heat on her body. She truly felt too warm, and couldn't help but think of a certain person...

The girl with shoulder length hair laughed and said, “If it's really someone trying to act cool, then he is really a failure. There are no girls in this world who would find a silly guy like that handsome. By the way, you should come take a look, Lu Fei, this guy seems pretty familiar. Is he from our class?”

“Let me see.” The girl with the great body crawled to the window and looked towards the track.

Soon after, she watched the man come to a stop, take off his shirt and hold it in his hands. He had a muscular back and slim waist,

and all muscles seemed well developed. He looked very strong.

Shoulder-length hair giggled, “Yo, if he didn’t take off his shirt I really wouldn’t be able to tell, this guy’s figure is fantastic. Solely based on that muscular body, it should be able to attract many innocent girls.”

“He’s from our class.” The lady with a well-developed body widened her eyes, she had just been thinking of him a while ago.

What a great figure, full of manliness.

Along with that cool feeling from his body, I should strike before other girls know about his merits, right?!

* * * * *

Song Shuhang looked at his shirt, and realized that there wasn’t just sweat on it, there were also black impurities which were discharged together with his sweat, impurities that would lead to strengthening his body when driven out.

Song Shuhang lowered his head to check his body, as expected, there were also some black droplets of grain-sized impurities.

Body tempering, oh body tempering. It wasn’t just about increasing the body’s strength, it was more importantly about refining one’s body, and removing the impurities.

Next, he moved his hand to rub his abdomen.

Unexpectedly, it was the abdominal muscles he hadn't seen for a long time.

It had already been a year and a half since he last met them, ever since he put his life into revising for university, he lacked training, so his abs faded away, and a little flab replaced it.

But now, just from running a few laps his abdominal muscles once again made their appearance.

Other than this, he had recovered from many little problems on his body, like it was brand new. For example the faint pain from his right shoulder caused by frequently using the computer; the problem with his neck from sitting too much. These problems had been completely eliminated!

Also, Shuhang felt that his vision become totally clear. He originally had a little short sightedness, which was also because he was overly fatigued during his college exam.

However, his shortsightedness was now cured without any operations. He even felt that his vision had become strengthened by a large degree.

As long as he concentrated, he was actually able to see that on the fence 10 meters away from the track, there was dead housefly's.....

legs!

“Calm down, calm down. I should test other aspects, the body’s toughness and endurance obviously increased, now for strength.” Song Shuhang tried very hard to calm down.

But fact was he couldn’t calm down at all. His current state was similar to that of a drunkard. His brain desperately tried to keep calm, but his body honestly divulged how excessively excited he was.

He clenched his fist, and could feel the abundance of strength that had nowhere to be vented on, an impulse to shred tigers and panthers welled up in his heart.

His gaze turned towards the shot put practice field, there were two types of shot put balls.

Shot put balls for school use, men’s are 5kg, ladies’ are 4kg.

Song Shuhang stepped forward, picked up the bigger one and weighed it in his hand, trying to test his current arm strength.

But when he weighed the shot put ball, he was stunned. Is this certainly a shot put ball and not a basketball or soccer ball or something?

His increase in strength was evident.

At that moment, he truly had the urge to throw this shot put ball to see how far he can throw it to, but he forcibly endured his urge. Who knows how far I will end up throwing it to? It'll be bad if I end up causing trouble.

“Merely because of a spoon of medicinal paste, without even considering that it's an inferior good or a possible failure. For it to be able to strengthen the body this much, if one took the complete version of the Body Tempering Liquid, will they become a strong man able to race a horse with their hands, and pull an airplane with their teeth?” Song Shuhang grabbed his shirt, and returned to the dormitory restlessly.

He opened the room door, entered the kitchen, and looked towards the medicinal paste in the hot pot.

“Body Tempering Liquid, a medicine as described, a real body tempering liquid!”

On this day, the man named Song Shuhang was convinced! Completely convinced!

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Ever since he entered Nine Provinces (1) Group, there was Heavenly Tribulation, Spirit Ghosts, Ice Pearls, Soft Feather's

strange strength and the mystical medicinal ingredients he sent, all of these smashed at Song Shuhang's worldview.

While the 'Simplified Version Body Tempering Liquid' gave Song Shuhang's worldview the fatal blow.

4th June, 2019.

On this day, the worldview that Song Shuhang expended 18 years to build was smashed into pieces with a bang, there weren't even any remainders of it left.

A person's view of the world is not something easy to build, but for it to break into pieces, it's this easy.

"Whatever, something like worldview, if it's broken then so be it. Only after it's broken can one see more of this world's truth." Song Shuhang murmured.

At that moment, his open-mindedness showed its use.

He first packed up the remaining 'Body Tempering Liquid' from the pot, without leaving a single drop behind. He temporarily... didn't dare to drink more of this stuff.

Then, he went to take a shower.

When taking the shower, he realized from his image in the

mirror that he was... a lot fairer? His skin, was fair and a little rosy, emitting a healthy luster. His skin was even more moist and soft than young ladies!

Damn, in a while my roommates are coming back, if they see how much I've changed in a single afternoon, how am I going to explain it? Could it be that I have to say I applied a new type of skin whitening cream?

Alright, these things all weren't important.

What's important is... the people in Nine Provinces (1) Group, they're all real cultivators! Aaaaaaaaahhhh!!!

Sure enough, I simply can't stay calm!

How could he stay calm? Whoever that gets into a situation like this wouldn't be able to handle it much better than him.

A chat group that he believed was the gathering of people deeply afflicted by Xianxia chuunibyou, suddenly changed its form. Every single member became real cultivators, and suddenly appeared so formidable and superior.

This was way more exciting than winning a lottery with 5 million.

When compared with 'cultivating', 5 million was indeed no big deal.

Just the two boxes of medicinal ingredients that Soft Feather sent him alone surpassed that amount by far.

What should I do next?

He learnt that ‘cultivation’ truly exists in this world, learnt that mystical herbs truly exist on this earth, learnt that miracle medicines and wonder pills exists, and learnt of the existence of the Nine Provinces (1) Group!

Song Shuhang asked himself what he should do now.

He moved to his computer, and logged into his chat account.

Taking a deep breath, his finger swiped towards the Nine Provinces (1) Group in the chat software. Someone who is unaware has no fear; but once the things learnt pile up, fear could arise. His finger stopped on the Nine Provinces (1) Group’s icon, the meaning of logging in this time was completely different from the past.

This time, the door to break free from the world of mortals was at his fingertip, on this computer’s screen!

He had two choices.

Should he spend his life as an ordinary human being?

Or thoroughly come into contact with the cultivators in Nine Provinces (1) Chat Group, be assimilated into their world, becoming one of them? Setting foot on the dangerous path of cultivation?

Cultivation was dangerous, without mentioning other things, there was somethings like 'Heavenly Tribulation'. At H City, Su Clan's Ah Shiliu's Lightning Tribulation was so frightening, yet it was merely a 3rd Stage – Houtian Lightning Tribulation.

Su Clan's Ah Shiliu had his Senior Ah Qi by his side, but still failed the tribulation and was injured. If there wasn't Senior Su Clan's Ah Qi at the scene, it would be difficult to say if he could survive.

Yet Song Shuhang himself didn't have a strong senior backing him up, supposing he encountered such a scary Lightning Tribulation, he might not even have bones that remains, right?

Song Shuhang hesitated for... only a second!

Soon after, he tapped on the Nine Provinces (1) Group's icon with force.

Chapter 31: North River's Loose Practitioner's Liver Hurts

Even if the path of cultivation would lead him to face a frightening Lightning Tribulation like the Su Clan's Ah Shiliu, so what? If it was an even greater calamity, so what?

Does the answer even need to be said?

Even if there were countless dangers, even if there were all kinds of calamities, even if there was the danger of his body being destroyed and his dao extinguished at any time.

Despite all that, how could the life of being an ordinary human being even compare with living a life of great magnificence?

Learning the truth in the morning, even if death comes in the evening, is it worth it?

It's worth it!

He wouldn't let go of this chance. Unless it's a rotting person awaiting death or a cowardly rat, who would pass up a chance like this?

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It just so happened that there were people chatting in the Nine Provinces (1) Group.

It was Soft Feather, she was narrating her journey in J City to North River's Loose Practitioner; how she met Senior Song, how she found Ghost Lamp Temple, and how she caught the spirit ghost.

Seeing that Soft Feather was online, Song Shuhang's heart suddenly calmed down a lot.

His finger resolutely tapped the Enter button on his keyboard, sending his first message on the Nine Provinces (1) Group.

Mt. Books' Huge Pressure: "Hello Seniors."

A very ordinary greeting, for sure, but for a new member, beginning like this should be perfect, right?

Spiritual Butterfly Island's Soft Feather: "Which Senior has come online? Hello to you too, Senior."

It just so happened that this lady, Soft Feather, was online. To her, everybody in the group other than 'Su Clan's Ah Shiliu' was her senior.

"Ehh? Mt. Books' Huge Pressure?" North River's Loose

Practitioner was quite surprised.

He remembered that a dozen or so days ago, the group leader Mt. Yellow's True Monarch had accidentally added a mortal. But, this person had never said a thing, so North River's Loose Practitioner nearly forgot that there was someone like that in the group.

He originally thought that this person would end up leaving the group very quickly. After all, if one doesn't know that the people in the group are truly cultivators, the chat group's contents would definitely lead one to assume that this is a group of retards, and bring about one decisively leaving the group.

It was unexpected that Mt. Books' Huge Pressure was still here after such a long time. Furthermore, his first message was greeting his seniors. This fella, could it be that he realized something unusual about the group?

Mt. Books' Huge Pressure: "Hi Senior North River's Loose Practitioner. Soft Feather, thanks for your two boxes of medicinal ingredients!"

"Ah ah ah? It's Senior Song!!" Soft Feather quickly replied happily. She had been unable to find out which senior in the group bore the name 'Song Shuhang' in the mortal world, she didn't expect Senior Song to come online today.

Mt. Books' Huge Pressure: "Soft Feather, you should just call me Shuhang. I am just an ordinary person who was accidentally added into the group by Mt. Yellow's True Monarch. The reason why I

was mistakenly added was due to the fact that my chat account number differs from yours by one digit. Mt. Yellow's True Monarch who wanted to add you, added me in by mistake."

"Huh? Only after you, Senior Song brought it up did I realize that my account number differs by just a single number from yours. We're truly brought together by fate!" Soft Feather happily said. It seemed as if this lady wouldn't be able to change from addressing him as 'Senior Song' within a short period of time.

Upon seeing this, North River's Loose Practitioner managed to finally understand what had happened. Soft Feather said she bumped into 'a very kind senior from the group, 'Senior Song' in Jiang Nan, but that senior was actually this person, Mt. Books Huge Pressure.

The dots had also been connected as to why he addressed everybody as seniors upon his first message.

"Little friend Shuhang, since you started to send messages in the group, this means that you were able to figure something out from Soft Feather, correct?" North River's Loose Practitioner added a smiley as well.

Mt. Yellow's True Monarch's divination seems to truly be powerful, a million times better than that slut Copper Trigram's Immortal Master. This little friend sure enough had fate with people in the group. However, why wasn't Mt. Yellow's True Monarch willing to reveal the results of his divination that day?

Spiritual Butterfly Island's Soft Feather: "What was Senior Song able to learn from watching me?"

Mt. Books' Huge Pressure: "To be honest, it does have to do with Soft Feather. When I was helping her look for Ghost Lamp Temple, I was indeed able to sense that she was very different from ordinary people. But, the biggest reason was the two boxes of 'Simplified Body Tempering Liquid' medicinal ingredients she sent that I received today. I tried following Medicine Master's pill recipe once earlier... and also swallowed a mouthful of the resulting medicinal liquid."

"Oh? Could it be that you managed to successfully refine the Simplified Body Tempering Liquid?" North River's Loose Practitioner replied in shock. An ordinary mortal receives Soft Feather's medicinal ingredients, then follows the Simplified Body Tempering Liquid's recipe. Under the circumstances of having nobody to guide him, he managed to refine the Body Tempering Liquid?

Since when did refining pills become so easy?

Or could it be that Song Shuhang possesses incomparably frightening luck, the kind of luck that can go against the heavens?

Luck is an enigma wrapped in a puzzle, surrounded by mystery, yet you can't deny its existence. North River's Loose Practitioner knows of somebody that has luck that could go against the heavens, that person didn't need to do a single thing, if he had no money, he could just go for a stroll, and pick up money until his hands turned numb. Just one trip out was enough to last him a

couple of days.

It was a pity that despite possessing such powerful luck, he didn't have the slightest bit of talent in cultivating. Otherwise North River's Loose Practitioner would've taken that person as his disciple, no matter what.

Soft Feather was equally shocked as she said: "Senior Song, my medicinal ingredients should only have arrived at your place around this afternoon, right? Counting the time, it's only enough time for at most a single cauldron of pill medicine? Could it be that Senior succeeded on his first try!?"

"I don't know if I succeeded or failed... although I followed the pill recipe step by step, when I reached the forty-first ingredient, there was a mishap." Song Shuhang then continued saying, "In the end I only had five spoonfuls or so of Body Tempering Liquid left, I tried some, and my body was strengthened by a large degree. Whether it was vision, body toughness, endurance or strength, everything was increased."

"Having these characteristics, without a shadow of a doubt, your refinement was a success. Even if a mishap happened, at the very worst it would only mean that the Body Tempering Liquid you refined was of a slightly worse quality." North River Loose Practitioner confirmed.

As it's the most basic medicinal liquid, the body usually possesses a very low drug resistance towards Body Tempering Liquid.

So it was different from high-rank pills, it did not have high requirements for quality. Even if the quality of its refinement was low, just taking more of it would bring about the same effect. This was also why despite having only half the effects of the old version of Body Tempering Liquid, the Simplified Body Tempering Liquid was still recognized by everybody in the group.

If it was a high-rank pill, a slight inadequacy in quality would mean the effects would have a world of a difference. Moreover, it was also very difficult to match the accumulated medicinal energy with quantity. The more it's taken, the higher the body's resistance towards the pill would become, overtime, that kind of high-rank pill would have no effects on that cultivators body.

“Actually, I'm even more interested in knowing how many furnaces of Body Tempering Liquid did you, little friend Shuhang attempt refining? How many times did you succeed?” North River's Loose Practitioner curiously asked.

“How many furnaces? It should be just one furnace, because I only have one induction stove.” Song Shuhang candidly replied.

Before he was done speaking, Soft Feather replied at the same time, “If it's the number of times, Senior Song should only have tried it once. Because the medicinal ingredients I sent only arrived approximately five or six hours ago.”

“One furnace, and only one try was needed to succeed?!” North River's Loose Practitioner suddenly felt his knees turn soft, he truly wanted to kneel and cry bitterly. He was a loose practitioner, when he started cultivating, he could only rely on himself.

When he refined the Body Tempering Liquid during that time, how many times did he fail? He could no longer remember! Anyways, he failed many, many times, he failed to the point of losing a fortune before managing to slightly grasp onto the ways of refining Body Tempering Liquid! Although at that time he was refining the old complicated version of Body Tempering Liquid, this comparison was still absolutely dreadful!

By the way, what was that induction stove thing? Is it a new way of refining pills?

Could it be that that girl Soft Feather even sent little friend Shuhang a pill furnace? Is it possible that this new type of pill furnace could increase the chances of succeeding?

When he thought of that, North River's Loose Practitioner tried asking, "Little friend Shuhang, you previously said that you used an induction stove, could it be a new model of pill furnace?"

"Ehh? Is there such a model of pill furnace?" Soft Feather bewilderedly asked.

When he saw Soft Feather's reply, North River's Loose Practitioner felt his mind faintly hurting... he had a premonition that Song Shuhang's next reply would be one that would make him drown in his own tears!

"....." Song Shuhang gazed at the induction stove in his kitchen while his fingers tapped on the keyboard, "Nope, it's just a number

12 induction stove produced by Wei Zhen Company for home-use.”

Chapter 32: Loose Cultivators And Sects

“An induction stove, ...not a pill furnace? The kind used to cook vegetables, that induction stove?” North River’s Loose Practitioner felt his blood pressure soaring.

Embarrassed, Song Shuhang replied, “Yes.”

“Haha, as expected of Senior Song.” Soft Feather chuckled.

“What about the pill cauldron? What kind pill cauldron did you use?” North River’s Loose Practitioner immediately followed that up with yet another question.

“Erm, if the pill cauldron must be mentioned, it should be the hot pot.” Song Shuhang felt a little ashamed. What he did was miles apart from the “normal” Xianxia style, he felt self-conscious.

“Hot pot? What model of pill cauldron is that? No..... wait, first, let me calm down. Don’t tell me that the hot pot is the same pot that is used for steamboat?” North River’s Loose Practitioner forcefully typed out these words.

“Yep, that’s the one.” Song Shuhang confirmed.

“.....” North River’s Loose Practitioner could only send an ellipsis.

In North River's Loose Practitioner's opinion, all these years of pill concoction experience he had accumulated was nothing but a god damn waste. This was this guy's first attempt at pill concoction, yet he managed to refine the Simplified Body Tempering Liquid using an induction stove and a hot pot. Meanwhile, he would still fail an attempt or two for every ten tries.

After a long while, he managed to type out, "Can I use foul language?"

"What the fuck!" Mad Saber Three Waves used it a step earlier.

"What the fuck!" Copper Trigram's Immortal Master immediately followed suit.

"What the fuck!" Drunk Moon Resident Scholar maintained the formation. About Drunk Moon Resident Scholar, he seemed to be someone who often appeared in the chat group, and thus should be a very active senior. But for some reason, everytime Song Shuhang saw this person's message he would feel that the style was very familiar, yet he would forget about it as soon as he turns away.

"Bastards, the three of you have all fucked, now how am I supposed to shout fuck?" North River's Loose Practitioner gloomily continued, "Take a look at my trump card! @Medicine Master, it's about time you step out, Brother Medicine Master!"

"Here." Medicine Master appeared, he had been reading the chat log all this time.

After a long time, he deleted and wrote repeatedly before finally entering a sentence, “Little friend, can you describe your process of refining? Especially the forty-first medicinal ingredient where you said there was a mishap.”

Soft Feather’s eyes shined, “Oh oh oh! Senior Song, I really want to know about this step too, I failed at this step quite a number of times!”

With Soft Feather around, Song Shuhang easily became a part of Nine Provinces (1) Group without any awkwardness. But of course, this also had a lot to do with the fact that he had been lurking in the group for over ten days, and his understanding of the people in the group.

“No problem, I can describe it.” Song Shuhang then said, “I first inserted the ginseng slices, then added a ladle of water.”

“Wait, wait, you added water?” Medicine Master’s hand speed was off the charts, he asked, “Why did you add water?”

“Because if water wasn’t added, the ginseng slices that were inserted into the pot would be burnt to a crisp, right?” Song Shuhang answered, yet in his heart he finally figured out one thing. As he had expected, people in the group don’t add water when refining the Body Tempering Liquid.

“Oh, that’s true. You’re using an induction stove and a hot pot.” North River’s Loose Practitioner lamented. Why was it that ever

since I learned the truth, my liver has been hurting more and more?

Medicine Master quietly nodded, “Makes sense. You may continue, adding water at the first step shouldn’t have much of an effect towards the end.”

As Song Shuhang began to narrate, all of the seniors in the chat group had a scene playing in their minds.

A man with a scholarly temperament named ‘Mt. Books Huge Pressure’ sat upright beside a... induction cooker, placed a hot pot on top of it, then earnestly inserted the medicinal ingredients for Body Tempering Liquid, and began refining the Body Tempering Liquid.

Why was there a strange feeling in their hearts?

What relationship does pill concoction have with an induction cooker and a hot pot!?

Song Shuhang didn’t think about things too deeply, he briefly narrated his refining procedures, and added in his understanding and experiences regarding heat control and time. At the same time, he took the opportunity to bring up several problems he faced when he was refining the Body Tempering Liquid.

Listening to Song Shuhang’s narration, and watching him slowly analyze the pill recipe he modified, Medicine Master felt deeply

gratified, this gave him a feeling as if he made an intimate friend.

“When I inserted the forty-first medicinal ingredient, the Body Tempering Liquid in the pot suddenly released a horrid stench and burning smell, the medicinal liquid in the pot rapidly evaporated. In the blink of an eye it was one-fifth of what it was before.” Song Shuhang then said, “At that point, I was unable to understand the reason why that was happening. I could only guess that it was some kind of medicinal reaction?”

“I’ve also come across this situation, the medicinal liquid very quickly dried up afterwards.” Soft Feather called out.

“This heavenly master is the same.” Copper Trigram’s Immortal Master nodded as he said. They weren’t pill masters, but as a cultivator, it was still no problem for them to refine some ordinary low-ranked pills.

“Because this medicinal ingredient is a catalyst, once it is inserted, it represents the final purification process. Also, if from the earlier stages your control of heat and time are lacking, then when this forty-first medicinal ingredient is inserted, this situation would occur. In order to avoid this, experience must be accumulated, there can be no shortcuts.” Medicine Master replied.

Likewise, if something like that occurs, it can only be solved by experience and discerning judgement.

“Little friend Song Shuhang, how did you pass this obstacle?” Medicine Master curiously asked.

“I saw the medicinal liquid rapidly evaporating, so I first added a ladle of water, hoping to ease the evaporation speed.” Song Shuhang recalled as he said.

“Adding water again? Oh... perhaps this is a good method of slowing the process. What did you do next? Adding water may slow down the process, but it only temporarily treats the symptom and not the root cause.” Medicine Master asked. At the same time, he pondered over the practicality of adding water, however after some thinking he realized that if he met a situation like that, perhaps adding some special medicinal liquid would instead have a better effect at combating the evaporation of the medicinal liquid.

“Then I simply threw in the last four medicinal ingredients in together, and increased the heat to rapidly cook. In the end, the pot lid was blown off, and half a pot’s worth of Body Tempering Liquid turned into approximately five spoonfuls.” Song Shuhang replied.

“Five spoonfuls, if your spoon isn’t the type used for babies, then five spoonfuls is already a lot.” North River’s Loose Practitioner exclaimed. In ordinary circumstances, refining the Body Tempering Liquid results in only three spoonfuls or so.

“How does the medicinal effectiveness compare with before? Oh... I forgot that this was your first time refining the Body Tempering Liquid.” Medicine Master depressedly said, “I will first attempt refining your way, and will express my opinion after getting some results.”

With that said, Medicine Master went offline.

“Haha, when it comes to concocting pills, Brother Medicine Master is always easily excited. Let’s talk about this after he’s done refining, if it is as he said, your way of refining may become the new Simplified Body Tempering Liquid, then whomever uses your way of refining will owe you one. This favor they owe you is simply too wonderful for words for you.” North River’s Loose Practitioner sent a smiley.

Song Shuhang made an appearance in this group, which represented the fact that he wanted to come into contact with ‘cultivation’. Fact was, from the moment he ate the Body Tempering Liquid he refined, he had already taken a step into the world of cultivation.

“Well then, little friend Shuhang, welcome to Nine Provinces (1) Group.” Said North River’s Loose Practitioner, “Originally, these things should be explained to you by the group master Mt. Yellow’s True Monarch, after all he was the one who added you, and he was also the one who chose to keep you because he felt that there was fate between you and him. However, the Great Devil Dog in his home is throwing a tantrum again today, so let me take his place.”

Mt. Yellow’s True Monarch’s home’s Great Devil Dog seems to have character, huh? Song Shuhang thought to himself.

“Since you’ve chosen to embark on the path of cultivation, then there are some things I must inform you of. The path of cultivation isn’t as relaxed as you may think. Within there are countless

dangers, and you may encounter a calamity any time.”

“I understand this to some extent, I saw the Lightning Tribulation at H City from afar.” Song Shuhang replied.

Soft Feather reinforced this by explaining, “The place Senior Song stays at is very close to H City, and also very close to J City.”

“For you to even know about Ah Shiliu’s Lightning Tribulation, seems like you’ve been keeping an eye on us ever since you entered the group?” North River’s Loose Practitioner jested.

“Haha.” Song Shuhang laughed awkwardly. He couldn’t possibly say that he regarded everyone here as people with chuunibyou, and that he acquired pleasure from watching them, right?

“Since you’re already mentally prepared, then I will move on to the main point.” North River’s Loose Practitioner said, “Since little friend Shuhang remains in this group, you evidently want to attain a way of cultivating from us. Therefore, according to our Nine Provinces (1) Group’s tradition, you currently have two choices. Loose cultivation, or join the sect or school of one of the seniors in the group.”

Since Nine Provinces (1) Group had so many people added, they naturally would have a code of conduct. But, a genuine newcomer like Song Shuhang, who had zero understanding of cultivation, was a first to them.

Chapter 33: Cultivation, Is At My Fingertips

Soft Feather immediately broke in with, “Senior Song should join me in Spiritual Butterfly Island, our Spiritual Butterfly Island has ample resources, and powerful cultivation techniques. Moreover, with me there, Senior will be well taken care of!”

“Soft Feather, don’t hurry to interrupt, let me finish speaking.” reminded North River’s Loose Practitioner.

Embarrassed, Soft Feather withdrew.

“What are the differences between the two, if any?” Song Shuhang inquired.

North River’s Loose Practitioner: “Each path has its own pros and cons. But to summarize, a sect provides many more advantages over being a loose cultivator. Therefore, let us first talk about joining a sect.”

“Joining a sect: there will be a specialized master guiding your cultivation, imparting his experience, preventing you from making mistakes during your cultivation, and this alone could save you a lot of time. In addition, as long as you have talent and are diligent, you will not lack resources, techniques, or cultivation caves. To be frank, this choice suits someone who wants to single-mindedly cultivate.” North River’s Loose Practitioner listed off the various benefits of joining a sect.

“However... joining a sect means you would have to abide by the

sect's rules, and serve the sect. After all, nothing can be accomplished without responsibilities or standards. Since you are receiving so much help from the sect, it is only right that you repay them by helping the sect in any way you can. Especially a sect like Great Master Tong Xuan's and some others', the moment you enter you'd have to shave your head, as well as abide by all kinds of Buddhist rules and traditions. In addition, you'd even have to bid farewell to your family in the mortal world, and cultivate hard until your apprenticeship ends. If your luck is bad, you won't be able to see your parents again for your whole life."

When he was young, North River's Loose Practitioner was nearly tricked into becoming a monk, so his hatred towards the Buddhist sects ran deep.

Roaming Cloud Monk Tong Xuan appeared, and sent a naive smile emoticon.

North River's Loose Practitioner immediately supplemented what he said with another line, "Wahaha, actually it's not just Great Master Tong Xuan's sect, all the other sects more or less require you to bid farewell to your parents. After all, sects aren't scattered, they all require their disciples to live in the sect. If one doesn't complete the apprenticeship, they rarely get to move about outside.

Roaming Cloud Monk Tong Xuan sent a grinning emoticon. It looks like this great master's previous naive smile was actually a veiled threat to North River's Loose Practitioner?

"How could something be received without giving anything in

return, this is as it should be.” Song Shuhang understood this logic. In his heart, though, he already knew that joining a sect didn’t suit him.

At least it didn’t suit him currently; he wasn’t prepared to say his goodbyes to his family, and leave his home to go to a specialized place for cultivating. He still felt attachment to the mortal world.

“Senior Song, our Spiritual Butterfly Island provides a lot more freedom in this aspect. As long as you can cultivate to 3rd Stage – Houtian Battle Emperor realm, you may leave Spiritual Butterfly Island for a period of time every year. Furthermore, with me there, I can fight for even more freedom for Senior.” Soft Feather was still trying hard to endorse her Spiritual Butterfly Island.

“Thank you.” Song Shuhang sincerely said.

However, 3rd Stage – Houtian Battle Emperor was really too high of a hurdle.

Soft Feather was labelled a genius in the group, but she began cultivating at a young age and should be in her twenties by now, right? Yet she was merely 3rd Stage – Houtian Battle Emperor level.

Song Shuhang believed that he definitely wasn’t a genius, if he reached that stage only forty or fifty years later, the distance between him and Daddy and Mommy Song may very well be the distance between heaven and earth, right?

“Cough Cough! Let me now tell you about loose cultivators, you should be able to tell, I myself am a loose cultivator.” North River’s Loose Practitioner asserted, “Compared to joining a sect, loose cultivators don’t have a teacher to instruct them in cultivation, they don’t have large amounts of resources, they also don’t have the fortune of using cultivation caves. Everything has to be relied on oneself. Perhaps the only advantage is unfettered freedom.”

In general, loose cultivators have it hard, North River’s Loose Practitioner was considered one of the luckier ones amongst them. When he was younger he befriended the Su Clan’s Ah Qi, and received a lot of care from him. Later, under Ah Qi’s recommendation he joined the Nine Provinces (1) Group. In this group, he was like a fish back in the water. He was already at the 5th Stage – Spirit Emperor’s peak, and was only one step away from advancing to the next stage.

In comparison to being in a sect, an ordinary loose cultivator has no teacher, no resources, no information, no cultivation caves. After cultivating to the 2nd or 3rd stage, they would normally reach their limit, and when their life force is burned out they would return to dust.

“Then where do loose cultivators get cultivation techniques and resources?” Song Shuhang felt that loose cultivators simply have bleak futures.

“Haha, if you hadn’t joined the Nine Provinces (1) Group, I would have recommended that you find sect to join. After all, loose cultivators have it extremely hard, now isn’t like past days, trying to find a medicinal ingredient for concocting pills is way too

difficult. However, Nine Provinces (1) Group is a very special group, the group leader here, Mt. Yellow's True Monarch and several other powerful seniors would help group members out a little."

"You would be able to receive some support from True Monarch and the others. This is also how the seniors in the group help lead the younger generation. Perhaps if ordinary group members require help, if you are able to help, you would receive compensation from helping. Just like this time with Soft Feather, you received two boxes of medicinal ingredients. But, of course, a generous failure lady like Soft Feather isn't often found. You had better not expect to receive this much in rewards so easily every time." North River's Loose Practitioner bantered.

"Senior North River! I'm not a failure!" Spiritual Butterfly Island's Soft Feather sent a furious emoticon.

Song Shuhang's mind supplemented the cute image of this lady pouting, it's definitely very moe.

North River's Loose Practitioner laughed, "Therefore, if you choose to be a loose cultivator, you should appear in the group more often. As long as you are diligent enough, whether it is techniques, pills or resources, you will get all of them, albeit slower than a sect member. To be honest, Nine Provinces (1) Group has already shown the signs of being in the early stages of becoming a sect."

When Song Shuhang received all this information, his heart was set. At least, for now, being a loose cultivator suited him the most.

North River's Loose Practitioner: "Well then, sect or loose cultivator, which will you choose?"

Since North River's Loose Practitioner was done explaining, Copper Trigram's Immortal Master cut in to suggest, "Little friend Shuhang, this matter concerns your future path of cultivation, so you need not make an urgent choice. Calmly consider your options, and prudently choose, so as to avoid the possibility of regretting it in the future."

"Thank you Seniors, I understand. I choose to be a loose cultivator." Song Shuhang had clearly made his choice a long time ago.

"Aren't you going to consider a little further? Once you choose to be a loose cultivator, even if you want to join a sect in the future, you'll face great difficulty." Copper Trigram's Immortal Master reminded him once again.

Under ordinary circumstances, sects don't accept loose cultivators.

All in all, drawing on a sheet of clean white paper is much easier than trying to alter a paper filled with scribbles.

Furthermore, in terms of loyalty, loose cultivators were even more so unable to compare with disciples raised from they were young, there are too many unstable factors.

Therefore, unless it's some loose cultivator with amazing talents or having special abilities in a certain aspect, there were very few sects who were willing to accept loose cultivators.

“Yes, I have thought things through.” Song Shuhang seriously replied. This was his own choice, whether it was good or bad, he would never regret it.

Copper Trigram's Immortal master nodded, and spoke no more.

A moment later, North River's Loose Practitioner replied, “Little friend Shuhang, since you've chosen to be a loose cultivator, what you need now the most is a body training technique and mediation technique of the foundation level. Originally, by our Nine Provinces (1) Group custom, if you want to receive something you must invest your own energy. If there is a senior or fellow daoist in the group that requires help, and you are able to help, then when you complete the fellow daoist or senior's request, you would be able to receive some techniques or manuals you need.”

“However... your case is a little bit special, Nine Provinces (1) Group has never had an ordinary mortal join. Your strength is insufficient, if we don't let you build your foundation, then even if a senior or fellow daoist has something they need help with, you might not have the strength to fulfill the request.”

When all's said and done, those who are in a situation like Soft Feather who only require someone to lead the way is too few. Matters that cultivators require help with are mostly things that

have to do with cultivation.

Song Shuhang sent an embarrassed smile emoticon.

“Therefore, if you don’t mind, I can first pay you a foundation level fist technique and meditation technique in advance. Along with your ‘Body Tempering Liquid’, it would be enough to help you complete a hundred days of building a foundation, and formally enter the 1st Stage – Beyond Mortal Realm.”

“When you are done building your foundation, you would be able to complete some missions given by seniors and fellow daoists. You would also have the chance to compensate me for my advance payment. But of course, what I can give to you in advance is only the most basic foundation cultivation technique.”

North River’s Loose Practitioner added on to his previous statement by saying, “Other than that, if you can get hold of a ‘Qi and Blood Pill’, you can even decrease the hundred-day foundation building time by a large extent.”

Nine Provinces (1) Group was originally a small circle of people helping each other, the seniors would often help the younger generation out. To a cultivator, paying a junior a set of commonly seen foundation building technique in advance was no effort at all.

In any case, Song Shuhang had already joined this group, becoming a cultivator was something that was set in stone.

Furthermore, after North River's Loose Practitioner paid the foundation building techniques in advance, he would be considered half a guide for Song Shuhang. This favor would be something that will be engraved in Song Shuhang's mind for his whole life. As for the other half of a guide, it was naturally the local tyrant, lady Soft Feather who sent him two boxes of medicinal ingredients.

When Song Shuhang read what was being said, he felt a growing warmth in his heart. Even if it was payment in advance, even if it was only the most basic foundation building cultivation techniques, to the current him, it was something he urgently needed.

His fingers touched the keyboard. Next, all he had to do was enter a few words, and the door of 'cultivation' would truly open up wide for him!

At this time, a message popped up in the chat group.

Chapter 34: Medicine Master And Reward

The message was from lady Soft Feather, she volunteered: “Senior North River, about the matter regarding advance payment of foundation building techniques to Senior Song, leave it to me! Although I’m only at the 3rd Stage, imparting foundation building techniques would definitely not be a problem! It just so happens that I want to make a trip to the Jiang Nan Region as well!”

She truly wanted to witness the process of how Song Shuhang utilizes an induction stove to refine the Body Tempering Liquid. More importantly, she wanted to sneak out to play for a few days while daddy wasn’t yet home. As the saying goes, one only knows the taste of something after eating it, this lady was completely enthralled by the mortal world, she was thinking about leaving home every hour and every minute.

The moment Soft Feather sent that message, Mad Saber Three Saves immediately sent a retort, “Obediently wait for me in Spiritual Butterfly Island, I’ll be on my way in an hour, and will arrive at Spiritual Butterfly Island in the evening.”

The one using such a tone of speech was beyond a shadow of a doubt Spiritual Butterfly’s Respected Sage. It seemed like he was still enjoying tormenting Mad Saber Three Waves, and didn’t go home yet.

Soft Feather stuck out her tongue, then lurked, she didn’t dare send another message.

North River's Loose Practitioner sent a smiley, he was teasing Mad Saber Three Waves.

Song Shuhang still maintained a smile as he breathed a sigh of relief, and typed into the chat box, "Sorry to trouble Senior North River, I would accept your prepaym....."

Before he was done typing, again came the ding ding! Another message popped up in the chat.

This time it was Medicine Master, he sent a brief two words: "Let me!"

This message was too difficult to make heads or tails of, even North River's Loose Practitioner wasn't able to understand what he meant.

A long time later, Medicine Master recovered and sent: "Brother North River, please leave the matter of imparting cultivation techniques to little friend Shuhang to me."

Another long time later.....

Medicine Master: "Little friend Shuhang, I used magic to simulate your process of refining the Body Tempering Liquid, in the midst of it, I thought of several interesting possibilities that would be of great help to me for perfecting the Simplified Body Tempering Liquid. Some matters can't be clarified on the internet, so I'm thinking of personally witnessing how you refine the Body

Tempering Liquid once, after that, you could strive to help me perfect the Simplified Body Tempering Liquid's pill recipe. Yep, no matter whether this experiment of mine succeeds or fails, I would give you a rather good reward as a thanks for your trouble. Over here I have a set of body training sword technique and meditation technique."

After a pause, he then sent another message: "My sword technique and meditation technique are also slightly better than Senior North River's."

This was blatant advertising.

"Since Brother Medicine Master intends to guide little friend Shuhang, that would be fantastic!" North River's Loose Practitioner laughed and said, "Little friend Shuhang, you should quickly agree to Brother Medicine Master, there's a free teacher to guide you on foundation building, you mustn't miss this opportunity!"

North River's Loose Practitioner felt that Song Shuhang's luck was definitely out of the ordinary.

Normally, for loose practitioners to become a cultivator, the hardest steps are attaining the 'Body Tempering Liquid' and 'Foundation building'.

Foundation building is difficult because for loose practitioners to enter the door, most of them only inherited one or two scrolls of cultivation techniques, then self-studied to greatness. As they

often didn't have teachers to guide them or possessed incomplete techniques, this led them to easily make mistakes in the foundation building process, wasting a lot of time and effort.

For Body Tempering Liquid, it goes without saying that if they want the Body Tempering Liquid, they would have to gather the medicinal ingredients themselves. Then they most likely would have to refine it themselves as well. This process was arduous, and a certain North River's Loose Practitioner, who lost a family's fortune, didn't dare recall those times.

Yet Song Shuhang had the medicinal ingredients as gift from Soft Feather, then had Medicine Master volunteer to guide him in foundation building as a reward. He bypassed a loose cultivator's two most difficult obstacles easily.

"Thank you both, Seniors." Song Shuhang gratefully said, the people in Nine Provinces (1) Group were sure enough, great people!

Good person cards were sent to people in the group.

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"Shuhang, address?" Medicine Master asked.

Song Shuhang speedily replied, "Jiang Nan Region's Jiang Nan University City, I stay at a student dormitory."

At the same time, Song Shuhang's gaze couldn't help but fall on the small bonsai beside his computer. Inside the pot was a plant that grew curved, like a coiling dragon, at its tip was a row of thorns, its stem was purple-black color.

It's Poison Dragon Grass, Medicine Master previously sent a picture inquiring about this medicinal plant before.

I wonder if Senior Medicine Master still needs this Poison Dragon Grass? Song Shuhang thought to himself.

"Contact details?" Medicine Master asked next.

Song Shuhang immediately sent his cellphone number.

Medicine Master: "I'll arrive tomorrow morning and will look for you!"

Subsequently, before Song Shuhang was able to say anything else, Medicine Master had already gone offline.

I initially wanted to mention the Poison Dragon Grass to Medicine Master, never mind, I'll wait till he comes before bringing it up to him.

"He's coming tomorrow morning?" Song Shuhang pondered, he should have class tomorrow morning, right?

Whatever. If there isn't any other choice I'll just have to ask for another morning of leave. In any case, he had been asking for leave often these days, adding one more morning to the mix is no big deal.

Nine Provinces (1) Group.

Soft Feather who was intimidated away by her father stealthily popped in again: "Senior Song, have you truly decided to take the path of being a loose cultivator? Even if there are people from Nine Provinces (1) Group helping you, being a loose cultivator is very hard."

"This is a way that suits me more for now." Song Shuhang smiled as he replied, "By the way, Soft Feather, now that I think about it, the matter of the two professors getting hospitalized wasn't a coincidence, right?"

"Wahahaha, what are you saying, Senior Song? That was definitely a coincidence, a coincidence! From youth to adulthood, I've never spoken a lie!" Soft Feather replied at lightning speed, "Oh, my eldest senior disciple is calling me, there must be something that I'm needed for. Seniors, y'all have a great chat, I'm going off for now ha~."

As she said that, she didn't give Shuhang any chance to reply, and hastily got offline.

Song Shuhang pinched his chin, "As expected, it wasn't a

coincidence, like I said, how can there be such a coincidence in the world? Both professors were hospitalized due to a leg injury at the same time.”

I feel sorry for Teacher Renshui and Professor Smith, perhaps when I have time in a few days I should pay them a visit.

After all, it was their injuries that allowed him to accompany Soft Feather to Luo Xin Street, that allowed him to receive Soft Feather’s two boxes of medicinal ingredients as a reward, that allowed him to have a chance to have access to the world of cultivation.

With that said, chatting in the group earlier was simply like a dream.

Originally, he imagined that to become a cultivator he would definitely have to go through many tests set by the seniors in the group, then he would have to experience some difficulties of the same level as Tang Seng collecting the scriptures, then he would attain the way to a long life.

[TL: Author is referring to a monk who played the lead role in the novel Journey To The West, where Tang Seng’s goal was to collect some scriptures. The journey was fraught with hardship.]

He didn’t expect that not only would the Seniors not have any difficult test for him, they instead lent their assistance in various ways.

If this was truly a dream, then he sincerely hoped that he wouldn't wake up.

In the Nine Provinces (1) Group, North River's Loose Practitioner sent another message, informing Shuhang, "Little friend Shuhang, if you have anything you don't understand regarding the path of cultivation in the future, do not hesitate to come to the group to ask us."

"You chose to be a loose cultivator, which represents that you don't have a teacher to guide you in your cultivation. So once you encounter a problem you should ask immediately, especially when it comes to cultivation, you must not be shy. Otherwise, if you take one step in the wrong direction, you will end up making more and more mistakes. If it's a small mistake it would just waste cultivation time, if it's a great mistake you may deviate in cultivation and be possessed by the devil, drawing a great calamity to your body."

"Thank you for reminding me, Senior." When talking about problems, Song Shuhang immediately thought of an issue, "By the way, Senior North River, I wanted to ask if it's alright if I gave the Body Tempering Liquid to others for consumption? For example my family? Is this prohibited by the group?"

Song Shuhang wasn't a selfish person.

Body Tempering Liquid's effects were so good, the process of body tempering would also get rid of many problems with the body, so he immediately thought of Daddy and Mommy Song, filial piety is the most important virtue, after all.

“We do not have any such prohibitions, if you have excess pill medicine, you may choose to give it to your relatives. After all, pill medicine and cultivation techniques are different, cultivation techniques must not be rashly divulged, but there are no such restrictions on pill medicine.

North River’s Loose Practitioner followed this statement up with, “However, I have to remind you of something. In this world, medicinal ingredients aren’t as abundant as you might think. In addition, there aren’t many people who are as generous as Soft Feather, it’s very likely for you to be unable to receive more medicinal ingredients in a short period of time. Also, you have thirty-two sets of pill refining medicinal ingredients, even if you succeed every single time, it’s just thirty-two servings of Body Tempering Liquid. This amount is far from enough for what you require to complete the hundred day foundation building.”

He did not dislike Shuhang’s notion of giving the medicinal liquid to his relatives to consume, he even admired that thought.

For him to think of his family and friends the moment he experienced the effects of the body tempering process, a person like that was greatly suited to be North River’s friend. Possessing benevolence, righteousness, generosity and filial piety, these are required for one to be at ease becoming daoist friends with.

When all’s said and done, nobody would like to become life and death friends with someone who repeatedly does evil deeds.

Chapter 35: Do Not Be Embarrassed, Reply To Me Loudly!

North River's Loose Practitioner suggested: "Therefore, I suggest that you stealthily let people close to you consume this only after you have reached a certain level of strength, and have more than enough for your own use. Furthermore, during this process, I need to emphasize a few points."

"Before you have enough strength to protect yourself, try not to let your identity as a cultivator be discovered, to avoid misfortune to you and your family. These aren't just empty words to scare you, because the number of people who were harmed by this issue from ancient times till now is large enough to form a circle around the earth. Therefore, before you let your family and friends take the Body Tempering Liquid, you need to first find a rational excuse to conceal the source and medicinal effect of the Body Tempering Liquid."

Song Shuhang nodded, he understood this point. The heart to harm somebody mustn't be owned, yet the heart to guard mustn't be lacking in vigilance.

"Furthermore, Body Tempering Liquid isn't something that just anybody could consume. Before consuming the Body Tempering Liquid, the person's body must have adequate amounts of qi and blood. If one is too old, and have declined in qi and blood, they absolutely must not consume the Body Tempering Liquid, otherwise they might forfeit their lives. In ordinary circumstances, even when sects give this to their disciples to consume, they would first let the disciples work out for several months or even half a

year, increasing the qi and blood in their bodies to reach its peak before consumption.” North River’s Loose Practitioner patiently explained.

Song Shuhang heard what was said, and couldn’t help but feel at a loss. Daddy and Mommy Song had already passed their years of youth and vigor, their qi and blood had already begun to decline, in that case, wouldn’t they be unable to consume Body Tempering Liquid in any fashion?

“Come to think of it, little friend Shuhang, you consumed the Body tempering Liquid, yet you’re completely fine, you exercise often don’t you?” North River’s Loose Practitioner suddenly thought as he asked.

“Erm... I used to maintain a certain intensity of training. However, due to various reasons, I haven’t been training regularly for the past year.” Song Shuhang was a bit ashamed to admit.

“Didn’t exercise for over a year? Did you feel unwell in any way when you took the Body Tempering Liquid?” North River’s Loose Practitioner was a little shocked. If that was really the case, then Song Shuhang’s body was either ridiculously gifted, or.....

Song Shuhang: “I didn’t feel unwell at all, other than the burning feeling in my throat at the start, all I felt was comfort and abundance of energy.”

“Interesting, little friend Shuhang, I want to ask you a question, don’t be embarrassed and answer me loudly.” North River’s Loose

Practitioner said, “Have you had a girlfriend before?”

This change of topic was really quick, what does consuming Body Tempering Liquid have to do with having a girlfriend?

Furthermore, there’s nothing embarrassing about this question, right?

Song Shuhang replied: “I’ve just entered university a short time ago, and haven’t found one.”

“Which means you’ve never used it(broken your body)? You’re still a virgin?” North River’s Loose Practitioner asked bluntly.

Song Shuhang: “Why is it that the way you ask questions makes me feel as if you’re mocking me?”

“Yo, you’re indeed a virgin. Hahaha, I was just being a little crude, seems like you prefer the more tactful way of enquiry? Then I’ll ask you again.” North River’s Loose Practitioner chuckled: “Have you been like King Kong, striking airplanes at the summit of the Empire State Building for the woman you like?”

[TL: Striking airplanes = wank]

“This is not tactful at all!! That’s an old joke from twenty years ago, any ordinary person would be able to understand it from a glance!” Song Shuhang uttered vulgarities: “Also, why is it King Kong? Senior North River, are you so free to go watch movies?”

“Well, I’m one of the more progressive ones in the group. Answer me, don’t dodge the question, have you been striking airplanes?” North River’s Loose Practitioner said: “Youngster, do not be shy, loudly speak out the answer.”

“No.” Song Shuhang clenched his teeth and typed out a single word. Because of a shameful dark history, it had led him away from imitating King Kong till today. That dark history should not be mentioned, the moment he thinks of it he would feel like rolling on the floor.

“Yo, this young man has a great future.” North River’s Loose Practitioner laughed out loud: “The last question, in your dreams, have you dreamt of grasslands?”

“What?” Song Shuhang was unable to keep up with North River’s Loose Practitioner’s rhythm of changing topics. Previously he was still asking if I’m a virgin, in the next moment he asked about dreams and grasslands, what does this have to do with having taken the Body Tempering Liquid?

“You see? If I really turn tactful, you aren’t able to understand, right? It’s better if I give it to you straight, have you been having wet dreams? You’re no longer young, you’re at the appropriate age for this aren’t you?” North River’s Loose Practitioner was actually still playing crude jokes.

“.....” Song Shuhang truly didn’t want to answer this question, but he still summoned up the courage to reply, “Alright, I don’t

think I've experienced a dream of grasslands. However, my body is definitely healthy, I'm also only eighteen, having that whatever from sometime between sixteen to twenty is normal. Even if I have it a little later it won't be a problem!"

"What are you dragging on and on about? I didn't say your body isn't healthy." North River's Loose Practitioner said, "All I wanted to say is, as I expected, you have yet to discharge your original Yang, and still have a pure and untainted body. Therefore, even if you hadn't engaged in physical activity for over a year, by relying on your pure and untainted body, you managed to overcome it. You should be glad that you hadn't learnt from King Kong before, and didn't discharge your original Yang. Otherwise, your rash action of swallowing the Body Tempering Liquid might have caused your body to explode and then, death. It's a real exploding body, blood will pour out of the body, and 'bang' the body will explode open y'know!" North River's Loose Practitioner laughed as he said.

All Song Shuhang felt at this time was that he really wanted to strangle North River's Loose Practitioner.

"Geez." Copper Trigram's Immortal Master popped out, and deeply sighed, "Actually, little friend Shuhang, although I find it very interesting to watch this fella North River lead you by the nose to reveal all kinds of embarrassing things, I cannot help but to advise you something."

"Don't you know that the chatting software has a function called private message?"

“.....” Song Shuhang felt like crying very much.

* * * * *

After that, Song Shuhang chatted in the group for a little longer, then bade farewell to the Seniors in the group and went offline.

At this time, Copper Trigram’s Immortal Master sent a private message to North River’s Loose Practitioner, “North River, why did you recommend little friend Shuhang to cultivate in the way of loose cultivators? You and I are both began as loose cultivators, as to how difficult the path of cultivation is for loose cultivators, you should know this very well!”

He was fully aware of the difficulties of being a loose cultivator, so he couldn’t understand why North River’s Loose Practitioner recommended Shuhang the way of loose cultivators. Isn’t it better if he directly recommended Shuhang to join one of the group member’s sect?

North River’s Loose Practitioner sighed, “Of course, I cannot be more clear about it, being a loose cultivator is as difficult as going to heaven. If it were possible, I also wouldn’t want to recommend little friend Shuhang the way of loose cultivators.”

Copper Trigram’s Immortal Master creased his brows, “Then why did you still recommend it? In our group there are numerous sects. Besides, many daoist friends in the group possesses high standing in their sects, if they were to recommend him, it wouldn’t be difficult to find a suitable place for little friend Shuhang.”

“Because of his age.” North River’s Loose Practitioner explained, “Don’t forget Song Shuhang’s age. He is already eighteen, to ordinary people, this is still the starting point of life. But to us cultivators, it is already way past the optimal age for foundation building.”

In present day, the publicly accepted optimal age for foundation building is between four and five years old. At that age, the child’s muscles and bones are still soft, more importantly, that mouthful of Xiantian true qi from the fetus would still be there. Once the child succeeded at foundation building, they would be able to absorb this mouthful of Xiantian true qi, laying down a firm foundation for cultivation. With this mouthful of Xiantian true qi, before they hit the 3rd Stage, they practically won’t encounter any bottleneck!

But children of that age range have weak bodies, and their total amount of qi and blood aren’t enough. Therefore, even among the cream of the crop disciples chosen by sects, not every single person will be able to complete foundation building between four to five years old.

Four to five years was the best period for foundation building, while the maximum age cannot exceed eight years old.

Once one passes eight years old, the Xiantian true qi brought out from the fetus would completely dissipate. Once this chance is missed, there will never be a chance to get it back again. Without this breath of Xiantian true qi, even if one builds one’s foundation, cultivation would be fraught with difficulties. The required

amount of time and resources spent on every advancement would be fifty percent or more than those who completed their foundation building before eight.

And Song Shuhang being eighteen years old means exceeding eight by a whole ten years!

Chapter 36: The Young Lady Surrounded By Hoodlums

To cultivators in sects, a person who joins a sect at Song Shuhang's age is a fool, like an ninety year old man who already has one leg in the coffin that wants to go to elementary school. Even if that old man enters the school by making use of connections, how much could he possibly learn? What could he achieve? He doesn't even have a future; who knows whether a ninety year old man will die tomorrow?

Even if Song Shuhang succeed in foundation building, the amount of time and resources his future advancements would require would be fifty percent more than those youngsters who had completed foundation building between the ages four and five.

On one hand is a rapidly improving, low maintenance disciple with unlimited potential.

On the other is someone with difficulty advancing, the high maintenance Song Shuhang with a bleak future.

As long as the upper echelons of the sect don't have brain damage, none of them would waste any sizable amount of precious teaching time and cultivation resources on Song Shuhang.

Also, even if the Nine Provinces (1) Group member who recommended Song Shuhang into their sect can help to take care of Song Shuhang for a while, they couldn't possibly take care of Song Shuhang for an entire lifetime!

Copper Trigram's Immortal Master was left speechless, he didn't think about it as deeply as North River's Loose Practitioner had. All he had thought was how incomparably arduous being a loose cultivator was, and didn't think of how joining a sect wouldn't be any better for Song Shuhang.

"Which is why, it doesn't matter whether it's a sect or loose cultivation, the difference isn't that big to Song Shuhang. Which is why it was best to let him choose. What one chooses himself, even if it's a mistake, nobody can be blamed." North River's Loose Practitioner indifferently said.

As Seniors amongst loose cultivators, all the two of them could do was to try their best to help Song Shuhang when he needed it.

* * * * *

Jiang Nan University City – Men's Dormitory.

Song Shuhang leaned back against the chair, and looked towards the small sealed glass jar on the computer table with the remaining Body Tempering Liquid contained inside. Only by consuming these last few spoonfuls with Medicine Master's foundation building meditation techniques and training techniques would the medicinal power in it be fully utilized.

At this time, a melodious sound appeared, it was his phone's ringtone.

Song Shuhang tapped on the answer button, and Tubo's voice was transmitted, "Shuhang, have you sorted out your two large boxes yet? Come look for us once you're done. Yangde's room has been confirmed! Come over and take a look, then us brothers shall freeload a meal off of him."

"Alrighty, I'll make my way now, send me the address." Song Shuhang replied.

"I'll send it to you via SMS." Tubo ended the call.

After the call was finished, Song Shuhang put down the phone, and his gaze shifted to the balcony.

Perhaps he would require an off-campus apartment like Yangde.

He wouldn't need to stay out, but would occasionally want to concoct pills, or when he wants to cultivate, he'd want a place where he wouldn't get disturbed.

"If I want to rent a house outside, should I get a part-time job?" Song Shuhang was just an ordinary student, and didn't have programming skills like Li Yangde, if he wants to earn money the only option is to get a part-time job.

Come to think of it, how do the Seniors in Nine Provinces (1) Group earn money? They are not isolated from the world, and should require money for day to day life, don't they? At the very

least they need to pay for electricity, internet plans and so on.

While he was letting his imagination run wild, Tubo sent the address as an SMS.

Auspicious Street Block 221D Room 602.

That was a street very close to the campus.

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“Location is good, and close to the school. That brat Yangde has found a good place.” Song Shuhang looked at the map on his phone, and evaluated the address sent by Tubo.

Auspicious Street was an old residential area, because there wasn't much planning when the area was constructed, houses there came in all kinds of styles and sizes. Alleys interweaved each other randomly, and the whole area looks chaotic from afar.

“If it's located here, it should be possible to take a shortcut, saving me a decent amount of time.” When he thought of that, Song Shuhang made his way into an alley, weaving through the alleys like a lively fish.

These remote alleys had long been the gathering point for the

school's hoodlums.

And when talking about hoodlums, the ones that were eliminated totally as a group must be mentioned.

That group of hoodlums that had been cleaned up and beaten to the point even their mothers couldn't recognize them had finally woken up after two days and nights.

After the matter, the school's news club had specially interviewed them as to how they all fainted.

Strangely, these hoodlums racked their brains, yet not a single one could remember what happened then. Their memories of that day were all lost, and they didn't even know why they were in the hospital. From what they could remember, they were smoking in the alley while acting cool, and the next moment they woke up in the hospital, every single one of them was confused as to what was going on.

The hospital was also unable to determine the root cause, and could only diagnose them as collective memory loss. This matter could only be dropped at this point.

This matter had already become one of Jiang Nan University City's new 'Unfathomable Events'.

"Evidently, their memories had been tampered with." Song Shuhang thought in his heart.

If it was only one or two people having fuzzy memories, it may still be assumed that they knocked their heads, causing the memory to be unclear. But tens of people and every single one of them having fuzzy memories? Every single one of them lost their memories of getting put down that day? There is no such coincidence in this world.

Thanks to the matter of those hoodlums getting eradicated, the alleys close to the university that were always full of hoodlums had become much more peaceful; these small alleys were originally their gathering point. In the past, these small alleys were full of these hoodlums, yet these days their numbers had rapidly decreased.

In accordance with that, the public security in the area has improved a lot.

There's a sentence that is written like this: Say fuck, then fuck!

Oh, that's not right, it's 'speak about fuck, and fuck appears'.

[TL: A pun on the chinese version of 'speak of the devil', which is a quote from the novel Romance of the Three Kingdoms: 'Speak of Cao Cao, and Cao Cao appears.' The word 'fuck' in chinese is pronounced as 'cao' as well, but the intonation is slightly different from Cao Cao. FYI Cao Cao is a historical figure, often portrayed as a merciless tyrant, but also a great ruler.]

The word hoodlum had just surfaced in Song Shuhang's mind, and in front of him a pack of hoodlums who were smoking appeared.

A total of seven of them, every single one of them had long hair, dyed in various colors. Ear-piercings, lip piercings, nose-rings were all there. In their mouths were cigarettes, all that was lacking was a label on their foreheads: I am having my rebellious phase in youth, I am a hoodlum.

The seven hoodlums' target naturally wasn't the well-built man that was Song Shuhang. Even hoodlums would rarely choose to provoke someone like Song Shuhang who looks like he would be good in a fight.

The hoodlums currently wore nefarious smiles, and surrounded one maiden. One of the hoodlums, who was about 172cm tall, forced the young lady to back up against the wall and he placed his hand on the wall, slightly above her shoulders.

“Beauty, are you lonely in this place? Do you wanna play with us?”

“Play for free, all kinds of pleasure.”

“It will feel very good, y’know?”

“Us big brothers will accompany you to play too.”

“Around the corner there’s a small but pretty good shop, it’s quite close. I’ll assure you that you’ll wanna play more after trying it once.”

All kinds of teasing, and all kinds of enticing.

Song Shuhang looked towards the young lady who had her back against the wall.

She was approximately 1.5m tall, short hair, a pretty face even without any makeup. Because of her petite figure, she looked like she was just a highschooler. Perhaps her actual age was somewhat older.

A cute and pretty lady, alone in a small alley. It would be weird if these hoodlums weren’t attracted. Which is why ladies shouldn’t wander into desolate alleys on their own.

At this time, the young lady had her eyebrows crinkled, and revealed clear disgust on her face.

On her dainty face, even if it was an expression of disgust, it still looked very cute.

“Yo, you look cute even when you’re angry, will you please let big brother show you both pain and pleasure?” The golden-haired hoodlum showed off an authoritarian evil smile towards the young lady. One of his hands was leaning against the wall, while the other was about to touch her face.

Song Shuhang sighed, he truly could watch no longer.

He rubbed his fists, and took big strides forward.

Because he was just strengthened by Body Tempering Liquid, Song Shuhang had difficulty controlling his speed. Just by using a little force, he ended up scuttling over with a Shuuu sound.

The hoodlum who was in the middle of teasing the lady suddenly felt his eyes turn blurry. Immediately after, Song Shuhang who was about seven to eight meters away suddenly appeared at his side.

Song Shuhang opened his palm with his fingers all spread out, and his broad hand grabbed on to the back of the golden-haired hoodlum's head.

The golden-haired hoodlum was approximately 172cm tall, and Song Shuhang was only slightly taller than him.

“Hey... listen, can't you guys tell that this young lady doesn't want to play with you guys?” Song Shuhang exerted some strength into his hand, and actually lifted the golden-haired hoodlum up by his head.

Wtf! Song Shuhang himself was shocked, he knew that after he underwent strengthening from the Body Tempering Liquid he became a lot stronger. But he had never thought that he could lift a

human being that was over a hundred pounds so easily as if he was just lifting a twig.

Chapter 37: Do All Little Girls These Days All Have So Much Character?

Song Shuhang had initially wanted to just grab the hoodlum's head, and maybe knock on his cute head.

But the current weight he felt from his arm was just like lifting up a wooden stick, which made him feel like he could whirl this grown man like a wind and fire wheel.

How about I whirl him around once to give it a try?

Luckily, he still had a hold of his rationality, and forcefully endured the thought of spinning a circle with his hand; that would be too horrifying, it would frighten kids.

Right now, Song Shuhang understood how Soft Feather felt when she lifted that huge suitcase. Perhaps in Soft Feather's eyes, a hundred pounds is the same as a paper bag.

How scary, I should once again congratulate myself for not thinking with my dick when she straddled me that night. Otherwise... you know?

“Ah ah ah ah.....” The golden-haired hoodlum was frightened upon being lifted up by the back of his head, he frantically swung his legs in mid-air, and emitted frightful cries; anyone who receives the treatment of being lifted by the head would pee from fright.

For a moment he nearly thought he would soar to the skies!

But no matter how the golden-haired hoodlum struggled, that arm grabbing onto his head was like an iron bar, and it didn't slack the slightest bit. He who struggled was like a fish hooked and hoisted into the air, no matter how he swung, he still seemed so pale and powerless.

The golden-haired hoodlums' comrades were also quite shocked, to the point that they stared blankly for a long while before reacting.

"F**k you arrogant bystander, who do you think you are!?" One of the hoodlums shouted.

Although they won't take the initiative to provoke a student like Song Shuhang who looked strong, they would not back down if he struck first.

"F**k your mother, f**k your whole family, trying to be the hero who saves the beauty? You should evaluate yourself." From the left and right two hoodlums attacked Song Shuhang at the same time. One brandished his first, while the other took out a rubber baton.

The two people cursed non-stop, increasing their morale. This was the typical way hoodlums fought, first use intimidation to dominate their opponent, then use numbers to win. When they came into contact with more cowardly opponents, once the opponent gets subdued by intimidation, the next step would be to

have a great time trashing one man altogether.

But today, the two hoodlums' hooting was purely to boost their courage. The opponent was someone who raised Yellow-hair by the head with a single arm! This made their hearts tremble, if they didn't boost their own courage, they might end up being too afraid to make a move.

"....." Having his whole family cursed, Song Shuhang couldn't help but have his face stiffen. It goes without saying that he was a man who loved his family, and always vehemently hated it whenever someone cursed his relatives.

"This is why I dislike you fellas so much, your mouths are too unclean, you curse people's families too much." As he said that, Shuhang treated golden hair in his hands as a weapon, ruthlessly slamming him at the hoodlum on the left holding the baton.

Slam slam..... The two smashed into each other and fell, then rolled to the side.

Because he was pissed off, Song Shuhang used about half of his strength when he threw the golden haired hoodlum. This amount of strength was still ridiculous to ordinary people.

When golden haired hoodlum and baton hoodlum slammed into each other, there was the sound of bones breaking, then the two fell onto the ground and groaned from the pain, it seemed like they wouldn't be able to get up within a short period of time.

Immediately following that, Song Shuhang lifted his leg as quick as lightning, executing the Ball Busting kick at the hoodlum brandishing his right fist.

He was the one to make a move later yet his attack hit first. Furthermore, legs are longer than arms! When in a fight, using kicks is more advantageous than using punches!

Ball busted.....

The hoodlum whimpered, then fell and rolled on the ground while gripping his balls. His eyes were like a collapsed dam, and tears poured out non-stop.

“Oops... I became stronger, and control my strength on this kick, it wouldn't really burst, right?” Song Shuhang softly said.

In a blink of an eye, three of the seven hoodlums were already down on the ground.

The remaining four couldn't help but swallow their saliva, their morale fell to rock bottom; they often went through battles, having a fight was nothing out of the ordinary for them, so they developed good judging skills.

This man in front of them was definitely tough like a hearts and arrows diamond, even if all seven of them were unharmed instead of four, it would still be impossible for them to be this fella's match. Furthermore, this opponent's way of attacking was

incredibly sinister, the four men looked at their comrade wailing on the floor while covering his stuff, and felt as if their balls were faintly hurting as well.

Song Shuhang's gaze swept over the four hoodlums, seeing that they didn't dare make a move and had cowardly expressions, he too lost interest in beating them up. Hence, he gloomily said, "Get lost."

The four men clenched their teeth, picked up their three fallen comrades, and fled the scene.

A true man is flexible, they "scrammed" today in order to stay alive and come back for revenge when they become stronger.

"Brat, you better remember this, don't let me see you again, otherwise I'll show you what's what!" After fleeing a certain distance, the seven hoodlums didn't forget throw this line to save face.

This is called trying your hardest despite definite loss.

Song Shuhang sneered, rubbed his fists, then slapped on it loudly.

The seven hoodlums' expressions changed, and they sped away.

"Really, something like a whole gang getting exterminated just happened, they didn't learn a thing. Maybe some day they'll

provoke someone and end up having a whole gang exterminated again.”

Next, he looked towards the young lady who leaned against the wall.

The young lady stood up straight against the wall with an indifferent expression and ice-gold gaze. There wasn't any fear in her eyes, and she didn't have any intention to thank Shuhang.

“Are you alright?” Song Shuhang politely asked. The young lady remained indifferent, and Shuhang didn't like being treated with cold rebuke after showing sincerity, so he just casually asked with courtesy, then turned to leave.

The short haired young lady swept a glance at Song Shuhang.

“Hmph, busybody.” She coldly sneered, then arrogantly turned and left like a proud cock.

Song Shuhang, “.....”

What on earth was that?

Do young girls these days all have such attitudes?

In the end, Song Shuhang was a good person who doesn't seek to offend, so he just laughed at himself.

“Oh crap, I forgot that I’m in a rush. If I’m any later they might start the freeloading without me, that’ll be a great loss.” Song Shuhang quickly went towards Li Yangde’s off-campus apartment... things like freeloading, he loves it the most. Whether it was freeloading books or freeloading food!

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Auspicious Street Block 221D Room 602, standalone apartment, 70 sqm or so. To a computer nerd like Li Yangde, this was the perfect size.

Tubo welcomed him, “Shuhang, you’re so slow! Don’t tell me you were a hero saving a beauty on the way here, excuses like that are so old that teeth would’ve dropped.”

“You really hit the mark, I was really saving a girl, and she was quite pretty, but she had too much attitude.” Song Shuhang laughed, then looked around the apartment, “Yangde, how much is the rent here?”

He also wanted to rent a place outside the campus, so he wanted to know the market price.

“Student price, 5000 to rent for a year. Utility bills are paid myself, and everything must be paid in full.” Li Yangde answered,

to be able to rent a place so near to the school at such a price was extremely lucky.

“It’s honestly pretty good.” Song Shuhang nodded.

Tubo interrupted, “Let’s go to Ah Shun’s Stall, I’ve already booked a table, today is Yangde’s treat, we must make this meal worth it.”

“Speaking of food, my appetite today is especially good.” Song Shuhang nodded, perhaps it was because he expanded energy consuming the Body Tempering Liquid, right now he felt he could eat a whole cow himself.

Later on, Song Shuhang had a great time eating.

His three other roommates were dumbstruck as they watched..... the Shuhang in their memories was never this good at eating, was he?

Chapter 38: The Way A Cultivator Opens Doors

4th June, night time.

Song Shuhang was suffering from insomnia, he couldn't sleep. Perhaps it was due to the fact that he would be able to meet Senior 'Medicine Master' tomorrow. He would learn the foundation building meditation technique and the body refining sword technique; and he would also begin his hundred days of foundation building journey. So maybe these made his heart excited beyond measure?

Or was it because of the Body Tempering Liquid? Having his body strengthened, maybe his requirements for sleep were no longer the same. Which was why he couldn't sleep?

In any case, he couldn't sleep.

His three roommates were already snoring in their sleep, yet he still tossed and turned restlessly.

Even with his eyes shut, his mind was still clear, and fully active.

When he felt like his eyes had been closed for a long period of time, he turned on his cellphone to check the time, and only five minutes had passed.

“This night is going to be hard to get through.” Song Shuhang sighed.

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5th June, clear weather, high temperatures as usual.

After a whole night without sleep, Song Shuhang couldn't help but to feel a little dispirited. This feeling of exhaustion didn't come from his body, the fact was, he didn't feel sleepy at all, even though he hadn't slept for the entire night.

It was just he had spent eighteen years as an ordinary person, after he spent a night without sleep, he felt as if he was doing something overnight, and felt tired in terms of spirit.

Song Shuhang had four classes this morning, and brought his phone with him. This time, he remembered to charge it fully, so as to avoid the situation where Medicine Master couldn't contact him.

As he awaited expectantly for a call, the first two classes quickly passed; yet Medicine Master hadn't contacted him.

Waiting for something expectantly is torture, the phrase 'a single day dragging on like a whole year' wasn't even enough to describe how Song Shuhang currently felt.

The third lesson was university english.

When it was still the break-time between classes, Professor Smith had already rushed over with his crutch.

This strict old man absolutely didn't permit students to be late, and didn't allow himself to be as well. He was someone who treats others strictly, but treats himself with several times the harshness he expects from the students.

It has been said that after he was bitten by his beloved pet dog and sent to the hospital three days ago, the moment he got out of the hospital last night, he had that beloved pet dog sent to the butcher and turned into stew.

This is called the deeper the love, the deeper the wound. As a result, he probably couldn't tolerate the dog's betrayal.

Song Shuhang looked at this old British man who had perfectly combed hair, and couldn't help but feel apologetic.

According to Soft Feather, she had already provided compensation to the pitiful Professor Renshui and Professor Smith, as to what that compensation they specifically received, Song Shuhang didn't ask.

"It's such a pity, Professor Smith was actually discharged. I thought he would stay a little longer in the hospital." After Tubo

saw Professor Smith, he felt his scalp tingle.

His English results weren't good, and add to that Professor Smith's inflexible character, he had a lot of difficulty dealing with him.

Tubo asked, "I need to reposition further back, what about you, Shuhang?"

"Same here, I need to reposition." Li Yangde nodded and said.

Unlike Tubo, his English grades were exceptional, all of the main points in class were understood by him a long time ago. Therefore, when it came to English classes, he could hide at the very back to ponder over the computer program he was writing.

"I'm going to accompany Yayi over, she wants to reposition as well." The last roommate, Gao Moumou pushed his glasses up and said with a smile.

Gao Moumou's surname was Gao, first name MouMou. Just like Tubo, his name belonged to the category of 'a name no parents should have chosen', he possessed vehement hatred for his name.

[TL: Gao = Tall/High, Moumou = So-and-so]

There happened to be a similar case of something like this

happening; when he was young he stole his identification documents and ran to the local police station, trying to change his name. It's a pity, he didn't succeed as well, because his name was currently still Gao Moumou.

That year, he had to pay a miserable price for his deeds like Tubo, he even had it worse than Tubo.

This is because the price Tubo had to pay was just a beating from his father. Meanwhile that year, Gao Moumou had both his father and mother beating him up, to the point he bitterly wailed. He wasn't even able to get off his bed the next day.

Yayi, who he had mentioned, was his girlfriend. She was only 1.43m tall, a petite little lady, and very cute. But it's a wonder how Gao Moumou could bear to make a move. That girl simply looked like a junior high school student, or even a primary school student. Other than lolicons, regular men would find it difficult to be interested in a girl with this appearance, right?

This guy is actually a lolicon isn't he, which is why he looked for a legal loli to be his girlfriend.

"This can't be, the whole platoon is repositioning?" Song Shuhang sighed, then began to pack his books, about to join his roommates.

At this moment, Tubo grinned and grabbed onto Song Shuhang, "Shuhang, it'd be better for you if you stayed here and listen to the class seriously."

“?” Song Shuhang was puzzled over what Tubo meant.

“Seize the opportunity, haven’t you been saying that you want to find a girlfriend in university?” Li Yangde whispered into Shuhang’s ear, naughtily raised his brows, with a ‘you know’ expression.

“You need not thank us, you can call us the living Lei Feng.” Gao Moumou coolly said.

[TL: Lei Feng was a soldier of China, Lei was portrayed as a model citizen, and the masses were encouraged to emulate his selflessness, modesty, and devotion to Mao. After Mao’s death, Lei Feng remained a cultural icon representing earnestness and service.]

After that, the three roommates left one after another.

Song Shuhang was left alone, unable to make heads or tails of what just happened.

A long time later, Song Shuhang turned his head to his side, and what he saw left him not knowing whether to laugh or to cry.

By his side, that girl with a well-developed body sat one seat’s space away from him. When she noticed that Shuhang was looking at her, her eyes squinted and she revealed a sweet smile.

These three fellas must be misunderstanding something, right?

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On the other hand, the three roommates had already squeezed together at the back of the classroom.

Tubo wiped the sweat off his forehead, “I’m feeling hot like a dog, why is it so hot? I definitely felt cool earlier?”

“It can’t be that you’ve never noticed this all this time, right?” At this moment, Gao Moumou pushed his glasses up on his nose, and said in a manner as if he was possessed by Detective Conan, “It’s because we left Song Shuhang’s side.”

“What does this shit have to do with Shuhang? Are you implying that he control the temperature?” Tubo fanned himself with a book as he cursed.

Gao Moumou made a profound conjecture, “Of course he can’t control the temperature. However, I’m not sure as to why, but that fella Shuhang seems to be emitting cool air, like a human air conditioner. I’m on the verge of suspecting that he’s been bringing blocks of ice with him.

“Hearing you say that, that seems to really be the case. Furthermore, haven’t you guys noticed that this fella Shuhang has turned a lot paler? I don’t think he was this fair yesterday morning, was he? He seemed to have turned a lot whiter after the three of us spent half a day looking for an apartment?” Li Yangde set up his tablet, and boldly said.

“Yangde, you can’t possibly be a homo, are you? You even noticed something like Shuhang’s skin turning whiter?” Tubo used a wacky voice to speak.

“Tubo.” Li Yangde grinned, then said, “Do you still want to keep the contents stored in the five virtual disks in the ‘Study videos’ folder of your F drive?”

“Big brother Yangde, I was wrong.” Tubo immediately knelt, that was his treasure he slowly accumulated during his three years of high school. To think of it... if it’s just about the F drive that’s fine, but how does Yangde know so clearly about the five virtual disks? Holy shit, does privacy still exist? Programming nerds mustn’t be offended...

“Let me think, this brat might have used some skin whitening cream, right? As for the reason why he’s using cosmetics... should be because he’s in love, right?” Gao Moumou continued to unravel the mystery, he pointed at Song Shuhang and the girl, Lu Fei, “I’ll bet a hundred... hairs! There must be something going on between the two. I’ve already noticed this before, for all the classes yesterday, lady Lu Fei would find a way to always sit beside Song Shuhang.”

“Sure enough, giving the two of them some personal space was the right decision.”

“Once the matter is sealed, Shuhang must treat us to a meal.”

The three roommates secretly nodded, while trying to reanimate the expression of Lei Feng, the feeling of achievement while hiding their meritorious deeds.

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It was a pity that things are usually idealistically full, yet realistically empty.

Song Shuhang didn't think about having a relationship with this girl at all. He frequently checked his phone, expectantly awaiting Medicine Master's arrival.

His mind was filled with cultivating, meditation techniques and the hundred days of foundation building.

On the lecture platform, Professor Smith wrote a chain of words on the blackboard. Perhaps it was because of his age, despite the presence of numerous high-tech equipments to aid teaching, he still preferred to use the primitive blackboard.

The lecture room was absolutely quiet, if you don't like Professor Smith's class, you may lie on the desk and sleep, he wouldn't force every single person to listen to his lecture seriously. But if anybody dares to make noise and disrupt his lesson, then that person can forget about their course credits for this semester.

Since they came here for lessons during the term, that represents that they want the course credits. Nobody would shy away from their own course credits, in the worst case they could just lie down and sleep.

Kacha! Bam Bam!

Strange sounds abruptly resounded, it was extremely prominent in the silent lecture room.

Everybody's sights fell onto its source, the lecture room's entrance.

They watched as the originally locked door seem to receive great stress, the screws for the lock slowly popped out of the wooden door.

With a crack, the lock was blown off.

It was like someone from the outside had used a battering ram, the whole lock was blown away. It looked very exaggerated!

Chapter 39: Don't Worry, Just A Broken Leg Would Suffice!

In everybody's view, the lecture room door was opened. A tall and lean man appeared in the doorway, and was in the midst of making a door pushing action.

The man was approximately 1.8m tall, with a mohawk hairstyle that raised towards the sky, this type of hairstyle was top notch even amongst visual kei hairstyles.

His eyes had deep dark circles, this seems to be called smoky-effect makeup? It was very fashionable years ago, there was a beautiful world-class celebrity with this style as her signature.

Everybody in the lecture room stared at this man, with nary a blink.

Embarrassed by their gazes, the man scratched his head, and said with a smile, "You're in the middle of a lesson, huh, my apologies for disturbing all of you."

"Who are you?" The chalk in Professor Smith's hands snapped into pieces, the professor was incredibly angry, there would be serious consequences!

"Caucasian?" The tall man waved his hand, "Go stand at a side for now, I'm looking for someone and will leave after that. I won't be bothering you guys for much longer."

The veins on Professor Smith's forehead popped up, he was about to give this lean and tall man a taste of what he's made of.

But after the tall and lean man waved his arm, Professor Smith suddenly discovered that he couldn't move, it was like he was fixed in place. It wasn't just his limbs, even his mouth and tongue were immobile. Even his eyes couldn't move! In the end, even his thoughts began to freeze.

The visitor then looked around the lecture room, seemingly looking for someone.

All of the students stared at him, stupefied.

The only exception was Song Shuhang, who was looking at the lock that was blown away when the door was being 'pushed open.' He had a premonition that someone who could blast away a lock just by opening the door definitely wasn't an ordinary human being.

At the very least, it had to be a cultivator who had ingested the Body Tempering Liquid before, to be able to do this.

This guy, he can't possibly be Medicine Master, right?

Shuhang immediately shook his head in rejection of that idea.

It can't be, it definitely can't be! Senior Medicine Master from the Nine Provinces (1) Group, although he rarely speaks, it can be seen that he's a reliable senior, how could he possibly be this visual kei in front of my eyes?

Regretfully, in life, what you're afraid of always comes true.

“Little friend Song Shuhang, come on out, I'm Medicine Master!” The tall and lean man's gaze was fixed on Shuhang. He laughed out loud and waved.

Immediately, all of the students looked at Song Shuhang.

Their gazes were sharp and complicated.....

Song Shuhang covered his face with his hands; these days would be difficult to pass.

Also, why does Medicine Master know he's here without even making a call? Could it be that he used some magic to locate his position?

In the end, Song Shuhang still endured the embarrassment and walked over.

“Teacher, I'm requesting leave for two lessons.” Song Shuhang said to Professor Smith in an embarrassed manner.

Professor Smith didn't even blink, as of that moment his thoughts were already frozen. When he returns back to normal, he would only feel like he was blankly staring at something for a moment... he wouldn't even realize that there was a student who left right in front of him.

"What are you uttering so much rubbish for, quickly, come with me." Medicine Master dragged Song Shuhang away.

"Tubo, help me pack my textbooks." Song Shuhang shouted at Tubo who sat all the way back, and was dragged away by Medicine Master.

At the back of the classroom, Tubo was puzzled, "It can't be another courier delivery guy, right?"

"Doesn't seem like it." Gao Moumou pushed his glasses, "Come to think of it, that person the last time didn't seem like a courier either."

Along the way, Song Shuhang asked, "Senior Medicine Master, how did you find me?"

"Cellphone location services, as long as I input your number, I can locate your position. Then all I need to do is to check who in the lecture hall had experienced 'Body Tempering'. With that, I'd know which one is you. After using the Body Tempering Liquid, the difference between you and ordinary mortals is very obvious." Medicine Master boastfully/proudly said.

Song Shuhang's delusions were once again torn apart. So it was a cellphone function, and not the use of magic that allowed him to locate me from miles away?

But thinking about it, doesn't he require my permission from my phone before being able to make use of that location sharing function? Could it be that Medicine Master is also a top class hacker or something, able to bypass the need for permission from my phone and forcefully obtain my location?

Song Shuhang said, "I never expected you to dress so fashionably, Senior Medicine Master."

"Fashionably? Which aspect are you referring to?" Medicine Master was puzzled.

For example, your mohawk hairstyle? Said Song Shuhang

"Oh, you mean this. This is actually because I used a flying sword to fly directly from Hai Bei Province to the Jiang Nan Region, I went over two provinces. Adding to that the stronger winds at high altitudes, my hair was blown till it became like this." Medicine Master said with an embarrassed smile.

"....." Song Shuhang remained silent for a moment, but he didn't give up and said, "Then what about Senior's smoky effect makeup?"

"Smoky effect makeup? Oh oh, I know about this, my disciple

often brings this up, there's a celebrity named Avril, a little girl who uses that type of makeup, right? But this isn't smoky effect makeup, this is just ordinary dark circles. As a pill master, we often spend entire nights to concoct pills, sometimes I don't eat or sleep for weeks. Over time, these dark circles developed. Because I've still been spending over ten days to refine them frequently, these dark circles didn't fade away. Perhaps I would need to make a breakthrough for these dark circles to disappear." Medicine Master heartily laughed.

In his heart, Song Shuhang could only feel thousands of 'grass mud horses' galloping everywhere.

[TL: 'Grass mud horses' is a form of cursing in chinese.]

Compared to the Medicine Master whose words were as rare as gold, the Medicine Master in reality was very chatty, loves to laugh heartily, and very open. His previous image was completely wrecked.

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Males' dormitory.

"This is where you stay, huh, where's the pill refining room?"
Asked Medicine Master.

“Pill refining room..... this is as close as it gets.” Song Shuhang pointed at the kitchen.

“Isn’t this the kitchen?” Medicine Master kneaded his brows, “That’s right, you said before that you used an induction stove and a hot pot to refine the Body Tempering Liquid, so it could only be the kitchen.”

The kitchen huh, sigh. Medicine Master suddenly felt very melancholic, and involuntarily made a deep sigh.

But he very quickly lifted his spirits back up.

“Little friend Shuhang, can you refine the Body Tempering Liquid for me to see?” Enquired Medicine Master.

Through a way similar to pill refining, he simulated the process Song Shuhang experienced yesterday when refining the Body Tempering Liquid yesterday. This gave him some interesting findings by accident.

But simulating was just simulating after all, there were many details that were neglected. So he wanted to personally witness Song Shuhang refine the Body Tempering Liquid once, to confirm some details.

“Right now?” Song Shuhang looked at the time, the third lesson was already more than half done, it was already past 9.30.

“Is there a problem?” Medicine Master asked doubtfully.

“There doesn’t seem to be enough time, another half an hour later, the morning classes would come to an end. After that, it would be lunch time.” Song Shuhang explained.

“Oh, I nearly forgot, ordinary mortals need to eat. So troublesome, if it’s cultivators, a pill would be enough to solve these trivial matters.” Medicine Master murmured, then asked again, “Then does little friend Shuhang have time in the afternoon? How about we both try refining Body Tempering Liquid at the same time during the afternoon?”

“Afternoon... I still have lessons?” Song Shuhang said; actually he could take leave, moreover he had already prepared the procedures for taking leave.

“You have lessons? I nearly forgot that you’re a student. So, who is your teacher for your afternoon class?” Medicine Master asked in a natural manner.

This question, it doesn’t give me any peace of mind!

“Senior, forgive me for asking. Although I believe Senior is an upright person, I still have to ask this. Senior, you aren’t planning on sending the teacher for my afternoon lessons to the hospital, right?” Song Shuhang seriously asked; the damage done by Soft Feather was just recovered from yesterday! No, it was practically yesterday night.

“Ahahaha, you’ve thought of this idea too? It’s a great idea isn’t it, as long as your teacher is sent to the hospital, you would have free time in the afternoon, right? Don’t worry, I can control the severity of the damage done, just a broken leg would suffice.” Medicine Master said as if it was a matter of course.

Sending someone’s teacher to the hospital with a broken leg without even batting an eyelid, is this a fine tradition of the Nine Provinces (1) Group?

Chapter 40: This Is A Pretty Fine Poison

Dragon Grass

“Please refrain from doing that.” Song Shuhang immediately protested, “Three days ago, Soft Feather sent two teachers to the hospital and one of them is still being treated there. The other one is the English professor with the cane that Senior saw just now. Senior, if you too were to send another teacher to hospital, anyone would think that something supernatural is going on.”

“Huh? Soft Feather did it already? Tch That complicates things. If I send another teacher to the hospital, I’ll appear too violent.” Medicine Master pinched his chin, with a regretful expression, “What a pity, this brilliant scheme had already been employed by someone else.”

Song Shuhang continued to speak, “To add to that, this isn’t a good place to refine the Body Tempering Liquid. My roommates could come back at anytime. If they find out that they reason you dragged me here from the classroom was to refine some so-called medicinal pills, they’ll definitely send us both to the Da Shi Shan mental hospital.”

There was no need to question the extent of the “good guy” streak his friends possessed; they would definitely do such a thing.

Medicine Master sighed. “That’s why normal people are so troublesome. Little friend Shuhang, why not discard the mortal world and come join the sects in our group. All of the sects in the chat group are pretty good, and can be ranked highly in Huaxia. For example, Da Luo Sect, World’s Edge Roaming Cloud Temple,

Spiritual Butterfly Island, Mysterious Yellow Sword Sect are all very famous names.”

“I will think about it.” Song Shuhang replied. Perhaps, one day in the future, he will choose to enter a sect, but now wasn’t the time.

Following the sayings of cultivators, since he hadn’t cut ties with the mortal world and his thoughts were not clear, he was not yet suitable to join the cultivators’ sects and focus on cultivation.

“Anyway, are you truly not free this afternoon? If you really can’t make it, how about I just create some incident so that the whole school will cancel classes? That way, we can avoid rousing any suspicion,” Medicine Master very calmly offered a suggestion that would make people’s hearts quake.

“Senior Medicine Master, please absolutely refrain from doing such a terrifying thing,” Song Shuhang said sternly. “I just need to take a day off. I’ve even prepared the leave of absence slip.”

“If you take leave, won’t that affect your studies? Will you be able to catch up with other students?” Medicine Master asked anxiously.

Comparing the progress of my own studies to a schoolwide accident, I wonder which one is more serious?

“Please relax, for the few classes I miss, I can catch up by just borrowing notes off a random classmate. Recently, I’ve put a lot of

effort into studying.” Song Shuhang promised.

“That’s great. Then, let’s find a place to refine medicine so we can start work on the Body Tempering Liquid!” Medicine Master said.

“How about we leave the school to see if there are any apartments for rent?” Song Shuhang replied. He had originally planned to rent a room anyway so he might as well take this opportunity to do it.

“Yes, that makes sense. We definitely need to rent a house. I might stay over here for a few days which wouldn’t be pleasant without a place to rest.” Medicine Master nodded and said. “Well then, shall we set off now?”

Medicine Master was an impatient man. This characteristic was the same in and out of the chat group.

“Okay, let’s go,” Song Shuhang said as he dug out his wallet and credit card.

When he was retrieving his wallet, he saw the pot of Poison Dragon Grass next to his computer.

So he raised his voice and asked, “Senior Medicine Master, previously in the chat group you mentioned that you were collecting Poison Dragon Grass, do you still need any now?”

“I bought some from my friend in the group but their quality were very average, not all that great. It falls somewhat short of the quality I need for my experiments so I can only make do and proceed first. You have some Poison Dragon Grass?” Medicine Master queried.

“Yeah, right here.” Song Shuhang pointed at the Poison Dragon Grass next to his computer.

To tell the truth... Song Shuhang’s luck was truly extraordinary. Fifty-six years ago, the thing that Spiritual Butterfly Respected Sage used to maintain the array was precisely the Poison Dragon Grass. If it had been some other medicine, Medicine Master definitely wouldn’t lack it.

Only now did Medicine Master discover the pot of purple-colored Poison Dragon Grass. “Interesting! I’ve been in this room for quite a while yet I didn’t notice this Poison Dragon Grass!”

One must know that Medicine Master has been handling medical ingredients for more than five hundred years. No matter deep in the mountains or ancient forests, as long as spirit medicines grow, he can find those herbs even with his eyes shut. But this bundle of Poison Dragon Grass had been displayed for so long next to Song Shuhang’s computer yet from the moment he entered the room till now, he hadn’t noticed it.

What peculiarity does this Poison Dragon Grass have?

When his train of thought flowed to this point, Medicine Master

stepped next to the Poison Dragon Grass and carefully observed it.

Sniff sniff, pinch pinch, pull off the tip of a leaf to taste.

“Not bad at all, this bundle of Poison Dragon Grass has been growing in a place abundant with spiritual energy for at least fifty to sixty years and been used as to maintain an array as the eye. Its quality is best amongst the best. Because it had been used to maintain an array, it seems to have developed some mutations, gaining the ability to conceal its presence. This is why I couldn’t detect it initially,” Medicine Master smiled. This kind of quality was exactly what he was looking for. Moreover, the grass had mutated so it was quite valuable.

Song Shuhang asked, “Does this Poison Dragon Grass conform to Senior’s needs?”

“It’s exactly what I need... then, are you intending to sell this Poison Dragon Grass to me?” Medicine Master gazed at Song Shuhang, with a smile he said, “However, I need to make this clear to you first. In itself, the Poison Dragon Grass is a comparatively precious medicinal ingredient, while this particular Poison Dragon Grass is of even greater value than the usual. For example, the value of the two chests of medicinal ingredients that Soft Feather sent you combined wouldn’t be a tenth of this Poison Dragon Grass. Therefore, are you sure you want to sell it to me?”

“There’s no real point in me keeping it anyway. Besides, were it not for Senior sending out the modified pill recipe for Body Tempering Liquid for free, I wouldn’t have the chance to truly come into contact with cultivation.” Said Song Shuhang.

Medicine Master shook his head, “Even if you didn’t have my pill recipe, as long as you stayed in the Nine Provinces (1) Group, it would only have been a matter of time before you truly came into contact with the truth of ‘cultivation’. Also, that pill recipe’s value varies from person to person. However, as you’re just a loose practitioner in the early stages of cultivation, you only have yourself, that pill recipe definitely can’t compare with the value of this Poison Dragon Grass.”

Medicine Master carefully raised up the pot containing the Poison Dragon Grass, then his hands came together and the Poison Dragon Grass disappeared.

Song Shuhang cocked his head in curiosity and asked, “Space ring? Storage bag?”

“It isn’t anything like those expensive space equipment, that sort of space equipment deals with space rules, a fifty cubic meter storage bag would require all of my assets.” Medicine Master laughed out loud and said, “What I have is merely something similar, an inferior space magic. It’s a ‘medicinal field’ that every pill master must master. This method can only be used to transfer medicinal ingredients, nothing else can be transferred in. When you cultivate up to the fourth stage or above, you should also learn this little trick, it’s very easy to grasp.”

Song Shuhang nodded as he seemed to understand but also seemed to not understand.

“Come to think of it, I initially wanted to just find some inspiration from you to perfect the Simplified Body Tempering Liquid. Then while I’m at it, teach you the basic sword technique, meditation technique and how to complete your hundred day foundation building. I didn’t expect that you would actually prepare such a big gift for me. Like this, I’m too embarrassed to teach you the meditation technique and basic sword technique I had initially prepared.” As Medicine Master said that, he took out his phone, and logged into the Nine Provinces (1) Group.

He wasn’t someone who would take advantage of a junior. Song Shuhang had given him a high grade Poison Dragon Grass, so he intended to get him two techniques of higher quality..... at the very least, it had to be better than the common goods he currently had on hand.

Chapter 41: Foundation Building Techniques

Nine Provinces (1) Group

Medicine Master: “@Roaming Cloud Monk Tong Xuan, Great Master Tong Xuan, fourteen years ago cave exploration, 《Vajra Foundation Fist Technique》,《True Self Meditation Scripture》, lend it to me once. Price, discuss next time.”

Song Shuhang stood beside Medicine Master and watched him enter this string of words, and felt anxious for him. Even if punctuations were included it was close to fifty words, and Medicine Master spent five minutes repeatedly writing and deleting, he even wrote to the point where his forehead was covered with sweat.

At this moment, Shuhang finally understood why Medicine Master shortened his messages in the chat group. But if writing was so tiring, why didn't he just use voice?

As soon as Medicine Master sent this message, Nine Provinces (1) Group quickly became lively.

North River's Loose Practitioner joked, “Huh? Brother Medicine Master requested the use of two foundation techniques, could it be that you want it for little friend Shuhang's hundred days of foundation building? These two techniques are really decent. Could it be that Brother Medicine Master has been fed the soup of bewitchment by little friend Shuhang like Soft Feather had been?”

Spiritual Butterfly Island's Soft Feather speedily sent a pouting emoticon, "Senior North River, I definitely wasn't fed soup(guan tang)!"

"Enema(guan chang)?" Mad Saber Three Waves was very excited, because Soft Feather's father finally stopped tormenting him, and left for Spiritual Butterfly Island yesterday! He had been stifled for so many days, the moment he saw the words fed soup, his brain immediately had many crude jokes bubble up. How fantastic! He immediately prepared to shoot a few into the chat group.

"Don't invite death, Brother Three Waves." North River's Loose Practitioner once again reminded, "Right now you can log into a chat account simultaneously using a cell phone and a computer."

What if Soft Feather's father was logged into her account right now via his phone?

Mad Saber's Three Waves' expression immediately changed, and he quickly returned to lurking. Oh my god, I actually forgot about this! With Spiritual Butterfly's Respected Sage's abilities, if he finds out that Three Waves dared to make a crude joke like enema(guan chang) to his daughter, he would definitely jump off the plane and return to torment him.

Medicine Master laughed out loud, and his fingers swiped on the phone's screen at lightning speeds. However, only after a long while did he manage to post these words, "High grade mutated Poison Dragon Grass, worth it!"

Roaming Cloud Monk Tong Xuan got online, and first sent a smiley. Soon after, he sent an image of a small sword.

“Alright!” Medicine Master replied.

The exchange between these two was simply baffling.

Spiritual Butterfly Island’s Soft Feather: “Dear Seniors, are 《Vajra Foundation Fist Technique》 and 《True Self Meditation Scripture》 very good?”

“This is a technique from Vajra Temple from eight hundred years ago. Although it was for their disciples to build their foundation, the 《Vajra Foundation Fist Technique》 has a might that rivals a 1st Stage martial technique. Amongst foundation building techniques, it can be considered to be quite good.” North River’s Loose Practitioner explained, “It’s a pity that the Vajra Temple had already lost all inheritors, and faded away into the rivers of history. Many profound techniques were lost.”

Medicine Master nodded in a satisfied manner, then went offline, and turned off the phone’s display.

Next, he walked to the dormitory’s balcony, lifted his hand and pointed a finger towards the sky.

Song Shuhang curiously watched his actions, without any idea of what he was about to do.

Very quickly, ten minutes passed.....

Medicine Master maintained that pose motionlessly, as if he was a sculpture.

Song Shuhang was thinking of walking up to ask him what was going on.

At this time, Medicine Master's eyes shone, he released a light groan from his mouth, and a scarlet light began to emit from the finger he pointed towards the sky with.

To be honest, that posture looked cool.

But in Song Shuhang's eyes, Medicine Master's finger was like a piece of heated iron, like a movie character that accidentally smashed his finger with a hammer, and had his finger turned big and red from special effects.

“Alright, it's settled!” Medicine Master proudly smiled.

“?” Song Shuhang expressed bewilderment.

Medicine Master saw the look of bewilderment on Shuhang's face, and explained, “I just set coordinates with Great Master Tong Xuan, in four to five hours, Great Master Tong Xuan would be able to have the 《Vajra Foundation Fist Technique》 and 《True Self Meditation Scripture》 sent over.”

“Great Master Tong Xuan is also coming over?” Song Shuhang asked.

“Nope, what would he come here for? I’ve already set coordinates with him, so he can just use a flying sword to send the books.” Medicine Master proudly said.

“Oh.” Song Shuhang nodded. A scene appeared in his mind: In the deep old forest, a senior monk who had achieved the dao, silently smiled, drew out a short sword from his monk’s robe, then tied a bundle onto the short sword, several secret martial arts manuals were contained inside.

Some kind of secret martial arts manual, it should be of the thread bounded type, or even the more ancient kind of animal skin scroll would be acceptable.

Then, the senior monk aimed his finger at the sky, and linked coordinates with a far away old friend.

After that, the senior monk slapped the short sword, and with a whoosh, the short sword charged towards the sky with the bundle, looking dashing and unrestrained.

So awesome, flying sword book transfer. What stage of strength do I need to be able use a sword to fly? Song Shuhang secretly envied in his heart.

Flying using a sword, compared to this, sitting on a plane is nothing.

The skies are forever a man's romance!

* * * * *

“Let's go, we'll first find a place to stay off campus, then refine a batch of Body Tempering Liquid! Do you want to bring your induction cooker and hot pot with you?” Medicine Master inquired.

Song Shuhang was conflicted for a long time, but in the end he still dragged out his black suitcase, and placed the two items inside. After all, he was adept at using this induction cooker and hot pot. Furthermore, if the place they find doesn't have a stove or a hot pot, or if the stove and hot pot were of a different brand, it might very well cause his refinement of the Body Tempering Liquid to fail.

Next, he opened up his storage cabinet, intending to take out a set of Body Tempering Liquid's medicinal ingredients.

“Little friend Shuhang, you need not bring medicinal ingredients. Since it was I who called you for help, the medicinal ingredients required for this will naturally be covered by me.” Medicine Master quickly stopped Shuhang; what a joke, no matter how you put it he was still a pill master with some reputation. After inviting someone to help test a pill recipe, if he still needs that someone to bring out his own medicinal ingredients, wouldn't

others laugh their heads off?

Song Shuhang silently nodded, and locked the cabinet back up. This wasn't the time for him to show off, as he only had thirty-two sets of medicinal ingredients. According to Senior North River, these thirty-two sets of medicinal ingredients could very possibly be insufficient to meet the requirements for his hundred days of foundation building. Therefore, he should save when he could.

He pulled his little suitcase, and asked while walking, "Let's go, when it comes to renting an apartment, do you have any demands?"

Medicine Master replied, "A quiet place, with good sound proofing. Otherwise it would require a sound barrier array, which is more troublesome."

Song Shuhang looked at his own wallet, and calculated his living expenses. Mommy Song sent him three thousand RMB every month for expenses. After all, life wasn't like how it was two decades ago. In the past, college students only needed a thousand RMB to live lavishly.

In this situation where I don't have a part-time job, I'll just rent an apartment for the short period of a month.

"For around five hundred to six hundred, I should be able to rent a small apartment." Song Shuhang mumbled.

Medicine Master was immediately against this suggestion, “Wouldn’t a five hundred a month apartment be too small? At the very least, it must be a standalone, large apartment building. Otherwise I wouldn’t even be able to put down my pill furnace.”

Standalone? It also needs to be humongous. Senior you’re referring not to a flat, but a whole apartment building?

Song Shuhang forced a smile and answered, “Renting an apartment building could be over ten thousand a month, I don’t have that kind of money.”

“I would naturally be paying, there’s no such thing as having you pay when I’m asking for your help!” Medicine Master quickly stopped him, as a senior, how could he let a junior spend so much money for him?

“Alright then, let’s properly go find one. This close to the school, there really aren’t many large standalone apartment buildings.” Once Song Shuhang thought about renting a huge standalone apartment building, the type that costs tens of thousands a month, his heart began to ache. But at the same time, there was something he was puzzled by.

“By the way, Senior, do you guys have a job like ordinary people for financial resources?” Song Shuhang had been thinking for the past few days that since the people in the group didn’t cut themselves off from the rest of the world, used things like cellphones, computers, the internet, and modern goods. They wouldn’t use something like gold bars to pay, right?

“Of course we have our own sources of finance, we aren’t cut off from the world after all. I’m not very clear as to the others’ sources of financing, but my profession of being a pill master itself satisfies my day to day needs of money.” Medicine Master nodded as he answered.

When he spoke to here, he looked at Song Shuhang, then asked with a smile, “What’s up? From your tone, you seem to be distressed over money in the mortal world?”

Song Shuhang nodded honestly, “After coming into contact with cultivation, I realize that I may need a lot of money. At the very least, I had been considering since yesterday whether or not I should rent a room outside of the school to protect the secret of being a cultivator and for the convenience of refining pills. But, in order to rent a house, I have to consider how to obtain the money required.”

He shamefully talked about his thoughts of taking up a part-time job.

Chapter 42: Altar Master Who Was Scared Silly

“That makes sense, you’re a loose cultivator, and need a lot of things from the mortal world. In the future, whether it’s the exercising equipment for cultivation, a place for cultivation, or medicinal ingredients that even ordinary people can buy, they all need large amounts of money from the mortal world. In the phrase ‘wealth, women, fortune, land,’ the word ‘wealth’ comes first after all.” Medicine Master laughed out loud as he spoke. The ‘wealth’ he mentioned was obviously not ordinary money. It referred more to the goods that cultivators used to exchange amongst themselves, like heavenly treasures, precious herbs, high quality pills, magical treasures and more.

“I don’t know about the wealth and income of the other members of the group but I can pass on some of my methods of accumulating wealth to you. Anyway, the riches of the mortal world no longer mean anything to me,” Medicine Master laughed. “When you have mastered the foundations, I will teach you how to refine some medicines that are useless to cultivators but are very effective on normal people. Then, I will teach you to brag, oops, I mean I will teach you how to earn money till you feel like you have too much .”

Song Shuhang’s eyes lit up.

“Then, Senior, do you need me to help you with anything?” Song Shuhang knew a tradition of the group was that there would only be reciprocation if he helped others. Even North River Loose Practitioner’s offer to gift him foundation techniques yesterday

was an “investment”.

“Haha, little friend Song Shuhang has gotten used to the exchanges of the Nine Provinces Chatroom this quickly?” Medicine Master smiled and replied, “Back to the point, that year I built the money-making channels, the main reason was not for profit but rather in order to retrieve twenty kinds of special deep-sea medicinal herbs every year from another party. How about this... later on, I will teach you how to refine an interesting medicine. Then, you’ll be in charge of making some every year to exchange with the other party. When you receive the twenty kinds of medicinal herbs and mortal money, just give me a forty-percent cut. Consider the remaining sixty-percent my payment for employing you. We’ll discuss the details of the transaction after you’ve successfully mastered the foundations.”

Song Shuhang didn’t know how much the 60% of mortal world assets were worth, but he happily agreed to Medicine Master’s request.

The two chatted as they walked.

Very soon they arrived at the small alley in Auspicious Street where, our hero with the surname Song valiantly saved a beauty the day before.

“Huh?” Medicine Master suddenly stopped.

Then, he fiercely turned around and stared at the back of the alley; his gaze was as sharp as a sword and could pierce through a

person's heart!

“What’s wrong, Senior?” Song Shuhang asked in bewilderment.

A brief second later, Medicine Master turned around with a smile, “It’s nothing, just a few annoying stalkers. There’s always people who like to order a few grunts to tail me every time I go out, either to try to get closer to me and ask me to help them refine some medicine, or to investigate whether I’m out looking for some valuable herbs and pick up the leftovers. It’s precisely because of these annoying idiots that every time I go out to dig herbs, I’ll transplant even the most ordinary Morning Dew Mysterious Grass. I won’t leave them a single bit!”

So it turns out that Senior Medicine Master is a treasure detector in human form? He always manages to find places with medicinal ingredients?

Why else would people specially follow him to pick up his scraps?

Also, Medicine Master seems to possess ardent hatred for those stalkers.

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Deep inside the small alley, a figure weakly leaned against the wall. He took out a cigarette with shaking hands and quietly lit it

up. He then displayed a signature forced smile; his forced smile was one that could make others feel his incomparable agony even if they were a hundred miles away.

It was precisely that person whose backstory could be written into a tragic novel, the Altar Master.

“What terrifying energy. This is the pressure created by the sheer difference in our power levels.”

In that moment when Medicine Master was staring at him, he felt as if he was on the verge of death.

Altar Master came to the Jiang Nan region by following Song Shuhang’s trail. He wanted to obtain a spirit ghost, while Song Shuhang and Soft Feather each had one.

However, there was no need to even consider the one that was with Soft Feather.

That lady had come all the way from a distant place to fetch that spirit ghost and definitely attached great importance to it. Furthermore, she had superior strength and a powerful family. Altar Master resigned himself to the fact that even if he knelt down and took out all of his property, that young lady still wouldn’t glance at him. To acquire the spirit ghost in her possession was simply impossible.

As for directly robbing her? Altar Master didn’t even consider

this option. He felt that even if there were ten of him attacking her at once, it still wouldn't be enough to fight her alone.

Instead, that mysterious 'Senior Song' seemed to have no real attachment to his spirit ghost. At that time it was only after Soft Feather's repeated requests that he accepted it. Perhaps this 'Senior Song' was truly powerful and wasn't interested in spirit ghosts. In that case, perhaps he truly had a chance to trade for the spirit ghost!

Altar Master looked forward to that and secretly sent men to follow Song Shuhang.

He also ordered his subordinates to collect as much information on 'Senior Song' as possible, to see if this senior required anything. If he could find out what this senior wanted, it would make the trade a lot easier.

One day later, Senior Song's personal information was quickly sent into the hands of Altar Master by his subordinates.

Song Shuhang, Male. 18 years old. Jiang Nan University's Mechanical Engineering Discipline, Machinery Designs and Manufacturing Faculty's 19th department 43rd class' student, and a graduate of Luo Lin 1st Middle School.

Currently lives in Jiang Nan University City.

An ordinary young man with a perfectly clean record clearly

stated in his personal information, and he is also a good student who's willing to help others.

When Altar Master saw the personal information of this mysterious 'Senior Song,' he was completely stupefied.

Did he read correctly? Was his vision unclear? Does this information really belong to a 'cultivator' and not an ordinary university student?

"Is this information fake?" This was the first thought that came into his mind.

He stared at this data for a very long while, but the young man with a gentle smile in the passport photo on the data was undoubtedly that 'Senior Song'.

Altar Master held onto that sheet of information, lost in thought.

His mind was a chaotic mess, countless possibilities unceasingly surfaced.

In the end, he decided to personally tail Song Shuhang.

He wanted to confirm whether there was a mistake in his subordinate's report. In the end, was Song Shuhang a powerful cultivator, or an ordinary man?

If this 'Senior Song' is truly just an ordinary person, retrieving the spirit ghost would be no effort at all!

At that time, the Altar Master swore in his heart. If that Song Shuhang was an ordinary person, he would skin him alive and rip apart every tendon, then extract his spirit and turn it into a vicious ghost. Only this would soothe the hatred he felt from being terrified for so many days.

Therefore..... He personally rushed to Jiang Nan University City.

When he arrived in the Jiang Nan region, he just happened to see Song Shuhang setting off with a very fashionable-looking visual kei man.

He very carefully tailed them, doing his best to conceal his presence. After all, before he could verify whether Song Shuhang was indeed a powerful senior or a normal person, he needed to be somewhat more careful and vigilant.

He felt that he concealed himself rather well, because Song Shuhang and that visual kei man didn't notice him at all.

He would first observe this Song Shuhang for a few days, then find the opportunity to test the waters and check if this Song Shuhang was a cultivator or a plebeian! At least, this was what he had planned.

However, right as he felt that he was doing a good job at concealing himself, the visual kei man who walked side by side with Song Shuhang turned around and stared at him.

That pair of smoky eyes, they were as sharp as daggers! That gaze, it was akin to an eagle soaring above the clouds looking down at a flock of quails.

It was also like a primordial demon, maliciously smiling at an ant at his fingertips.

Utterly terrifying, just where did this saint hail from?

Altar Master was originally a cowardly and cautious person. For someone like him, the longer he lived, the more cowardly and cautious he became.

He had been scared silly.

After smoking a cigarette, Altar Master's trembling hands finally calmed down.

No matter how afraid he was, he still had to do what he had to do.

After forcefully extinguishing the cigarette, Altar Master forced himself to calm down. "This time, once I retrieve my spirit ghost, I will return to my hometown in the extreme north and properly cultivate."

However, I should wait for Song Shuhang to first separate from that visual kei man before waiting for an opportunity to make a move.

Waiting for an opportunity to make a move yet again.....

Chapter 43: Seclusion Grain Pill

Song Shuhang took Medicine Master around Auspicious Street, and they looked at dozens of different houses. It was a pity that there wasn't a single one that Medicine Master would give a passing mark to. Song Shuhang didn't know what kind of house Medicine Master was specifically looking for, either.

"If it's really not possible to find one this close to the university, then let's walk around the other districts," Song Shuhang thought.

At this moment, Medicine Master had finally discovered a house that satisfied him.

That was a brand new house, a three-room-style mansion with five floors inclusive of a fence and front and back yards. The design was intricate and with a glance, one could tell that plenty of heart and effort had gone into decorating it.

It's a good house!

However, this house didn't seem to be up for rent!

"This is it, let's rent this house!" Medicine Master heartily laughed.

"Please wait, Senior, this house isn't up for rent, this is someone's private property." Song Shuhang called out.

But Medicine Master simply wouldn't listen to his explanation, he laughed as he dragged Song Shuhang up to the house, and pressed on the doorbell.

“Coming!” A rough and deep voice sounded.

Very soon after, the door opened, and a bald and plump middle aged man popped out and looked towards Song Shuhang and Medicine Master.

He stared at Medicine Master's mohawk hairdo for a long while, and doubtfully inquired, “Delivery?”

“No, we want to rent this house,” Medicine Master got straight to the point.

The middle-aged man stiffened as the corners of his mouth twitched. But he still politely replied, “I'm sorry, but my family members are living in this house. Also, my family doesn't really like to live with strangers so I have no plans to rent it out.”

“You don't like to live with strangers? That's fantastic!” Medicine Master joyfully replied, “Me too! I don't like to live with strangers under the same roof either. So, how about you all move out and rent the entire building to me? Just name your rental price, I will definitely not bargain with you!”

Medicine Master's words feels were very spank-worthy. Song Shuhang covered his face– forcing the house's owner to move out,

then renting the house from him? Wouldn't that mean the house's owner would have to sleep on the streets? With such a spank-worthy method of requesting to rent, how could it possible to rent the house?

As expected, veins bulged on the forehead of the uncle who owned the house. Without any warmth on his face, he said, "I am sorry but I'm not lacking any money so I will not be renting the house. Please find another house somewhere else, goodbye."

To be able to endure even at such a time, this meant that the uncle who owned the house was a gentleman with good upbringing. If Shuhang was in his shoes, he felt that he definitely wouldn't have been able to endure it, at the very least he would have to scold him for being a retard or something!

"Hey, please consider again! Money really isn't an issue!" Medicine Master still did not want to give up.

In his mind, Song Shuhang could already see the uncle explode in a rage and chase them away. He hurriedly grabbed Medicine Master, preparing to forcefully drag this Senior away.

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Through some unimaginable means, eventually Medicine Master and Song Shuhang moved into this three-room-style five story

house.

“Oh wow, sure enough a standalone house fits the bill, the size is also just right. After breaking down all the walls on one floor it could become a good pill refining room!” Medicine Master toured around the house floor by floor while nodding in a satisfied manner.

“But, all we initially needed was to rent a single room,” Song Shuhang grumbled.

In the mortal world, everything has a price. For items that you cannot buy, most of the time it wasn't that the items could not be sold but rather, you did not own enough funds.

The same goes for this house with five floors and three rooms per floor.

Even if the owner had put in a lot of effort to have it made for him and his family to stay in, once Medicine Master made an irresistible offer... the middle-aged uncle who was angry to the point where he had his veins bulging out and was in a mood to fight had his face change like a mask performance in a Beijing Opera, instantly changing from stormy clouds to starry skies.

After that, the uncle very happily handed over the contract for the house and the land, the keys to the gate and front door, as well as decided on a date he would sign the papers with Medicine Master for the transfer.

After after that, the uncle's whole family moved out in a span of two hours. Their efficiency was amazing!

That's right, it was bought.

Medicine Master straightforwardly bought the whole house.

To be rich, was to be able to do anything you want!

“Don't sweat the small details, the most important thing is to have a suitable pill refining room. We can now begin pill concocting.” Medicine Master laughed, took out a porcelain bottle from his bosom, poured out a pill and tossed it to Song Shuhang.

Song Shuhang caught the pill, and was visibly bewildered.

“This is a Seclusion Grain Pill, it is a substitute for food, one of the daily essentials for cultivators. As your future cultivation becomes more profound, going into closed-door cultivation would often require months or even years, even decades are possible. But cultivators also need to eat, and this is where the Seclusion Grain Pill comes into play. By keeping it in the mouth, the medicinal power would endlessly flow out. This one here is of the lowest quality, but for you, this Seclusion Grain Pill would be enough to substitute a whole month of meals.” Medicine Master explained with a smile.

“Thank you senior.” Song Shuhang felt warmth in his heart, Medicine Master remembered that he hadn't had lunch yet; it

seemed like Medicine Master who looked rough and crazy was actually a very considerate person.

Medicine Master: “Don’t mention it, suck on it for a while and when you’re full we’ll go refine the Body Temping Liquid.”

Song Shuhang placed the Seclusion Grain Pill into his mouth, and was immediately filled with sweetness. At the same time, the hunger he felt in his stomach vanished into thin air. A moment later, he even had the urge to burp.

“If you feel full, take it out, otherwise you’ll be overnourished. In addition, before the Seclusion Grain Pill is completely used up, it could be used repeatedly. Keep it well, perhaps you’ll have use for it in the future.” Medicine Master added; stuff refined by him had best before dates that were calculated in hundreds of years, there’s no need to worry about his medicines going bad.

Song Shuhang understood him, he took it out of his mouth and packed it away. Thank god I didn’t swallow it. I was just pondering over whether this Seclusion Grain Pill was like those in the movies; once swallowed, there wouldn’t be a need to eat or drink for a whole month.

But it seems like swallowing it could cause death by overnutrition.

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Induction cooker, no problem.

Hot pot, ok.

The forty-five types of medicinal ingredients for the Body Tempering Liquid were already placed in front of Song Shuhang, in accordance to the order and the recommended weight.

“Just like how you first tried to refine, begin.” Medicine Master said, “Don’t be too pressured, and don’t worry about failing, I have plenty of medicinal ingredients for refining the Body Tempering Liquid.

Song Shuhang shyly smiled, then closed his eyes to recall his first attempt at refining the Body Tempering Liquid. As it was something that just happened yesterday, and was also his first time refining it, every step he took was still clear in his mind.

“First add water.” He added a ladle of water into the hot pot.

He then added the slices of ginseng, and let it boil for five minutes.

Next was the goji berries, then he let it boil for another five minutes.

When the third ingredient ‘Morning Dew Mysterious Grass’ was inserted, Shuhang no longer followed the five-minute rule. He began to examine every change in detail inside the pot, then started increasing the heat level from the induction cooker.

Medicine Master pinched his chin as he watched Song Shuhang’s every move. He maintained silence to avoid breaking Shuhang’s concentration.

“Even though I was mentally prepared for this, I’m still unable to relate little friend Shuhang’s actions to ‘pill refining’ at all.” Medicine Master regretfully thought.

Fortunately, he was a considerably progressive Pill Master.

If the more old-fashioned Pill Masters found out that Song Shuhang used a hot pot and an induction cooker to refine pills, they would probably be angered to the point of their livers hurting.

“In addition... modernizing the pill furnace is also something that must be planned ahead of time. At the very least, when refining pills that do not require ‘Pill Flame’ or other special flames, using modern appliances would be way more effective for heat control.” Medicine Master inwardly thought.

Like Song Shuhang who was right in front of him, just by pressing a few buttons the heat can be perfectly controlled. This was something the old-fashioned pill furnace could not do, even if a fire control treasure was used, it wouldn’t be as easy as this.

At this time, with the aid of the ice pearl, Song Shuhang once again entered a mode of heightened concentration. In his eyes, other than the Body Tempering Liquid which was in the midst of refinement, there was nothing else.

Medicine Master's eyes revealed admiration.

Although he's a little old, Song Shuhang might actually have great talent at refining pills!

Chapter 44: Medicine Master's Key

Time is a priceless commodity, whether you're willing or not, it would still be consumed.

As he went on and on in the refinement process, it was close to three in the afternoon.

The Body Tempering Liquid that Song Shuhang was refining approached the end.

Like yesterday, when it was time for the forty-first ingredient, the Body Tempering Liquid that was inside the pot began to transform.

Because he had experience, this time Song Shuhang calmly added water. Moments later, he added the Fresh Overlord Branch, Nine-Yang Scarlet Bamboo slices, Ocean Trench Frost Crystal and Core of the Snow Demon altogether into the pot.

Once the medicinal liquid in the pot separated into two opposing types, Song Shuhang promptly increased the heat to the max.

After all that, Song Shuhang finally sighed a breath of relief.

Everything went very smoothly, whether it's a success or not remains to be seen!

Oh that's right, I still need to prepare myself to confront the possibility of 'the concentration of the whole world's stench' incoming.

Four minutes later.

Boom...

The pot's lid was once again blown up high by the pressure, black fumes shot out from inside the pot, and that indescribable stench pervaded the whole room.

Song Shuhang was prepared for this, he took a step back and held his breath; but it was unknown through what method that this stench still managed to invade his sense of smell. Despite all that, pinching his nose and holding his breath had still managed to ease the stench by a considerable amount.

"Blegh, what is this smell?" Medicine Master possessed super strength, and his five senses were sharp, to the point of being three hundred times stronger than the average human being.

This strange stench entered his nose and mouth, and Medicine Master immediately felt unwell.

This shit has already reached the level of being a biological weapon hasn't it!? If an ordinary person smells this their face would immediately turn pale, then they would collapse and puke to the extent of having white foam all over their mouth!

If it weren't for his superior strength, and being tempered by the weird stench he had to experience when failing in refining pills, perhaps even he would have went down on his knees from this stench.

“If this thing is extracted, to those 1st Stage – Cultivators who have their sense of smell heightened and those 2nd Stage – True Masters who don't have the capability of controlling their sense of smell, this thing would be simply be a nightmare.” Medicine Master muttered, and swatted his hand, bringing about a burst of palm wind, causing this black smoke and that disgusting stench to dissipate.

“Even though I've already smelled it before, I still can't get used to it. I probably won't have any appetite for the next few days.” Song Shuhang grumbled as well.

“Has it succeeded?” Asked Medicine Master.

“The stench is out, so I guess it succeeded?” Song Shuhang picked up the pot lid. If this lid has to be blown off every time, it'd probably break into pieces sooner or later despite being made of reinforced glass, right?

Medicine Master pinched his nose, walked over and looked inside the pot. At the bottom of the pot, there was a thin layer of black medicinal paste, it was translucent with a pungent smell.

He swiped a tick in the air with a finger, and a drop of the

medicinal liquid flew up and into his mouth.

Examining the exploding medicinal power of the Body Tempering Liquid in his mouth, Medicine Master revealed a satisfied smile, “As expected.”

With a rough approximation, it was weaker than the Body Tempering Liquid he had simplified by another half.

According to reason, for cultivators, the higher the effect of the pill medicine, the better. But for the simplest of them all, the Body Tempering Liquid, when the medicinal effects are lowered to a certain degree, it surprisingly exhibits a special result!

The old version of Body Tempering Liquid has strong medicinal power. Even the elite disciples of every sect would be required to begin preparing their bodies for months to half a year before consuming it, they have to strengthen their blood to the limit and adjust their bodies to its peak condition, only then could they consume it.

Through Medicine Master’s Simplified Body Tempering Liquid, if the elite disciples of the sects want to consume it, they would still need to prepare a month or two in advance before consuming it.

But if the Body Tempering Liquid’s medicinal effect is lowered even more, the disciples in sects would only require a short period of time to prepare before consuming it.

After that, once their body has been tempered to a certain point, and their body's toughness has been increased, they would be able to consume Body Tempering Liquid of higher quality, drastically reducing the time required for nurturing the disciples' initial stages.

One must know that the foundation building period is a race against time. The best time for foundation building is between four to six years old which is merely two years, so consuming the Body Tempering Liquid the sooner the better.

More importantly, Song Shuhang's way of refining the Body Tempering Liquid did not require anything special, all that was necessary was to immediately change the procedure when the forty-first step of the refinement of the 'Simplified Body Tempering Liquid' goes awry.

This method was simply a patch for Medicine Master's Simplified Body Tempering Liquid, another step forward in improving the Simplified Body Tempering Liquid's pill recipe. It could even help to greatly reduce losses by Pill Apprentices.

Seeing Medicine Master's satisfied smile, Song Shuhang exhaled in relief, then asked, "Senior, will this help you to improve the Simplified Body Tempering Liquid's pill recipe?"

"It isn't that easy, being able to succeed in this try just proves that my idea of improving the pill recipe is feasible. For the next few days I will still need your cooperation, I need to make some changes to your way of refining. Hehe, this trip was the right decision to make." Medicine Master was in a great mood.

Song Shuhang nodded and replied, “Senior, I will try my best to cooperate with you.”

Pleased, Medicine Master nodded as he took out a thick book, then began recording the data and details of the experiment at lightning speeds.

He’s nicknamed as a genius Pill Master, and was rather well known amongst cultivators. However, his fame as a genius wasn’t something that fell from the skies and onto his lawn while he was relaxing at home. From the thick notebook, it’s obvious how much care he put into his studies of refining pills. Furthermore... this thick notebook was just one of many, there were over three dozen bookshelves filled with books in Medicine Master’s abode.

Behind the success of every genius is an amount of sweat that normal people can’t even begin to imagine.

Song Shuhang stared at Medicine Master with a face of wanting to say something.

In the end, he finally could bear no longer, “Senior Medicine Master, you previously said that Great Master Tong Xuan’s flying sword book delivery would arrive in four to five hours, counting the hours, it’s about time isn’t it?”

《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》,《True-self Meditation Technique》! The foundation building techniques that would truly bring him across the border of becoming a cultivator!

Once he thought about the two entry-level cultivation techniques, Song Shuhang felt restless and couldn't help it. He wished he could take hold of those two secret books right now.

“Haha, there's no hurry, I'm the one who set coordinates for the flying sword book delivery, when it's coming I will be able to feel it. Hmm, but we still need to return to your dormitory, the coordinates were set at your dormitory after all. If nothing unexpected happens, it should fly over there.” Medicine Master spoke with a smile.

“Then let's go there now?” Song Shuhang expectantly said.

“No hurry, when I observed your process of refining the Body Tempering Liquid, it verified many possibilities I had in my mind, I need to record those down. Hmm, if you're in a hurry then you can go back first, I'll come join you later.” Medicine Master said.

Song Shuhang nodded.

“Okay then, Senior, I'll return to the dormitory first to keep watch?”

“Go on, go on, youngsters are just too impatient.” While Medicine Master spoke, he threw a bunch of keys to Song Shuhang.

It was precisely the keys to this house.

“I’ll give you the keys, there are five floors anyways, I don’t need that much space. I’ll loan you the top floor, so you don’t need to rent a flat.” Medicine Master didn’t even turn his head when he said that.

Since the house was already bought and it would empty in the future, why not do Song Shuhang a favor?

Song Shuhang received the keys, and didn’t reject this favor, “Thank you Senior!”

He truly needed a place to stay where he wouldn’t be disturbed by others, he also didn’t have much money. Medicine Master lending him a room solved this burning issue he had, so he didn’t try to reject Medicine Master’s offer.

“Remember to lock the door!” Medicine Master waved his hand, then continued to write in his thick notebook at tremendous speeds.

Song Shuhang briskly walked out of the place.

It goes without saying that he didn’t forget his induction stove and hot pot; these things had to be brought back, to avoid suspicion from his roommates.

[TL: This chapter name is actually a pun, Medicine Master in chinese is "Yàoshī", while the word key is "Yàoshi", joined together

they're Yàoshī De Yàoshi = Medicine Master's Key]

Chapter 45: The Girl Backed Up Against The Wall Again

Five minutes after leaving Medicine Master's house, Song Shuhang reached the interweaving alleys of Auspicious Street.

Then, he blinked a few times, looking at the familiar yet strange scene.

Dozens of meters ahead of him were eleven hoodlums packed together. They had colorful dyed hair, rows of earrings, nose rings, lip rings, and various kinds of weird tattoos.

For example, the hoodlum with a tall physique, leaning against the wall with one hand while wearing an evil smile, had a cute tattoo of a rubber duck on his arm.

The one who was forced to back up against the wall as he placed his hand on the wall, slightly above her shoulders, was a beautiful short-haired maiden.

Approximately 1.5m tall, short hair, with a beautiful face despite having no makeup.

Because of her dainty figure, she looked like high school student.

Both cute and pretty.

At this point of time, the short-haired girl who leaned against the wall was expressionless, with a certain chilliness in her eyes.

“Beauty, are you feeling very lonely in this place?”

“Do you wanna play with us big brothers?”

“Play for free, all kinds of pleasure.”

“It will feel very good, y’know?”

“Us big brothers will accompany you to play too.”

“Around the corner there’s a small but pretty good shop, it’s quite close. I’ll assure you that you’ll wanna play more after trying it once.”

All kinds of teasing, all kinds of enticing.

It wasn’t just the scene that was familiar, even their lines were incredibly familiar! In this day and age, could it be that these hoodlums all made an agreement to repeat the same script before an innocent girl?

Song Shuhang sighed and rubbed his temples.

As a young man of good character, despite how that cute short-

haired girl wouldn't thank him and would even scold him for being a busybody, he couldn't just stand by without doing anything when a scene like this unfolded before his eyes.

He still decided to help this young lady out; because it was as easy as just lifting his hand.

Which is why this fella Song Shuhang should have been drowned in good friend cards a long time ago.

Shuhang rubbed his fists as he walked up with large strides.

At this time, the short-haired girl noticed him.

When the cold-faced girl saw Shuhang, she finally couldn't maintain that icy expression of hers, the corners of her mouth twitched. In this day and age, there are still such busybodies, huh.

"Annoying guy." The short-haired girl softly said.

"Oh? What did you just say beauty? You agree to come with us big brothers?" The rubber ducky hoodlum grinned nefariously, he kept one hand on the wall and moved the other to touch the short-haired girl's face.

The short-haired girl coldly snorted, then she suddenly opened her crossed arms, grabbed onto rubber ducky hoodlum's head, and forcefully yanked his head towards her.

This action, does she want to kiss me? This girl has such a fiery passion! Rubber ducky hoodlum was delighted, he stuck out thick lips that were coated with saliva and prepared to have a taste of this little icy beauty's lips.

After that..... there was no after.

A bam sounded out.

Rubber ducky hoodlum could only feel an acute pain on his forehead, like he was struck by a metal hammer, his vision darkened and he lost consciousness. He even had a vague feeling that there was some liquid flowing out of his nose, was it caused by the trauma to his head?

The short-haired girl remained as cold as before, after that strike to the head brought rubber ducky hoodlum down, she threw the unconscious hoodlum to the side like she was tossing away trash.

When she doesn't move, she's like an iceberg, yet when she makes a move she's incomparably fierce. An attack like a headbutt is rarely used, even amongst men, unless one had confidence in the hardness of their skull; otherwise a headbutt would usually just makes both sides suffer.

The young lady provocatively looked at Song Shuhang,

“Yellowy, fuck, yellowy has fallen! Don't die, yellowy!”

“Damn whore! You will pay the price for your deeds!”

“Us brothers will make you understand such pleasures as if you were going to heaven!” The hoodlums behind cursed one after another, and surrounded the short-haired girl with malevolent looks.

Short-haired girl snorted, she stretched out her arms, formed fists anchored at her sides, and spread her slender legs, sinking down into a horse stance.

Her movements flowed very naturally, seeming graceful yet dashing.

Cool!

An amateur won't be able to notice a thing, but someone with experience would realize that this little horse stance shows that this young lady has a solid foundation in martial arts.

It was a pity that Song Shuhang and the numerous hoodlums were truly amateurs in every sense, all they could make out from this girl's movements was that it looked cool.

“Hurr!” The short-haired girl's fist was as quick as lightning, her body leaned forward, her tender hands were like an artillery bombardment on the hoodlums.

Usually, if such cute little fists slammed into a person's chin, they would just feel a slight pain for a while. But those hoodlums who were struck were all blown away, their bodies drawing a beautiful arc in the air, then they fell onto the floor hard.

The hoodlums' pupils contracted, and all froze with their mouths hanging open. Impossible, she's such a cute girl, how could she throw such a scary punch?

They stood motionless, yet the short-haired girl didn't stop. She pivoted on her left leg, then unleashed a spinning kick with her right, knocking the hoodlum to her right to the ground, and then stepped on him with her other leg when he fell.

Borrowing the force of that step, she bent her waist and clamped her legs around the neck of another hoodlum like a vise, her body was as flexible as a snake as she flung the hoodlum away.....

How was she a cute and pitiful young maiden who was forced back to the wall? She was practically a killing machine, every part of her body was a weapon that could release explosive attacks!

What made things worse was this killing machine was on god-mode!

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A little over ten seconds. The eleven hoodlums were all down on the ground like corpses.

The short-haired girl patted away the nonexistent dust on her tights, then glanced at Song Shuhang, raised her head to a 45 degree angle, and snorted.

Next, the short-haired girl turned away like a proud cock and arrogantly left.

Song Shuhang rubbed his chin, and nodded seriously, “So I was really being a busybody? No wonder she got angry.”

Then he said in a low voice, “But come to think of it, she has been backed up to the wall while surrounded by hoodlums two days in a row, she can’t possibly have a special talent or physique for being ‘forced back to the wall by hoodlums,’ right?”

Far away, the short-haired girl who proudly left suddenly paused, her mouth twitched, then she quickly left.

After the young lady had gone some distance away, Song Shuhang squatted in front of the hoodlums, and poked the rubber ducky hoodlum with a finger.

Rubber ducky hoodlum released a groan of pain. Good, he’s still alive.

“It’s fine if he isn’t dead.” Song Shuhang nodded in relief, then

left at ease.....

He wasn't a good person to the very core as that would just make him rotten, since these hoodlums weren't dead, he was too lazy to call for an ambulance for these hoodlums.

Let them lie on the ground and spend some time reflecting. Remember this with their bodies: Don't go up to tease a pretty lady the moment they see one!

You can't say for sure that the lady doesn't have god-mode at the ready at any time, could you?

Moreover, Song Shuhang didn't have the time to waste on these hoodlums; he wanted to quickly return to the dormitory, and wait for the 'flying sword book transfer' from Great Master Tong Xuan.

Flying sword book transfer, this was a godly skill that used to only appear in dreams. Now that it was going to reveal itself in the real world, just what would it be like?

Also, what would the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》 and 《True-self Meditation Technique》 look like? An ancient stitch-bound book? The more ancient bamboo scroll? Perhaps a silk canvas or beast skin scroll?

They all seem wonderful.

The only trouble was that his roommates may be back in the

dormitory. Wouldn't it be inappropriate if the flying sword book delivery arrives then? It wouldn't be easy to explain to them would it?

Chapter 46: Student Shuhang, Have You Offended Someone Recently?

Back at the dormitory, Song Shuhang opened the door and softly said, “I’m back.”

Nobody responded to him.

Nobody’s here?

He lowered his head and looked towards the shoe rack, the application for leave he placed there was already gone, his roommates had passed it to the teacher for him.

“Hasn’t class ended? I remember there are four classes in the afternoon, but Teacher Renshui hadn’t been discharged from the hospital since breaking his leg, so there should only be two classes this afternoon.” Song Shuhang inwardly thought.

Could it be that these fellas went to the place Yangde rented off-campus again?

That would be good as well, without them here, it would be more convenient to receive the “flying sword book transfer”, and he wouldn’t need to worry about his roommates noticing anything strange.

As he thought of that, he took off his shoes and was about to

enter the dormitory.

At this time, he heard people conversing in the dormitory's bedroom.

“Gao Moumou, I beg you, among the people I know you're the only one who has experience with girlfriends!” A voice that didn't lean towards either gender but was very crisp sounded.

“So? What are you trying to tell me? Keep your distance, you have a very disgusting expression right now! Cut straight to the point, I still have to go out for some matters.” Gao Moumou replied.

In front of him was a fellow student who wore the uniform of Jiang Nan University, multiracial, blonde!

From the first glance, he (she) looks like a dashing lady, but when closely examined, Shuhang felt that he (she) looked more like a pretty nisemusume?

[TL: Nisemusume is a Japanese term for an androgynous male who crossdresses like a female in anime/games/manga, with strong moe elements that can even be better than female characters within the series.]

This was a person whose gender could not be judged just by looking at appearance.

Right now, this student of unknown gender wore a face full of desire and dissatisfaction. This student closed in on Gao Moumou while speaking.

Gao Moumou stretched his hand out to keep his distance from this student; if it wasn't because this fella was his childhood friend, he would've kicked him a long time ago.

"It's like this, I went on a date with Xiao Mei today." This student of unknown gender happily said.

Xiao Mei, this seemed like a lady's name? Does this mean this student is a 'he'?

Gao Moumou calmly said, "Oh, isn't that great?"

"Then I held hands with her, I'm very happy." The student happily rolled about Gao Moumou's bed, seeming very excited.

Gao Moumou: "Alright, I can understand your excitement. However, I'm really in a rush, can you cut straight to the point?"

"Gao Moumou you really don't understand romanticism, so rigid! Which is why despite us being childhood sweethearts, you hadn't managed to pick me up all this time. Our families' seniors obviously bore the thoughts of bringing us together when we were young." The student ridiculed.

"Zhuge Yue, please cut to the point." Gao Moumou massaged his

temple with force.

“Alright..... actually, because it was my first time going on a date with a girl, I was very nervous. This made my body stiff, so when I held hands with Xiao Mei, I used too much strength and she looked like she was in pain, what a huge failure!” Zhuge Yue became depressed.

Gao Moumou didn't know how to reply.

“Tomorrow, I've already planned a date with Xiao Mei. This time, I'm prepared to achieve a kiss her! But I've never kissed before, I'm very afraid that when the time comes I might end up hurting her because I hit her teeth with too much force.” Zhuge Yue spoke till this point, and his (her) eyes shined as he (she) stared at Gao Moumou.

Gao Moumou didn't know why, but his heart slowed down by half a beat, he had a bad premonition as he said, “So you came here to ask me for advice about how to kiss?”

“Ah, from a certain angle this is the case. After all, among my close friends, you're the only one who has a girlfriend, You must have kissed numerous times.”

Gao Moumou nodded, he had no way of denying this.

“So let me kiss you, teach me how to kiss, so I have a better experience!” Zhuge Yue formed a fist as he (she) said.

“Waai.... Wait, did I mishear something?” Gao Moumou shivered all over, he looked at this thick-skinned childhood sweetheart.

“Please let me kiss you, the wet french kiss way.” Zhuge Yue answered.

“I reject. My apologies, I don’t do gay things. Furthermore, I already have a girlfriend, please go find something else to practice with, pillows, or a pillar, it’s all up to you!” Gao Moumou staunchly rejected.

“That won’t do, I’ve already tried things like pillows and inflated dolls, but I don’t feel a thing. I want to have a real person with moist lips for me to practice! Especially the tangling of tongues, I beg you, Gao Moumou, you’re the only one amongst my friends who could help me with this!” Zhuge Yue sincerely pleaded.

“Then let me direct you to the path of survival. Two streets away from the school, there are ladies with top-class kissing skills, I can assure you that you’ll learn a skill from them that will satisfy your girlfriend.” Gao Moumou pointed out a path of survival.

“Impossible, I will not cheat on Xiao Mei! Also, I have mysophobia.” Zhuge Yue rejected and said, “Therefore, please help me, Gao Moumou. Be rest assured, we’re so familiar with each other, there won’t be a problem. In addition, I even prepared cling film, if you’re really shy we could first have a cling film between us as we practice!”

“Even if there’s a cling film I still can’t help you! Your brain has gone off the deep end, my brain is still normal. You cannot cheat on your girlfriend, does that mean I will allow my girlfriend to be hurt? That’s a definite no, give up on this idea! Hey, wait, what are you doing? Wuu!”

Then there was the sound of Gao Moumou fiercely struggling, there was also the sound of things falling.

When Song Shuhang heard these, his calves twitched. What the fuck, Gao Moumou’s chastity isn’t going to be lost would it?

As a good roommate, should he go in to help him now? Or should he wait outside for the assault on Gao Moumou to end, then go in to console him?

After some thought, he felt that he should take the middle road, and wait for two minutes before going in.

When all’s said and done, what if Gao Moumou was just being proud? What if he says that he doesn’t want it, yet his body reacts very honestly? Wouldn’t that mean that I’d be spoiling his happiness?”

One minute later.

Song Shuhang’s train of thought was still tangled as to whether or not he should enter the room when the room’s door was opened.

The short-haired blonde Zhuge Yue wore a face of satisfaction, and opened the door with a flushed face.

Song Shuhang's eyesight was now fantastic, with a glance he could clearly see the deathly still and spiritless eyes of Gao Moumou, it was like he was toyed to the point that he broke.

When Zhuge Yue opened the door, he (she) suddenly noticed Song Shuhang who stood outside the room with a conflicted expression. He (she) was immediately stunned, the pleased smile on his (her) face quickly faded away, redness from being shy crept up his (her) face. He (she) still knows to be embarrassed?

"Haha, you guys are done? It's really good to be young and affectionate." Song Shuhang mimicked Medicine Master's loud laughter, trying to gently slide away from that topic to avoid awkwardness.

Zhuce Yue's eyes blinked, and revealed a natural and relaxed smile, he (she) stretched a hand towards Song Shuhang for a handshake, "Hi, I'm Zhuge Yue, Gao Moumou's childhood sweetheart."

"Hello, I'm Gao Moumou's roommate, Song Shuhang." Shuhang stretched out his hand and lightly shook hands with Zhuge Yue. It was a thin and slender hand, and the palm was very small, there was a higher chance that this was one belonging to a girl.

But when he saw Gao Moumou who looked like a broken toy

lying in the bedroom he thought. If he was forced to kiss with a girl he shouldn't be so broken should he? Therefore Song Shuhang immediately felt in his heart, there was a higher probability that Zhuge Yue was actually a man.

“Very nice to meet you. This guy Gao Moumou is rather prideful, with a very awkward character, I hope you all would take good care of him in the future.” Zhuge Yue smiled and said, with the bearing like an unmarried girl of a good family.

If one just looked at her current appearance, who would imagine that one minute ago she was forcefully kissing Gao Moumou, completely breaking him in the process?

“You're too polite, I've actually been looked after by them more.” Song Shuhang replied with a smile.

“Come to think of it, I seem to have heard the name of student Song Shuhang somewhere before?” Zhuge Yue blinked several times while attempting to recall.

Song Shuhang: “That's unlikely, this is my first time meeting you, student Zhuge Yue.”

“No, my ability to remember is never wrong. I should have heard your name somewhere.” Zhuge Yue creased her brows as she strenuously tried to recall.

After a moment, Zhuge Yue made a clap and said, “I remember

now! Student Song Shuhang, have you offended someone recently?”

Chapter 47: This Is Just A Thumb Drive

“Huh? Why are you asking me this?” Song Shuhang was bewildered.

“Because yesterday afternoon I saw someone going all around the school to acquire information regarding student Song Shuhang. Your class, age, residence and information regarding people close to you have all been more or less acquired. As I felt that there was something strange going on, I took note of this happening. By the way, I’m a member of the school’s news club.” Zhuge Yue smiled sweetly.

“There’s someone investigating me?” Song Shuhang was stunned, he didn’t seem to remember having offended anyone recently?

Medicine Master did say that someone was following them, perhaps that person saw him together with Medicine Master, and decided to gather information on him as well. But Medicine Master just arrived this morning!

Also, yesterday evening he beat up a few hoodlums to act as a hero saving a beauty. But that was yesterday evening, it had zero relation to yesterday afternoon!

Song Shuhang truly couldn’t wrap his head around what was going on.

“Anyway, I feel that you should be more careful for the next few

days. Maybe someone is going to ambush you somewhere. That's all I have to say, I have other matters to attend to, fingers crossed." Zhuge Yue giggled, patted Song Shuhang on the shoulder, then hummed while leaving the dormitory.

"Thanks." Song Shuhang replied.

If they ambushed him, he wouldn't be afraid, but the opposite party did not just investigate information on him, they also investigated his close friends.

This made him feel uneasy.

In any case..... better to be careful during this period.

Later, when Medicine Master gets here, I should ask him if he has a way of investigating who this person is. Medicine Master seems to be very experienced when it comes to getting rid of people following him.

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Thinking that way, Song Shuhang entered the bedroom.

Gao Moumou remained motionless while lying on the bed like a dead dog, so Shuhang worriedly asked, "Gao Moumou, are you

alright?”

“Shuhang, I’ve been tainted.” Gao Moumou murmured.

“The phrase tainted doesn’t seem adequate, it’s not like you’re a beautiful flowery maiden from ancient times, don’t use such a disgusting description.” Song Shuhang patted Gao Moumou, then took the chance to inquire, “By the way, is Zhuge Yue a male?”

Gao Moumou’s face immediately paled, quite a while passed, then he shook his head in an agonized manner, “No.”

“So it’s a girl? Can you go kill yourself!? What are you pretending to look like a broken toy from being kissed by a girl for? What you’re doing is showing off, don’t you know that!” Song Shuhang patted Gao Moumou with force, “Don’t worry, my mouth is sealed. I definitely won’t let your girlfriend know what happened today, wouldn’t everything be alright if you just thought of this as being lucky with women?”

However, Gao Moumou’s expression turned for the worse, he shook his head with even greater difficulty.

“What does shaking your head mean? Could it be that... Zhuge Yue isn’t a girl? Which is it then, Zhuge Yue can’t possibly be a dual-gendered ladyboy, right?” Song Shuhang was puzzled.

“None of them..... How should I put this, you guys won’t understand this matter.” Gao Moumou slanted his head, with a

face like he would be loveless in this life.

This fella is incurable.

“Alright, you can continue lying down like a corpse.” Song Shuhang patted Gao Moumou.

Then he hummed a song and walked to the balcony, with his gaze set on the skies.

I wonder what the flying sword book transfer will be like.

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Gao Moumou maintained that look of being neither dead nor alive for over ten minutes before getting up from the bed and washing his face. He asked Shuhang, “Shuhang, Turbo says he wants go out for a few drinks, and asked us to go gather at Yangde’s place tonight. Are you free?”

Song Shuhang thought for a while, then replied, “No problem, but I have a friend coming over to collect something later, so I might come a little late. I’ll go over around 6pm or so!”

“Then I’ll go over first, today..... I want to get dead drunk.” Gao Moumou sullenly said.

“Drinking away all your sorrows?” Song Shuhang said with a smile.

Gao Moumou nodded, then opened the dormitory’s door, “I’ll go on first, try to come early.”

“Okay, sure thing.”

* * * * *

Time trickled past.

Song Shuhang felt that he definitely looked like the ‘Amah Rock’ in Hong Kong as he fixed his gaze at the sky, his heart filled with anticipation.

Approximately twenty minutes later, at 4:07PM in the afternoon.

There was finally contact from Medicine Master, Shuhang picked up the phone, “Little friend Shuhang, Great Master Tong Xuan’s flying sword book transfer is about to arrive, I’ll come over to your place now, is there anyone else there?”

“No problem, my roommates have all gone out tonight to drink, I’m the only one left in the dormitory.” Song Shuhang quickly answered.

“Hold on, I’ll be there in a jiffy.” Medicine Master hung up the phone.

Two minutes later.

Medicine Master was already by Song Shuhang’s side.

“It’s here!” He laughed out loud.

“Do we need to do anything?” Song Shuhang asked, “Or can we just sit here and wait for it to come?”

“Watch me.” Medicine Master once again walked into the balcony, then once again pointed his fingers towards the sky, his two fingers turned scarlet red, flashing.

Song Shuhang stared at the sky, and saw a light flicker up in the air, speedily flying towards Medicine Master.

The light drew closer and closer at great speeds; the shape could vaguely be made out to be that of a sword.

“Making a flying sword book transfer so brazenly, is there no need for an illusion magic or something for protection?” Song Shuhang suddenly comprehended something in his heart. In recent years, people often took photos of things like UFOs, anomalies in the sky and such, could it be that that’s the cultivators’ flying sword book transfer or even them flying on a sword?

That's very dangerous for the cultivators, nowadays technology is getting more and more advanced, there are things like anti-aircraft defense, missiles for aircrafts and others in every country. What if they get struck by something like a anti-aircraft missile?

As Song Shuhang daydreamed, that flying sword had already descended to Medicine Master's side.

It was a sharp, black, metal shortsword that was quietly floating above Medicine Master's flushed fingers. It was suspended in the air without the aid of any force, this by itself had already gone against the rules of physics in this world.

Song Shuhang remained unperturbed. From the day his worldview had collapsed and burned, he had thrown away half of the knowledge of physics he gained throughout his eighteen years in the world. If it wasn't because the rules of physics was still applicable in the mortal world, he would've thrown the other half into the trash as well.

"Huh? Where's the secret books?" Song Shuhang suddenly asked. He thought that a large bundle would be tied to the flying sword, with many string-bound books or beast-skin scrolls inside.

But this black metal shortsword in front of him didn't carry anything along with it, it was empty.

"Could it be that it was lost while flying over?" Song Shuhang thought in his heart.

“The secret books are right here.” Medicine Master stretched his hand, and the black metal short sword steady fell into his hands. Then he plucked off a thumb sized jade tube from the back of the sword’s handle, it looked a little like a jade thumb ring.

A ring shaped thing made of jade? When he saw this, A name immediately surfaced in Song Shuhang’s mind, he blurted out: “Technique Transferring Jade Slip?”

It was also called Inheritance Jade Slip, Skill Jade Slip and others.

This is one of the things an MC has to acquire, once he sticks it to his forehead, the martial techniques, mental cultivation techniques and others would be imprinted into the person’s brain! Even an idiot would be able to remember the whole technique!

“You’re thinking too much.....” Medicine Master shrugged: “Something like a technique transferring jade slip is incredibly precious, it in itself is a priceless treasure. It would only be used to record those peerless techniques that ‘cannot be recorded in words’. An ordinary foundation building technique like this would be nowhere near worth recording with a Technique Transferring Jade Slip.”

Only those peerless techniques that contain the laws of heaven and earth and the meaning of great Daos cannot be recorded down in words. Even if it was forcibly recorded into words, it would be erased by the power of the great Dao between heaven and earth.

That is when something like the ‘Technique Transferring Jade Slip’ would be necessary.

“What is that then?” Song Shuhang inquired.

“This is just an ordinary thumb drive. To be honest, the technology of humans have advanced, the things invented are useful for us cultivators as well. A small thumb drive could contain the contents of a whole rack of scriptures. It could even have images added into it, it’s really incredibly convenient.” Medicine Master once again shattered Song Shuhang’s delusions in a calm manner.

It hurts, mommy, my liver really hurts!

Chapter 48: Techniques Must Not Be Recklessly Passed

“Thumb drive.....” The way Song Shuhang felt right now was almost the same as what the people in the group felt when they learned that he had used an induction cooker and a hot pot to refine pills.

Medicine Master extracted the thumb drive, then threw the shortsword to Song Shuhang, “Here, take the flying sword. Tomorrow I’ll give you Great Master Tong Xuan’s address, find some time over the next few days to send it to him via courier.”

Song Shuhang: “..... Send it back?”

“Duh, am I supposed to send it back myself?” Medicine Master questioned him in return.

Song Shuhang replied, “That’s not what I meant; can’t the flying sword just fly back on its own with a ‘whoosh’?”

“Haha, how can that be? It can’t fly back. When the sword was flying over, it required energy! When it was flying towards us, Great Master Tong Xuan could naturally provide energy to the flying sword. But there is no way for him to transmit energy from thousands of miles away to send the sword flying back, due to the distance between us. Furthermore... this flying sword is Great Master Tong Xuan’s personal flying sword, and other than Great Master Tong Xuan himself, there’s no one else who can use it. Therefore, I can’t pour energy into it either.” Medicine Master

explained.

“Why the hell does it only follow the law of conservation of energy now?” Shuhang had to release the curses stuck in his throat, “Also, isn’t this sword already an unsealed weapon? Unsealed weapons can’t be passed into couriers’ hands, can they? Furthermore, even if it could be sent, wouldn’t it be bad if such a precious item was lost in transit?”

Medicine Master complacently smiled, “Don’t worry, I’ve mailed the flying sword dozens of times, there definitely won’t be a problem. Great Master Tong Xuan’s flying sword possesses a concealment array, other than the ones Great Master allows, no one can see it. Therefore, the only ones who can see and interact with this flying sword right now are you and me, since we are allowed to see it. Furthermore, there’s nothing to worry about even if it is delivered wrongly, the flying sword has the owner’s mark, if it is truly lost, it can still be located. Anyway, don’t worry about it.”

“Despite what you’ve said, I still feel that mailing a flying sword is really weird.” Song Shuhang lifted the flying sword in his hands, feeling stuffy inside.

“Don’t think about it so much. Alright, the seal on the thumb drive is released. Here’s the 《Vajra Foundation Fist Technique》 and 《True self Meditation Scripture》.” Medicine Master tossed the jade thumb drive to Shuhang.

Great Master Tong Xuan had placed a seal on the thumb drive just in case, and the correct procedures had to be followed to

release the seal. Forcibly removing the seal would cause both the seal and the thumb drive to be destroyed.

When Song Shuhang caught it, he saw the thumb drive's USB port connector, it truly was a thumb drive!

“Ahem, before learning these techniques, I need to remind you of something. Unlike pills and magical treasures, techniques mustn't be to others!” Medicine Master advised.

As Song Shuhang was a complete amateur when it came to cultivation matters, Medicine Master had to clarify the taboos for him.

“When you have been imparted a technique from someone or a school, you mustn't pass it on to anybody else without permission from the source! This is taboo among cultivators! For example, if you want to pass this technique on to others, you'd have to ask the owner of the technique, Great Master Tong Xuan, for permission, and pay a certain price for his approval. The person you pass it on to has to abide by this taboo, and mustn't pass on this technique without approval either. The approval of Great Master Tong Xuan must be acquired first, just like what I did to impart these two techniques to you.”

“If you were caught having imparted techniques to someone else without permission, then it wouldn't matter if it's the Nine Provinces (1) Group or the rest of the cultivation world, nobody would be willing to impart any techniques to you.” Medicine Master specifically warned.

Techniques were the roots of a school and cultivators. Nobody wished for their own or their family's techniques to be shared everywhere, therefore privately sharing techniques was absolutely forbidden.

However, a technique you made yourself could be shared as much as you wanted, you have the freedom to do that.

Song Shuhang nodded to express that he understood. The techniques that others had expended energy to attain were their personal belongings, for someone to impart a technique to him was already an honor. If one casually passed on that technique to others, how immoral would that be?

Receiving the thumb drive, Song Shuhang's heart couldn't help but race.

Taking deep breaths, he opened his computer, then disconnected from the internet and did a virus scan on his computer.

There weren't many things on his computer, so the antivirus took less than a minute to complete the scan.

After that, he carefully inserted the thumb drive into the computer.

Medicine Master quietly stood behind Song Shuhang, nodding with satisfaction. Even though Shuhang was very excited, he

didn't lose his calm. Maintaining this personality would be very beneficial to his future path of cultivation.

Song Shuhang opened the thumb drive and found two folders inside.

《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》

《True self Meditation Scripture》

Opening the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》 folder revealed a total of eighteen images, and every image contained a different picture scroll.

With a tap of his finger, the first image was opened.

Although 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》 was a rather ordinary name, it didn't matter as long as it was strong. Moreover, martial arts were generally like the Eighteen Dragon Subduing Palms; every move and stance would have an extremely badass name, like Dragon Seen in the Fields and Divine Dragon Swishes its Tail, right?

[TL: The Eighteen Dragon Subduing Palms is a fictional wuxia martial art created by Jin Yong.]

Shuhang was full of anticipation and excitement.

Then he looked at the name of the move.

‘Foundation Building Fist Technique One.’

The words were all in traditional characters.

[TL: For those who don't know, chinese is written in two main forms, Simplified which China had switched to during the 1950s, and Traditional which is still standard in Taiwan.]

That was all.

There was no kickass ‘Vajra Subduing Demons’ or anything like that, just a simple Foundation Building Fist Technique One.

Song Shuhang turned to the second image, Foundation Building Fist Technique Two.

Unwilling to give up, he flipped to the third image. Foundation Building Fist Technique Three.

“.....” Alright, Song Shuhang knew that he no longer needed to continue looking.

Next was ‘Foundation Building Fist Technique Four’ then on and

on till 'Foundation Building Fist Technique Eighteen'.

Medicine Master watched Song Shuhang quickly flipping through the images, and asked curiously, "What are you doing?"

"Looking at the names of the moves," Song Shuhang replied, "I never thought that the names of the moves would be so simple."

"It's more practical this way, things like names would make it easier for people to identify them, putting an order to them is enough." Medicine Master resolutely said.

That make sense, it's practical that way. Song Shuhang nodded, but why did he feel slightly depressed inside?

He imagined for a moment what it would be like for him to duel with someone at the Forbidden Purple Peak.

The opponent snorts, soars into the air, unsheathes his sword, and shouts with an elegant posture, "Immortal Flying Over The Heavens!"

Then he makes a grunt, steps forward in a heroic manner, and releases a punch with his right arm, "Foundation Building Fist Technique Three!"

It would be a great loss for him just in terms of charisma.

“Alright, stop dilly-dallying on the names of the moves. Those things are useless, if you really want them to be different, just alter their names in the future.” Medicine Master paid no heed to the matter, “Here, I’ll first explain the early stages of cultivation and the purpose of foundation building.”

Song Shuhang promptly sat upright, then concentrated on listening.

“On the path of cultivation, there are three thousand great Daos, countless techniques, and each school and sect has their own way of cultivating. However, it doesn’t matter whether they are Daoist cultivators, Buddhist cultivators, Ghost cultivators or Devil cultivators, every cultivator’s first step is virtually the same: temper the body, and thicken the power of qi and blood in the body. This step is called foundation building.”

“The first step of foundation building is to strengthen the body externally with fist, kicking, and sword techniques and so on, which tempers the body. This leads to blood thrumming throughout the body in abundance. Next is to strengthen the body internally with meditation techniques, harvest the overflowing power of qi and blood, and funnel it into the heart. In normal circumstances, no pills are required. Be hardworking in practice and it’ll take approximately a hundred days; the artery to the heart would be crammed with qi and blood, the liquid reaches the channels and the Qiao acupoint will be opened. Once the artery to the heart is open, all of the accumulated qi and blood would transform into a sliver of qi and blood energy. This is foundation building, also known as opening the artery.”

“Once the heart’s artery is open, one would truly have entered the profession of being a cultivator, transcending mortals. This is known as the 1st Stage – Beyond Mortal Realm.”

Chapter 49: A Trick Too Wonderful For Words

“Practice fervently from now on and you’ll be able to concentrate the power of qi and blood to open these four acupoints: eyes, nose, ears, and mouth. Once these four acupoints have been opened, they will link with the heart acupoint, and then you’ll experience the feeling of being a fish stepping through the dragon’s door. Once you pass this dragon’s door, your body of qi and blood will be able to transform from incorporeal to corporeal, from virtual to reality; that would be the 2nd Stage – True Master Realm, where the power of qi and blood transforms into real qi.”

“I’ll just explain this much, when you reach that stage, the Nine Provinces (1) Group will have people explain to you what’s next, I don’t want to waste my saliva. Here, first take a look at the 《Vajra Foundation Fist Technique》 I got for you, there’s a total of eighteen moves. Take a look at them one by one and commit them to memory.” Said Medicine Master.

Hearing that, Shuhang once again opened the first image for the 《Vajra Foundation Fist Technique》.

“Look at it in full screen mode.” Medicine Master advised.

Shuhang nodded. With a tap of his finger, the image covered the whole screen.

There were three forms to the first move, with words and pictures side by side. On the left were three drawings of a person

sticking his fist out in three different stances, accompanied by vertical lines of traditional chinese words written to their right.

As he wasn't used to reading vertically, he felt a little tired reading this way.

Furthermore, the words were written in the classical chinese style. Each individual character was easy to understand, but when joined together, the content became very deep; the words were not commonly seen and were difficult to understand.

Yet his current task was to forcibly memorize these profound details, memorize each and every word by heart without leaving out a single word.

Leaving out even a single word could change the entire meaning of an ancient classical Chinese text. If he missed a word during memorization, it could cause him to be possessed by the devil when practicing, which would be tragic.

At this time, the Ghost Sealing Ice Pearl on Song Shuhang's neck was once again put to use, and a cool feeling spread all over, making him feel mentally refreshed. By depending on this external help, he could forcibly memorize the words thoroughly.

Standing behind him, the corners of the Medicine Master's lips had slightly raised, seemingly nodding his head with satisfaction.

After Song Shuhang memorized the first page, he still didn't feel

at ease. He carefully verified the details stored in his mind by comparing it to what was on the image again.

But for unknown reasons, he felt his eyes turning a little blurry while he attempted to verify it.

Gradually, it was like the world in front of him had been mosaiced, everything turned blurry.

“What’s going on, are my eyes blurred?” Shuhang violently shook his head, trying to clear his head.

During the shaking, he felt his vision turn clear.

Then..... he saw a large and spacious grassland.

What’s going on?

Song Shuhang was shocked. Is there something wrong with my eyes? Am I actually hallucinating?

While he pondered, a figure suddenly rose in the spacious grassland.

It was a topless man with indistinct looks. The muscles on his body were distinct and tidy, full of explosive power, it’s the physique that most nerds would yearn for.

Shuhang immediately became alert, so as to avoid the unexpected.

But the man didn't give a damn about Shuhang, he practiced a fist technique on the grasslands as if there was nobody around him.

That fist technique had a total of three stances.

The man constantly cycled through them, and matching his steps with it, shifting and turning about on the grassland.

It was merely one move with three stances, yet when released by this indistinct man's hand, it contained infinite forms. When he threw his fist out, it was like he was using his fist to deduce the meaning of the great daos of heaven and earth.

“Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique One.” Song Shuhang recognized this fist technique.

Wait, why am I on a grassland? And where on earth did this man with an indistinct face come from?

What's going on?

Calm down, I must first calm down!

Is this Senior Medicine Master's magic? Is he secretly using

magic to instruct me on this fist technique?

Maybe there was something strange in the image of the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》?

Or perhaps I somehow unleashed something by chance?

But no matter the reason, what was going on in front of his eyes was an opportunity.

The indistinct faced man in front of him was without a doubt a master of fist techniques, as he could still feel the man's amazing fist techniques even though he was completely clueless when it came to fist techniques.

Now, he was personally in front of him, unceasingly practicing the Foundation Building Fist Technique One of the《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》without rest.

There was no time to lose, once this ends who knows when it will come again!

Song Shuhang widened his eyes, committing the way the indistinct faced man's fist technique into memory.

The man sometimes shifted and turned, released fists in curves, with straights amongst the curves. There was defense in the attack, and attack in defense.

Sometimes blunt, with fists like cannons, great strength, profound power. The kind of power that could break cauldrons and sink boats.

Again and again, over and over; all kinds of angles, all kinds of variations!

Time sped past.

In the end, Song Shuhang could no longer remember how many times the indistinct faced man released the fist technique.

Under this demonstration that was on the verge of being called a bombardment of fatigue, Shuhang now had a deep impression of Foundation Building Fist Technique One's one move and three stances. Now, all he needed was to get out of this strange place and practice for a few days, he should be able to grasp this one move and three stances then.

Upon thinking of this, Song Shuhang felt his vision turn blurry again.

Then, he regained clarity in his vision again.

What appeared before his eyes was the computer screen he was so familiar with, and by his side was Senior Medicine Master who wore a smug smile.

He took a look at the time on the bottom right of the computer screen..... not even a minute had passed!

Song Shuhang turned his head to look at Medicine Master who had that smug smile.

Seems like everything was under this Senior's control. Song Shuhang inquired: "Senior Medicine Master, what was that just now?"

"It was a very simple hypnotism. Only a practitioner like you who hasn't truly stepped foot into this path would get hit by such a low level illusion." Medicine Master laughed out loud.

"Was it executed by you, Senior?" Song Shuhang asked.

"Nope, my primary job is refining pills, I never studied hypnotism magic." Medicine Master waved his finger, then explained, "It's the power possessed by the picture scroll of the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》 you were looking at."

"Possessed by the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》? But isn't it just data in the thumb drive? When opened with my computer, it could still bring about hypnotism magic?" Song Shuhang was terrified.

If the hypnotism magic of cultivators is so powerful, then conquering the world wouldn't just be a dream!

“It isn’t as powerful as you think, this is just a small trick by the cultivators during ancient times. The 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》 image you were looking at with three figures on the top left and words on the right had been through meticulous planning. Every word, every stroke, every drawing is precisely calculated, when put together it forms a simple hypnotism. Then, it would also require an open mind, wholeheartedly trying to memorize the contents, and verifying the contents by comparing it with what’s on your mind. After several tries, you’d become hypnotized. Then you’ll see the hypnotism image deployed in advance by the creator of the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》.” Medicine Master explained.

He called it a small trick, yet his mouth showed a very smug smile.

“Amazing.” Song Shuhang lamented.

He was completely immersed in watching a fist techniques master practice the fist technique earlier.

If this hypnotism technique was grasped by him, then he goes to write a novel using this technique, wouldn’t he be able to allow all of the readers to experience the novel’s world? When it starts getting put on shelves, wouldn’t it be heaven-defying?

Alright, this was actually his second idea; his first idea was if he had this power, he could just modify some R-rated books a little, then allow the reader to experience that world? It’s awesome just thinking about it. When that happens movies like 3D Sex and Zen: Extreme Ecstasy and so on would all lose their business won’t

they?

This idea..... could only remain in his thoughts. If he said it out loud, he definitely would be blown away by the palm of Medicine Master who was right by his side.

“For the remaining seventeen moves of 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》 and 《True self Meditation Scripture》, the way to go about it is about the same. I’ll give you two hours to look through it all. I’m in a good mood today, so after all of that, you will practice it once, and I’ll point out any mistakes you make.” Medicine Master laughed heartily.

Chapter 50: Foundation Building Fist Technique And The Right Way To Execute It

Song Shuhang nodded seriously, then opened the second image of the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》, and began memorizing everything on it.

When he looked at it again after memorizing everything, he entered the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》 world.

As before, the dark green grassland appeared, then a well-built man once again demonstrated the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》 over and over. The only difference was the fist technique demonstrated, which was a different move.

Song Shuhang watched with extreme passion, with a fervent desire to move his body and practice the hand and leg movements that he saw before him!

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The special hypnosis space seemed to last a long time, but only a minute or two had actually passed in reality.

Medicine Master gave Song Shuhang a two-hour time limit, but Song Shuhang only used a little more than an hour to experience

all eighteen moves of the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》 and the 《True Self Meditation Scripture》 and commit all of their contents to memory.

He leaned back against the chair, and rubbed his temples with force. This one-hour period made him feel more exhausted than spending four hours refining the Body Tempering Liquid, and caused his head to ache.

Medicine Master asked, “Done looking?”

“I’m done, shall we find somewhere to try it out?” Song Shuhang opened his eyes and said excitedly. Although he still felt rather tired mentally, once he thought about the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》, he was itching to try it out.

“Let’s go down to the lawn over there. It is spacious and empty, and you can put your arms and legs to use there.” Medicine Master pointed at the lawn close by the men’s dormitory.

“Practice the fist technique in a public place like this? Wouldn’t others be able to sneakily learn it?” Song Shuhang doubtfully asked. After all, Medicine Master had just said a moment ago that privately teaching others was forbidden. If the techniques were learnt by others and he was taken as the teacher, wouldn’t that be an injustice to him?

More importantly, practicing on that lawn where many people pass by would be really embarrassing.

Even though what he's practicing is genuine foundation building martial arts for cultivators, the problem is that no student in Jiang Nan University would know that.

They would definitely think that Song Shuhang had seen too many Wuxia films, and began to practice martial arts on the lawn after being possessed by the devil.

“Haha, if someone could learn the fist techniques for foundation building just by looking at the forms, what would the mnemonic chants be for? Did you think that the rows of words on the scrolls are just to hypnotise you? That is the true secret that cannot be passed to others.” Medicine Master said with a smile.

“I still feel that we should go somewhere more secluded. There's a large patch of empty space on our dormitory's rooftop, it's usually deserted.” Song Shuhang felt that he shouldn't give up yet.

“You sure have a lot of demands, don't you, child.” Medicine Master was very nonchalant about it. “Alright, let's go to your rooftop then.”

Song Shuhang sighed a breath of relief.

He had dodged a bullet, there was no need to do the shame 'play' anymore.

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The rooftop was a great place; pick up girls, bang, watch meteor showers, it had brought together many lovers in Jiang Nan University in the past.

It was a pity that too many people liked to climb onto the rooftop, and many of them loved to practice being the MC of Titanic, spreading their arms wide open beyond the rooftop's railing, enjoying the wind blowing at them. Nobody knows if it's because they enjoyed it too much, but there were often people who accidentally jumped off the rooftop.....

Therefore, for safety purposes, a large lock had been added to the door leading to the roof of the men's dormitory.

But this large lock posed no problem to Song Shuhang.

He calmly took out a spare key from his pocket and opened the large lock. He could do this because when school reopened, the teacher who managed the dormitory asked Song Shuhang's roommate, Tubo, to buy it. With Tubo's personality, how could he not have a principle of leaving a few spare keys for himself? All of his roommates had one of these keys.

The rooftop was separated into two sections from the middle of the staircase, and Song Shuhang and Medicine Master casually chose the left side.

Medicine Master began to explain to Shuhang, “The 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》 has a total of eighteen moves. In normal circumstances, all you would need to do is practice the whole fist technique from start to end, then the qi and blood in your body would be abundant and even be filled to the brim. After that, you can cross your legs and meditate with the 《True Self Meditation Scripture》, then you would be able to refine the qi and blood and store it at your heart’s acupoint.”

Shuhang nodded, then closed his eyes to study the eighteen moves of the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》 in his mind.

Next, he performed the stance for Foundation Building Fist Technique One.

It must be said that the exhausting crash course in the illusion world was very effective. Right now, when Song Shuhang posed for the first move of the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》, it gave him an extremely familiar feeling, as if he had already practiced this fist techniques many times before. His body moved naturally, and the first move was released like passing clouds and flowing rivers.

It was very easy, there was no difficulty in it. After going through the Body Tempering Liquid’s purification, Song Shuhang’s body was more flexible than a yoga master. It would be no problem for him to bend his head back and tuck it between his inner thighs, so the moves of the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》 posed no challenge to him.

Practicing Foundation Building Fist Technique One all the way to Foundation Building Fist Technique Eighteen was incredibly easy, just like doing a morning stretch.

But weirdly, he had practiced the entire fist technique, and yet he didn't feel the slightest bit of that thing called 'qi and blood'. There was no need to even mention an abundance of 'qi and blood'.

What's going on? Song Shuhang was baffled, and looked towards Medicine Master.

Medicine Master noticed Song Shuhang staring at him, so he asked, "What's up?"

"Senior Medicine Master, I practiced the whole fist technique, yet didn't feel any qi and blood!" Song Shuhang gloomily answered.

"You already practiced it? When? Why didn't I see it happen?" Medicine Master widened his eyes.

"Senior, were you daydreaming?" Song Shuhang asked, "Wasn't what I threw out 'Foundation Building Fist Technique One' all the way till 'Foundation Building Fist Technique Eighteen'?"

"....." Medicine Master: "You mean you weren't just posing to familiarize yourself with the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》 moves?"

“No, I was being serious earlier, and practiced the whole 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》 from start to end.” Song Shuhang answered earnestly.

It can't be that Senior Medicine Master is secretly a troll, right?

Medicine Master's face changed, then he heartily laughed out loud, “Little friend Shuhang, a cultivator's foundation building body technique isn't as simple as just posing. This is why I told you earlier that there won't be any use if others learned the poses, what's of utmost importance is the fist's chant!”

When he was done laughing, Medicine Master explained, “Try it again, don't just focus on posing, you need to softly recite the fist's chant, and match your breathing with the chant. When you throw your fist, put in force! Don't be a weak little girl, start again from the very beginning!”

So it turned out that it's because I didn't do it properly? No wonder it felt as if this 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》 was like radio calisthenics.

Also, could it be that Senior Medicine Master is a natural troll? He stood by my side watching me jumping around like a monkey, yet didn't voice out to give me any advice?

Shaking his head, Song Shuhang once again reviewed the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》 in his head.

Next, he began to chant the incomparably profound fist technique's chant. He no longer paid attention to just perfectly posing with his punches, recalling that indistinct-faced man's might when he punched.

In the illusion world, when that indistinct-faced man demonstrated Foundation Building Fist Technique One, he displayed matchless ferociousness with brave advances; he also paired strength with gentleness, using 70% strength while keeping the remaining 30% in reserve. The punches he threw were curved, while craving for straightness.

Song Shuhang needed to temper his body, so he naturally made each punch and every pose with maximum strength, bringing about his full potential. Only then would there be the effect of his body being tempered.

Foundation Building Fist Technique One's three stances in one move were once again performed by him.

“With the self as the core, all the movements begin from the waist..... The body like a bow, full of strength..... and the punch like an avalanche.”

With his gaze right ahead, he moved a step forward, exerted strength from his waist, then performed Foundation Building Fist Technique One. The punch was thrown like a cannon, with great force and profound strength.

Punch!

Clang

Song Shuhang could only feel like two huge yellow cymbals were clashing into each other right beside his ears.

Just as he was reciting the fist technique's chant, it was as if there was an invisible, untouchable, yet real force converging into him. That power unceasingly squeezed into his body, coiling around his fists.

When he threw this punch, Song Shuhang had the impression of the air exploding in front of him.

At the same time, his body felt fiery hot, and a faint feeling of fatigue ran through his shoulder, waist, and leg muscles. It was as if what he just threw wasn't just one punch, but instead a hundred or a thousand consecutive punches!

Chapter 51: Endure!

From the abdomen, the remaining medicinal power from the ‘Body Tempering Liquid’ was once again activated, the tepid medicinal power flowed from the abdomen to the shoulders, waist, and finally the legs.

“What’s going on?” Song Shuhang couldn’t help but pause, carefully reflecting on the experience earlier, and realized the main reason for that strange phenomenon; it was the Fist Scripture Chant!

When Shuhang recited the Fist Scripture Chant, the chant’s unique syllables and beat activated that strange power from Heaven and Earth, causing it to press down on his body, twine around his fist, turning his fist from ordinary to extraordinary.

This is a cultivator’s body tempering technique!

“Hehe, you felt that mysterious energy from Heaven and Earth didn’t you?” Medicine Master’s eyes squinted as he smiled, explaining, “This is the biggest difference between cultivators and martial artists of the mortal world, you can call it spirit qi, it’s just a name anyway, and this name should be more familiar to you.”

“This is spirit qi?” Song Shuhang was no stranger to that name, in fact, he had no way of escaping from that name.

“Therefore, the most important aspect of a Fist Technique is its ‘Chant’. Even if it’s the most basic Foundation Building training

method, the chant would mobilize a faint spirit qi through its special sounds, which, in turn tempers and strengthens the body. That one punch of yours that you just did, has the same effect as a mortal world martial artist bitterly punching over three thousand times.” Medicine Master explained, “At this point, I have to congratulate you, little friend Shuhang. You possess the most basic aptitude for cultivating; intimacy to spirit qi. Although this was already highly likely when you remained safe and sound after drinking the Simplified Body Tempering Liquid despite not training up to this age, it has now finally been confirmed.”

“Intimacy to spirit qi, does this also means that despite reciting the Fist Scripture Chant, not everybody would be able to mobilize the spirit qi of Heaven and Earth?” Song Shuhang was sharp enough to catch on to the deep meaning behind Medicine Master’s words, and asked.

“That’s right, being unable to mobilize the spirit qi of Heaven and Earth means being unable to complete foundation building, which means having no aptitude for cultivation. This is the most basic requirement for cultivating.” Medicine Master smiled and said, “Now, don’t stop, and don’t waste effort on thinking. After Foundation Building Technique One, immediately move on to the next move. Don’t let your body be idle, the more tired you become, the more effective the Foundation Building Technique becomes.”

“Roger!” Song Shuhang resolutely said.

Thank goodness he came into contact with Nine Provinces (1) Group.

Thank goodness he met Soft Feather, Medicine Master, and the other seniors in the group.

Thank goodness he possessed a body that had intimacy to spirit qi.

He was very lucky, so he definitely mustn't waste this luck and chance.

Stepping one foot forward, Song Shuhang recited Foundation Building Fist Technique Two's Fist Scripture Chant, while the punch was executed with his hands.

There was only one stance in Foundation Building Fist Technique Two, he made accurate steps, while his fist was swung in an arc. The quick punch, was thrown like a meteor.

The body tempering effect was one step stronger than One's. The spirit qi of Heaven and Earth coiled around his fist and shoulders. After ten consecutive punches, Shuhang felt his fists become abnormally heavy, as if there was a massive weight added onto them.

Bang bang bang!

It was the sound of the fist tearing through the air.

Every punch consumed a large amount of energy, sweat poured. Just like the time he sprinted like crazy after consuming the Body

Tempering Liquid, there were black impurities mixed in with the sweat.

A pleasantly surprised look showed in Shuhang's eyes.

This time there was no need for Medicine Master's reminder, as Foundation Building Fist Technique Three immediately followed.

Springing step, charging punch, turn the body to intercept opponent's punch, false step, quick palm. The third move may be considered a fist technique, but it also had a palm strike and dragon claw mixed in. Palms like blades and hatchets, claws like dancing dragons.

Hu hu hu Shuhang's breathing deepened, the remaining medicinal power in the 'Body Tempering Liquid' in his abdomen went along with the use of Foundation Building Fist Technique Three, and was completely dissolved in a single breath, spreading itself to every nook and corner of Shuhang's body.

The next moment, he felt every muscle of his body vibrating, his heated body turned scarlet from the heat!

In the indescribable heat, there was a warm energy produced from his muscles; is this blood qi?

All that's needed is to fill the body with it, then the overflowing qi and blood can flow into the 'heart acupoint', once the heart acupoint is filled, the first wisp of qi and blood will be formed, that

is foundation building!

“From an ordinary person who never cultivated, after drinking the Simplified Body Tempering Liquid, just how far can you utilize 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》 before collapsing?” Medicine Master crossed his arms, and spectated Song Shuhang’s training.

He didn’t tell Shuhang that 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》 is not a skill a beginner could immediately use from start to end.

Although this fist technique is a foundation building fist technique, it possesses the same amount of attack power as a 1st Stage skill.

Even Great Master Tong Xuan’s elite disciples can only practice up to the thirteenth to fifteenth move when attempting 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》 for the first time.

Ever since the time the Great Master had obtained the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》 till now, there hasn’t been a single one of his elite disciples who had managed to practice the entire 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》 completely when trying it for the first time!

On the other hand, Song Shuhang may have consumed the Body Tempering Liquid beforehand, but he didn’t just miss out on the golden years for foundation building, he hadn’t even exercised his body much for a long time. The performance he would put out

would definitely be lacking in comparison to sects' elites disciples. Lacking so far behind that Medicine Master was wondering whether Shuhang could even endure up to the fifth move.

However, he didn't tell Shuhang these, he instead gave Shuhang the impression that he has to execute the whole set of the foundation building fist technique to make use of the 'True Self Meditation Technique', and have the blood and qi accumulated at the heart's acupoint.

This imperceptibly gave Song Shuhang the stubbornness of completing the whole fist technique in one attempt, thinking that it had to be normal. In that way, Shuhang's desperate attempt at struggling might be able to help him burst through more moves than otherwise.

Break through, little friend. Show me the potential one would have from taking the Body Tempering Liquid beforehand. Medicine Master secretly thought.

While he was deep in thought, Song Shuhang had already completed Foundation Building Fist Technique Four.

At this time, Shuhang was deeply panting like a cow, his hair was wet as if he was soaked by rain, and his clothes were also completely soaked.

At this time, regardless of whether it was his fist or the other parts of his body, they all felt heavy as if a mountain weighed on them. Even trying to raise an arm or taking a step forward made

him feel utterly exhausted, every muscle on him felt sore.

Just how many moves is this now? This should just be Foundation Building Fist Technique Four!

《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》 has a total of eighteen moves! Can I even do it all at once?

Perspiration slid down onto his eyelid, Song Shuhang blinked to let the perspiration on it slide down his eyelashes.

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It can be done, I can definitely do it!

Medicine Master is having a good mood, so he agreed to teach him how to do the 《True Self Meditation Scripture》 after finishing up with the fist technique. But who knows whether Medicine Master would maintain this happy mood consistently over the next few days?

If he fails to master the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》 today, he might lose out on receiving pointers from Medicine Master for his whole life!

I must endure!

From the moment he sat in front of the computer and sent his first message into the Nine Provinces (1) Group, he had hardened his will!

Even under the threat of ‘death’, he had no fear. How could he be willing to be defeated by exhaustion? If he can’t even overcome this level of difficulty, what’s the point of even talking about cultivation?

Why not just quit the Nine Provinces (1) Group and be satisfied being an ordinary person then!

Song Shuhang clenched his teeth while he continued to chant the Fist Scripture Chant. His left hand as a palm, while his right fiercely swung; Foundation Building Fist Technique, Five!

Once this punch had been swung, he felt the bones in his body making noises. Foundation Building Fist Technique Five, what it tempered wasn’t just the body’s muscles, it had more emphasis on the body’s innards.

“Hu!” A breath of impure air was blown out of his mouth.

Even on this hot summer day, Song Shuhang felt that what he exhaled was still visibly misty.

The tepid qi and blood in his body became increasingly dense, it had been slowly accumulating, and would soon fill up.

At the same time, the remaining ‘Body Tempering Liquid’ power that had been contained in his lower abdomen had finally been completely emptied with this fist.

Losing the recovery power provided by the Body Tempering Liquid, continuing the practice would become more strenuous, even the feeling of exhaustion had increased tenfold or perhaps more.

Chapter 52: Meditation Technique To Form The True Self

Side step, tyrannical fist, squat into a leg sweep.

Then..... form hands into fists, hammer strike.

Foundation Fist Technique, strike!

When he completed this step, Song Shuhang was already an extinguished candle. His body was shaking unsteadily from the intense fatigue and energy consumed.

To be honest, for a mortal who had never attempted foundation building before, being able to do it to such a degree was already pretty good. In Medicine Master's estimation, Song Shuhang would have great difficulty completing the first five moves.

And Song Shuhang, seemed to still be able to continue enduring this!

“However, the Body Tempering Liquid in little friend Shuhang's body is almost fully consumed..... This makes sense, it's been over twelve hours since he took the Body Tempering Liquid. His body only had a little remaining of the medicinal liquid, it should be fully consumed by this fifth move.” Medicine Master took out a porcelain bottle from his bosom. It was precisely the Simplified Body Tempering Liquid that Song Shuhang had helped him refine, “If he was replenished with Body Tempering Liquid midway,

wouldn't he be able to last longer? Little friend Shuhang, show me the limits of your willpower. If you can really complete this fist technique in one-shot, then the value of my Simplified Body Tempering Liquid would rise by at least two levels.”

After a brief second, after Song Shuhang completed the “Foundation Building Fist Technique Six”, the Medicine Master called out, “Little friend Shuhang, open your mouth!”

Song Shuhang, whose mind was already spinning, instinctively opened his mouth.

Medicine Master flicked a small lump of black medicinal fluid which landed in his open mouth.

Instantly, he felt spiciness and pain in his throat, as though it had exploded!

Immediately following that, the explosive medicinal liquid dissolved into a ball of warm energy, sliding down his throat into his belly. The warm and cozy feeling his belly was so comfortable that he felt like moaning.

Body Tempering Fluid? Song Shuhang immediately understood.

The new medicinal power surged all over his body, explosively. It's like the huge medicinal power wanted to blow his body up, while providing him with unlimited power.

Under the influence of the abundant medicinal power, Foundation Fist Technique Seven was smoothly executed.

Then it was Foundation Building Fist Technique Eight, and Nine!

He executed the moves like a hot knife slicing through butter.

The expanding medicinal power made Song Shuhang unable to resist a light moan, he wouldn't be happy if he didn't release it.

He recited the Fist Scripture Chant with a heavy, powerful voice. The fist followed his will and the will followed his body.

Every move of the fist technique made Song Shuhang more exhausted, but once he pushed through it, the medicinal power from the 'Body Tempering Liquid' in his body would replenish his physical body, clearing away all the fatigue.

“Continue to endure! I must endure till I finish executing the whole 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》!”

This was the only thing on Song Shuhang's mind.

Finally..... he completed all eighteen moves of the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》!

Within the body, qi and blood overflowed.

His body turned slightly red, it was like the scorching hot qi and blood was about to flow out of every pore on his body at any second.

It's done! His qi and blood were overflowing! Song Shuhang's clenched both hands into fists, forcefully repressing his urge to roar at the skies; this was the center of the male dormitory so roaring and screaming would only attract unnecessary attention.

The corners of Medicine Master's mouth raised up, he was extremely pleased.

For him to really manage to go through the entire 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》 from start to end, this was truly unexpected!

“That's good, next up, take advantage of the fact that the qi and blood in the body hasn't cooled down or dissipated, immediately cross your legs and sit down, cultivate in the 《True Self Meditation Scripture》!” He immediately reminded Song Shuhang.

In the world of cultivation, there were countless ways to meditate.

But, all the meditation techniques returned to the same fundamentals, which were to focus one's consciousness at a superior level, transforming it into a wisp of mental power.

Mental power and the power within the body, these are the

basics for cultivators.

Under normal circumstances, the qi and blood in a person's body cannot be directly controlled by the person. Only those with high levels of mental energy could direct their qi and blood to make simple movements within the body.

Other than this, when the qi and blood form into true qi or higher levels of energy in the future, they would also require a corresponding level of mental energy for directing and control.

Otherwise, if one's mental power could not catch up to his cultivation level, it would be easy for them to go insane from being unable to control the energy within his body. It was precisely because of this that cultivators often underwent closed door meditation or tempered themselves in the mortal world to raise their mental power.

Furthermore, cultivators follow different meditation scriptures, and the type of mental power they cultivate would differ as well. Some would have mental power that would be like the quiet darkness, while some would have mental power that's as fierce as tigers and lions, and some would have mental power that is as serene as an ancient tree. This is all because they used different types of meditation scriptures.

On the other hand, 《True Self Meditation Scripture》 used meditation techniques to form the 'true self' in one's mind, eliminating all distractions, leading the mental power to be like a calm ancient well, to condense and become concentrated into mental power.

Song Shuhang took deep breaths, calmed down the excitement in his heart, crossed his legs and carried out the final step.

He recited the contents of the 《True Self Meditation Scripture》 with his mouth, while inside his mind he borrowed the meditation technique to form his ‘true self’.

Vajra Temple may be a Buddhist sect, but the true self within the 《True Self Meditation Scripture》 was different from ‘the eight freedoms’ found in Buddhism.

The words true self here mean exactly as it sounds, the genuine self. The meditation technique forms the image of the true him in his mind.

This ‘true self’ won’t remain the same forever, it would follow the cultivator’s age as he grows up, his life experiences, the techniques he train in, the transformation of the body. All of these would result in change.

It could be an ordinary child, a white-clothed sword cultivator, a fierce blade cultivator, a kind senior, or an ordinary folk of the mortal world, it can even transform into a demon because of anger and hatred. The cultivator constantly undergoes changes, so the true self formed by the 《True Self Meditation Scripture》 would also undergo changes.

Compared to other meditation techniques, 《True Self Meditation Scripture》 isn’t matchlessly fierce like tigers and lions, isn’t as

serene as an ancient tree, and isn't as vast and quiet as the starry sky, but the 《True Self Meditation Scripture》 would be the meditation technique that suits the 'self' the most, because it's the 'true self'.

“Well then, just what kind of person would I, Song Shuhang be?” Song Shuhang inwardly thought.

Would the 'true self' be matchless chivalrous person I had longed to be in the past?

Or would it form into a cultivator with an immortal aura because I came into contact with the world of cultivation?

It wouldn't end up with something like a demon, would it? I've always lived my life ordinarily, and don't have any deep enmities with others.....

In the worst case, it should just be the very handsome me, right?

While having such thoughts, he recited all of the contents for the 《True Self Meditation Scripture》, and felt his mind clearing up.

A figure formed in his mind, or you could say formed in his sea of consciousness.

First was the crossed legs, then the arms, then the waist, and slowly crept up.....

It was practically like a 3D printer printing out the shape of a human in his mind.

Just what kind of ‘me’ would it be?

Song Shuhang was incomparably full of anticipation.

With meditation, rediscover myself, find out my true ‘self’!

As he expectantly awaited, the ‘true self’ was formed in his mind.

What should I say?

It’s surprisingly ordinary!

The ‘true self’ looked exactly the same as Song Shuhang, it wore an ordinary short-sleeved shirt, black casual pants, sat crossed legged, and wore a gentle smile.

He saw his ‘true self’ in meditation.

Such an ordinary ‘true self’ should be considered as an ordinary person, right? Is this telling me that I’m merely an average mortal right now?

There wasn’t time to think so much, the moment his ‘true self’

had formed, Song Shuhang got rid of all of his distracting thoughts, concentrated his mental power, and under assistance from the 《True Self Meditation Scripture》, a wisp of pure mental power was formed.

Once the mental power was formed, Song Shuhang quickly followed as stated on the meditation technique, and began to guide the qi and blood that was brimming throughout his body.

He guided them into his heart's acupoint.

The heart's acupoint is where the heart is, but the heart's acupoint isn't the heart, it is an empty acupoint right where the heart is. It cannot be touched, even if a human body was cut open, the heart's acupoint cannot be found, but it exists right there!

The amount of qi and blood overflowing within Song Shuhang wasn't small, under the guidance of the mental power formed by his 'true self', the overflowing qi and blood began to surge over from all parts of his body with the heart's acupoint as the core.

As this process continued, the heat in his body gradually dissipated. It felt like he was experiencing a scorching summer day, was caressed heavily by the great sun, and suddenly entered an air-conditioned room, extremely cooling and comfortable.

After an unknown amount of time, under the guidance of the mental power from the 'true self', the overflowing qi and blood had all been integrated into his heart's acupoint. At this point, Song Shuhang had a warm feeling in his heart. Within his chest,

his heart throbbed vigorously.

Yep, this is the sound of a healthy heart. Song Shuhang nodded.

There's no heart disease, very good.

Chapter 53: Good Person Shuhang

Song Shuhang slowly opened his eyes, and found that he could no longer maintain his sitting posture.

Dong

His body just fell backwards onto the ground.

“Huh? What’s going on? Senior Medicine Master, I suddenly feel weak all over, and can’t even muster an ounce of strength?” Song Shuhang was puzzled, he couldn’t even shift his fingers.

Medicine Master squatted beside Song Shuhang, and poked him, “This is a very normal condition. You cultivated using the 《True Self Meditation Scripture》 for the first time, so you didn’t control the intensity of the qi and blood which your body was full of. Being a little too greedy, a little too much qi and blood was directed to the heart’s acupoint. This would cause the body to experience a brief period of weakness. No matter, you’ll be fine in a few minutes. Remember that the next time you use 《True Self Meditation Scripture》, leave a tinge of that brimming qi and blood behind, you’d be able to avoid accidentally turning your body into a state of weakness. That would be better for your body as well.”

“Oh I see, haha.” As Song Shuhang laid down on the scorching hot roof, he was in a fantastic mood.

Finally... the first step to foundation building has been taken.

Hundred days of foundation building, with the aid of the Body Tempering Liquid, even if he was of average aptitude, he should be able to complete it within a hundred days, right?

After completing the foundation building, what kind of power would I possess?

Charms? Magic? Esper? Escape? Invisibility? Clairvoyance?

“By the way, Senior, my ‘true self’ is just the image of me sitting there with a smile, does this signify that I’m still just an ordinary ‘mortal’?” Song Shuhang inquired.

“The true self is usually the person himself, and it has to do with experience. Since you’ve come into contact with cultivation, your true self should not be an ordinary mortal unless deep inside your heart you still do not believe in the existence of ‘cultivation. Or maybe... yep, is the smile on the face of your ‘true self’ a very gentle smile? One that would make others feel comfortable just from a glance?” Medicine Master pondered as he asked.

“Although it’s embarrassing to say, it does seem like a smile that would make one feel comfortable just from a glance.” Shuhang answered, after all the ‘true self’ is himself, boasting about his own smile was pretty shameful.

Medicine Master sighed, “This was indeed the case, little friend Shuhang, you’re truly a good person.”

“Huh? Senior, don’t randomly throw good person cards on other people’s heads!” Said Song Shuhang. He didn’t mind receiving good person cards, but he won’t be able to find a girlfriend if he kept receiving these cards.

“No, I meant that your ‘true self’ represents that you’re a good person, little friend Shuhang!” Medicine Master staunchly answered.

“.....” The corner of Song Shuhang’s mouth twitched.

The ‘true self’ could make out such a quality?

“Alright then, little friend Shuhang, you’ve already completely grasped the 《True Self Meditation Scripture》 and 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》. Especially the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》, you executed it very well, the way you punched nearly made me feel like you’ve been practising this fist technique for years. I don’t have much in the way of pointers to give you, so we shall end here for today.” Medicine Master said with a smile.

“Thank you for your pointers, Senior.” Shuhang gratefully exclaimed.

Medicine Master, “You need not be so polite, take advantage of the fact that during the time that I will be in the Jiangnan Region, I will be available for consultation if there’s anything you don’t understand regarding cultivation. Senior North River should have

told you this before, when you encounter a problem during cultivation, do not barge your way through, ask around for solutions and ponder over them.”

After saying that, he warned again, “Regarding cultivation with the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》, you should grasp the problem with intensity yourself. If you feel like your body is truly exhausted and unable to muster up any strength, do not forcefully continue the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》. Like in your current state, even if you recover in a while, don’t attempt to practise it again. Foundation building fist techniques aren’t movements for health, they are violent body tempering movements. A person has limited amounts of ‘qi and blood’, the amount of qi and blood that could recover in a day also has a limit, overexerting would harm the body.”

“I understand. Besides, in my condition, even if my heart is willing, the flesh won’t move.” Song Shuhang laughed out loud as he spoke. He couldn’t even move a finger right now.

“Haha, you’re someone who has self-control, so I need not say more.” Medicine Master smiled, “Right now, you should just lie down here and reflect on the feeling you had when executing the fist technique and meditation technique. Reflecting is also an integral part of cultivation.

“Alright, Senior.” Song Shuhang complied.

Medicine Master was very satisfied, he then waved his hand at Song Shuhang, “Well then, I’m gonna leave now!”

The moment the words were spoken, his body transformed into a sword beam, and disappeared in front of Song Shuhang's eyes with a whoosh. This should be the legendary escaping light?

“Hold on Senior!” Song Shuhang struggled to raise his hand, and spoke in an agonized manner, “Senior, you should... at least send me back into the dormitory.....”

He was still lying down on the scorching hot rooftop!

The time was approximately 5:30pm, the sun of June that hung in the sky continued to emit its light and heat.

It was as if the plump sun was asking Song Shuhang: Student Song Shuhang who is the human meat teppanyaki lying on the rooftop, would you like to be cooked medium? Or medium well? Or maybe well done?

“What a misfortune!” Song Shuhang sighed.

I'll get a sunstroke, won't I? If he's left out under the sun for a while more, he'll turn into dried Shuhang, then he can be cut into pieces to be weighed and sold.

At this time, Song Shuhang really wished that a kind soul would come up to the roof to help him out, he would definitely be grateful beyond words.

“Moreover, there was something I forgot. I haven’t even had the chance to ask Senior Medicine Master if he had a way to find the person who is secretly investigating me.” Song Shuhang gloomily said.

But at this moment Medicine Master was already far gone, he could only wait for the next time they meet. If there’s no way around it, he’ll make a phone call later.

Anyway, he now had Medicine Master’s phone number, if something unexpected happens, he could immediately call him for help.

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While Shuhang was deep in thought, maybe a deity heard his prayers; as the sound of footsteps came from the roof’s entrance.

“Huh? Why is the door to the rooftop open today?” It was a man who lowered his voice.

Song Shuhang was immediately delighted, he was just about to open his mouth to shout for help.

At this time, a woman’s voice was heard, “If it’s like this... isn’t it better? Phew, let’s get on the rooftop, I’ve never tried doing it there. It will definitely be very exciting.”

“I’m thinking that way as well, but be careful, it’d be bad if we got caught.” As he spoke, the man pushed open the door to the rooftop.

“If we were caught, wouldn’t it be even more exciting?” The woman became even more open-minded instead.

Song Shuhang decisively closed his mouth, and gave up on calling for help; this was a pair of outdoor lovebirds that would provoke envy, jealousy and hatred.

This is a couple that should be burned to death by the FFF Inquisition, they chose to get on the other side of the rooftop. They didn’t notice that on the other side of where they were, there was Student Song Shuhang who was lying down on the ground like a corpse.

[TL: FFF Inquisition from the anime Baka to Test to Shoukanjuu]

After the two had fixed the venue, they began to battle like martial arts experts.

Song Shuhang sighed, then closed his eyes to slowly regain his energy. He could still hear the sounds of the two experts duelling.

After a long while, that feeling of weakness was finally gone.

Song Shuhang struggled to crawl up from the ground, then he slowly moved towards the rooftop's door.

“Oh, that's right, the female student earlier seemed to have said that it'd be more exciting if they caught by others?” Song Shuhang pinched his chin, and mumbled to himself.

He felt that he had an obligation to fulfill their wish.

Because his ‘true self’ informed him that the man named Song Shuhang is a man who loves to help others!

Since it doesn't require any effort at all, he should help this female student fulfill her wishes, right?

“There's no way around it, I can't help being a good person.” Said Song Shuhang as he leaned against the wall and bent his body to peek out at the other side of the rooftop.

Chapter 54: Zhao Yaya

On the other side of the rooftop.

The two martial art experts battled fervently. Despite the presence of the scorching hot sun, their determination to fight could not be hindered.

After some thought, Song Shuhang decided not to make his appearance right away.

He waited for a while so these experts to reach the climax of their battle. Especially the male expert, he was obviously holding back his ultimate move; the Neo Armstrong Cyclone Jet Armstrong Cannon!

[TL: A cannon from the anime Gintama with a suggestive shape, appears on episode 38.]

“This is the time!” Song Shuhang grabbed hold of this opportunity. He revealed half his body, and greeted the two experts with smooth Mandarin, “Hello to the both of you!”

Crack...

This sudden voice was like a pail of cold water being poured onto these martial artists' heads during the frigid winter.

Especially, the male expert, he felt his heartbeat rate increase tenfold, as if it was about to leap out of his chest! He turned his head stiffly, with his gaze fixed at where Song Shuhang was.

Then, when he realized the disturbance was a weak-looking student and not the dormitory's teacher-in-charge, his face turned malevolent, and he clenched his fist. Any man would get angry in this situation.

"I know the two of you find it very exciting to be caught during your battle, I heard it all. There's no need to thank me, my name is Lei Feng." Song Shuhang waved his hand with a passionate face, "By the way, remember to lock the rooftop. Otherwise... it'd be bad if the teacher-in-charge of the dormitory found you two duelling."

[TL: Lei Feng was a soldier of China, Lei was portrayed as a model citizen, and the masses were encouraged to emulate his selflessness, modesty, and devotion to Mao. After Mao's death, Lei Feng remained a cultural icon representing earnestness and service.]

Having said his piece, Song Shuhang swaggered away from the rooftop headed back to his dormitory.

The two who were left behind didn't know whether to cry, to laugh or be angry.

“Today, I did something good again... I fulfilled two people’s wishes at the same time, what a wonderful day.” Song Shuhang was in a great mood.

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The phrase ‘extreme joy births sorrow’, from the work 《Miscellaneous writing from the Western Han – Morality Teachings》: Where flourish begets decline, extreme joy begets sorrow.

What it means is: when a person is extremely happy, something that makes him cover his face with tears + become deeply sorrowful would suddenly happen.

For example: Someone wins a 10 million dollar lottery, it’s even the type that’s the total after tax, he’s so happy! Then an hour later, he receives the information that he was in the late stages of cancer, and would die by that night. So he immediately becomes very sorrowful. This was the kind of deep sorrow which could flood the whole earth with tears.

After Song Shuhang had helped that couple at the rooftop, he was in a great mood, feeling satisfied and happy.

Then, when he opened the door to his dormitory, he saw a lady who wore a white medical robe sitting down on his bed. This was a

pretty lady with an incredible charisma, and a fantastic body. Her long legs were straight and looked strong, even an ordinary pair of white loose pants wasn't be able to hide this fact.

In her hands, she was flipping through the notebook which the thirty ordinary medicinal ingredients of the 'Simplified Body Tempering Liquid' had been recorded into, with her brows slightly creased.

"Yaya-jie, why have you come to my school?" Song Shuhang's forehead was full of sweat and it kept dripping down, it couldn't be stopped.

[TL: Instead of elder sister I'll just put -jie, it's the same as -nee in japanese if you're more familiar with that.]

This lady who wore a white medical robe was the treasured daughter of Song Shuhang's Uncle, Zhao Yaya. When Song Shuhang had just began his first semester of college, it was she who substituted Mama Song to send Song Shuhang to Jiangnan University City. Therefore, she had the key to Song Shuhang's dormitory, and could strut into his dormitory anytime she wanted.

Zhao Yaya was the person Song Shuhang had sent the list of medicinal ingredients to previously to verify their danger when he first saw the recipe for the 'Simplified Body Tempering Liquid'.

He never expected Zhao Yaya to choose not to reply him, and instead come all the way down here to PK him straight.

This was the worst time and worst place to meet someone he shouldn't meet.

People definitely cannot get too happy, once they get too happy, sorrowful things easily happen.

Zhao Yaya lifted her head, her beautiful phoenix eyes swept a glance at Song Shuhang.

Because she's studying medicine, she rarely puts on makeup. Things like cosmetics could adversely affect surgeries. But even without any makeup, she was still a top-grade beauty.

It was a coincidence that due to Song Shuhang practising the 《True Self Meditation Scripture》earlier, he was still experiencing a weakened phase.

“Pale face and weak breathing, there's no wonder you would look for such a ridiculous tonic recipe.” Zhao Yaya's brows creased as she closed the notebook, “Shuhang, medicines cannot be randomly taken. The ingredients in this recipe all possess potent properties. When mixed together, the medicinal effects cannot be measured. Furthermore, all medicines are thirty percent poison, by mixing so many medicinal ingredients, it may become an acute poison. Taking this medicine is the same as suicide! If you're sick, you should go see a doctor!”

At this very moment, there were thousands of horses galloping in Song Shuhang's mind. The weakness from utilizing the 《True Self

Meditation Scripture》 hadn't receded yet, so his face appeared pale. He never thought that by linking his paleness with the pill recipe for the 'Simplified Body Tempering Liquid', Zhao Yaya misunderstood him.

This has to be explained immediately, otherwise it'd be like mud falling on the trousers, it's shit even if it isn't actually shit. Mama Song would definitely end up coming tomorrow, once Mama Song comes, he would without a doubt be dragged into the hospital!

Oh..... perhaps it is no misunderstanding, because he had already successfully invited death once by ingesting the 'Body Tempering Liquid'.

But regardless, it has to be concealed for now.

“Erm, Yaya-jie, it isn't like what you think it is. That medicinal recipe... actually, it's like this!” Song Shuhang's brain operated at insane speeds to create a plausible explanation.

If he hadn't ascertained the existence of 'cultivation', he would directly explain to Zhao Yaya: This is a medicinal formula made by a group of Xianxia chuunibyou, he was worried that those moe chuunibyou sufferers would receive irreversible damage from taking the medicine, so he wanted Zhao Yaya to evaluate it.

The problem was, now, the group's Xianxia chuunibyou had transformed into great and legitimate cultivators. Song Shuhang was too embarrassed to use such an explanation to answer Zhao Yaya, as he himself was about to become one of them 'cultivators'.

He couldn't very well classify himself as a Xianxia chuunibyou sufferer, now could he?

"Speak, I'm listening." Zhao Yaya raised an eyebrow, crossed her legs, and stared straight at Song Shuhang. She was too familiar with Song Shuhang. Since they were children, once she stared at him like this, she would be able to differentiate whether Song Shuhang spoke truthfully or lied.

Because of this 'godly skill' of hers, whenever Song Shuhang did something wrong and lied during childhood, she saw through most of them. However... she rarely exposed Shuhang's lies in front of Papa and Mama Song.

If this weren't the case, Song Shuhang had no idea how many more times he would be beaten by a man, beaten by a woman, and beaten by both at the same time!

This was another reason why Song Shuhang was so intimate with Zhao Yaya, because she was a good elder sister who would protect him.

"Here is what actually happened, not too long ago, I was mistakenly added into a group. I guarantee that at that point, I did not know a single person in the group." Song Shuhang knew that it would be very difficult to lie to Zhao Yaya, so all he could do was hide some bits, "Then, that group's members were pretty weird, I was guessing that they had read too many Xianxia novels."

This was the conjecture he had at that time, as of present, he had

already confirmed that they were true-blue ‘cultivators’.

“Later on, someone in the group issued a pill recipe, which was the one in your hands. Other than the ones on this pill recipe, there were many other medicinal ingredients that could not be found on the internet, that had never even been heard of before, they all had fantasy-like names.”

Even now, I still don’t know what some of those medicinal ingredients are and what effects they possess. In addition, names like Morning Dew Mysterious Grass were indeed very fantasy-like.

“Back then I was worried that they would ingest this medicine and end up permanently sick, so I copied down the ingredients that could be found online, then sent it to you, sis, to get someone to verify them. If this medicine would kill, then before I left the group, I’d try to advise the members not to take it. That’s about all.” Song Shuhang shrugged.

That’s right, he didn’t lie. Back then, this was how he felt, and this was what he intended to do.

Chapter 55: Zhao Yaya's Ballbusting Kick

The corners of Zhao Yaya's mouth raised, being such a busybody was indeed a part of this brat, Song Shuhang's character.

"Alright then, it seems like you're speaking the truth. Even if you are hiding things from me, as long as you weren't planning on taking this medicinal formula, then it's of no consequence." Zhao Yaya shifted her long legs to a different posture, and said dully.

"How could I possibly hide something from Yaya-jie?" Song Shuhang boot-licked.

"That's a lie, it sounded too fake." Zhao Yaya stood up, and gave Shuhang's head a karate chop, "However, in a blink of an eye you're already a university student. Having secrets of your own at this age is very normal, I'm also too lazy to pursue what you're hiding. Well then, that's it for the matter regarding the medicinal formula, you can just inform the people in that group not to arbitrarily take Chinese medicine. Even though they are nourishing ingredients, with so many of them mixed together they could kill a person."

"Hehe, understood." Song Shuhang laughed.

Understood... but his current self wouldn't advise them not to arbitrarily take medicine, because he already became a member of that doping army.

"By the way, your face was deathly pale and your breathing was

weak a moment ago, what was that all about?” Zhao Yaya quickly changed topics.

“It wasn’t deathly pale! The main reason is because I have been lacking exercise for the past year, so my physique has deteriorated a lot. Even a cough from flu doesn’t recover after ten days have passed. So I’ve been undergoing recovery training, earlier I had just returned from vigorous training. Look at me now, haven’t I totally recovered? Furthermore, my body is much fitter now, there aren’t any problems.” Song Shuhang quickly explained, with the rest he had earlier, the weakness from the 《True Self Meditation Scripture》 had already receded. At this moment, his face was rosy, and his heartbeat was strong! He couldn’t be any healthier.

As he spoke, he raised his right arm, and adopted the posture of a bodybuilder showing off his muscles. He contracted his muscles, and the shape of his muscles changed, it gave the feeling that they were full of explosive power.

Zhao Yaya blinked, and carefully sized up Song Shuhang. She was truly caught off guard. Previously, she was just paying attention to Song Shuhang’s complexion and breathing, she didn’t even notice that this brat’s body had become so much more robust!

It wasn’t just the muscles on his arms, there was also the muscles on his chest and stomach which were faintly visible because of the sweat causing his shirt to stick to his body.

His physique has become really good. Zhao Yaya inwardly said.

She emotionally spat, then pinched her nose, and waved her hand saying, “You stink all over, go take a shower.”

“Hehe.” Song Shuhang laughed, but he secretly breathed a sigh of relief.

This obstacle named Zhao Yaya has been cleared temporarily.

She was a close relative who he really cared for, and she had taken good care of him since he was a child. She was also one of the relatives he had first thought of sharing the ‘Body Tempering Liquid’ with when he first got hold of it.

Even if there was no way to give her any ‘Body Tempering Liquid’ right now, Song Shuhang was still thinking of finding some medicinal liquids that ordinary people could safely consume for her, Mama Song, and Papa Song.

Song Shuhang retrieved some clothes to change into, then went to the bathroom to take a shower.

“Yaya-jie, why have you come to Jiangnan University City? It can’t be that you came all the way down here just for the matter regarding the medicinal formula, right?” He asked while in the bathroom.

“I’m not that free.” Zhao Yaya rested her chin on her hand, and answered, “I came to Jiangnan University City for field work, on the day after, which is the June the 7th, 8th and 9th, there will be a

three-day sports competition here in Jiangnan University City. I came here with my teacher as healthcare doctors. After another half a year, my apprenticeship will be completed.”

The 7th of June every year is Huaxia’s high school finals.

Yet, right at the same time high schoolers were bitterly taking their finals, Jiangnan University City would squeeze out some time to happily conduct a sports competition, with a celebratory attitude.

There was a deep feeling of taking joy in others’ calamity shown in Jiangnan University City’s upper echelons towards these high schoolers. It was unknown which headmaster had started this. It just kept repeating till today.

“Sports event?” Song Shuhang was stunned. Why haven’t I received a single word about this?

Could it be because I played truant too much over the past two days?

“Speaking of this, what event did you join? The sports event is a great chance to act cool and woo girls. By the way, the second semester of your freshman year is nearing its end, have you gotten a girlfriend yet?” Zhao Yaya piled more questions on him.

This feels like a meddling relative chasing him for results. When Yaya-jie grows older, she’ll definitely become a great combatant

amongst the meddling relatives.

“As for what event I’m participating in, I haven’t decided, but I should be participating in one or two events. I’ve been rather confident in terms of running recently.” Song Shuhang casually said, “Also, I’m just a freshman, how could it be that easy to woo a girl?”

“Then you should just put in more effort in the sports event, perhaps there may be a senior or junior who actually confesses to you on the spot. If you could find a girlfriend, Auntie would definitely be very happy.” Zhao Yaya giggled.

In the bathroom, Song Shuhang grinned: Apologies, jie. I just want to put in effort in cultivating for now, I don’t have the spare time for something like a love story temporarily.

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After taking the shower, Song Shuhang came out while wiping his hair, and asked, “Jiejie, I’m going to have dinner with Tubo and the others, do you want to join us?”

Zhao Yaya shook her head and said, “I won’t join you guys, so as to avoid making those three scoundrels feel uncomfortable. I came here with quite a few classmates, after coming to see you, I’ll go back to join them.”

“That’s fine, shall I send you off?” Song Shuhang asked. It was about time, he was going to go out to meet Turbo and the others.

“Let’s go.” Zhao Yaya picked up her small bag, then followed behind Shuhang out of the dormitory.

At the dormitory’s entrance.

Coincidentally, the two male students who met Shuhang and Soft Feather leaving together bumped into Shuhang again.

Because Zhao Yaya was walking slowly, and was in the midst of turning through the corner of the staircase, these two hadn’t noticed Zhao Yaya yet.

After noticing Shuhang, one of them waved his hand, and greeted him by teasing, “Yo, my friend Shuhang, where are you going to play? By the way, when are you going to introduce me to your elder sister! That sister of yours is too pretty, especially those long legs, ever since I met her, I’ve thought of her as the goddess of my heart, and have had no appetite. I’ve even seen her in my dreams in the past few days. Haha, give me her number please, I promise you that I’ll be a good brother-in-law to you.”

The corner of Song Shuhang’s mouth violently twitched, he knew that this chap was referring to Soft Feather whom they met a few days back. The problem was, the one following behind him right now was his authentic sister.

If he said such words, would Zhao Yaya misunderstand?

Sure enough, just as this student's words were spoken, they noticed a great beauty who wore a white medical robe behind Song Shuhang.

Another long-legged beauty, moreover one who dresses as a female doctor!

Zhao Yaya glanced at that dear friend, then released an unrestrained kick, her leg wasn't just long, it was also ballbusting.

Furthermore, as a doctor, she could control her strength perfectly, this kick would definitely be painful, but it could also be guaranteed that it won't truly turn one infertile.

The opposite party received the kick in a daze, and immediately knelt on the ground.

"My elder sister, Zhao Yaya." Song Shuhang grinned.

On the side, the other male student took joy in witnessing his friend's calamity and laughed out loud.

The moment he laughed, Zhao Yaya swept him a glance.

That student immediately covered his mouth, then waved at

Shuhang, “Hi Student Shuhang, hello to you too, Shuhang’s elder sister. I’m only a harmless passerby!”

Song Shuhang giggled, “I’ll be leaving with my elder sister first, bye-bye.”

Then he quickly dragged Zhao Yaya away from the scene.

“Bye-bye.” The student who covered his mouth happily said.

After Shuhang and Zhao Yaya left, the student who suffered through the kick stood up from his kneeling position with great difficulty with tears in his eyes, “It hurts, it’s the unbearable kind of pain.”

“Yep.” The student at the side felt the same as well. When he had watched that kick happen, he too, felt a faint pain in his balls.

“However, the genes in Song Shuhang’s family are really great. The elder sister from the last time was so pretty, and had such long legs. The sister this time round wasn’t far off either, add in the points from the uniform, how great. I like lady doctors the most, and wish I could receive an injection from her everyday. Then, I wish I could be Song Shuhang’s brother-in-law, which would be fine!” As he said that, he raised his thumb.

He was a truly brave warrior, because he had the guts to face his miserable life, and had the guts to take the bloody path.

Chapter 56: The Heart To Be Wary Mustn't Be Missing

Along the way.

Zhao Yaya suddenly asked, “Shuhang, I don’t seem to remember having met those two guys when I sent you here at the start of school, right? How did they know about me?”

Song Shuhang blinked at her, “Hahaha, I think they probably heard Tubo and the others mention you, then utilized their own means to obtain a photo of you, I guess.”

“You’re lying, that sounds too fake.” Zhao Yaya snorted, “From their talk, it was obvious that they had met your ‘elder sister’ not long ago. Furthermore, when you introduced me, the other guy seemed to be very surprised, like it was the first time he had seen me. Therefore... spill the beans, is the person those two boys were referring to your girlfriend? Could it be that she’s older than you, so you feel embarrassed to introduce her to me?”

Zhao Yaya was still as honest and straightforward as ever, she was like a detective mercilessly exposing Song Shuhang’s lies.

“There’s no such thing, that person truly wasn’t my girlfriend, you have to believe me, jie.” Song Shuhang seriously replied right away.

“Yep, that’s the truth. However... you indeed have had an ‘elder

sister' accompany you out of the men's dormitory a while ago?" Zhao Yaya squinted her eyes, "How about it, have you considered going beyond just friends? Older female younger male relationships are pretty good now. Besides, if you get married, a slightly older woman would be able to take better care of you. I believe that Aunt and Uncle wouldn't object."

How hateful, she easily inferred that out. Song Shuhang was dispirited. Moreover, why does having a girlfriend have to be linked with marriage? Can't there just be a pure boyfriend-girlfriend relationship between college students? Does it have to be linked with a topic as heavy as marriage?

"Alright, I'll stop teasing you, but if you do find a girlfriend, you must inform me. I'm leaving now." Zhao Yaya forcefully patted Shuhang, then quickly walked up to hail a taxi, and left with a smile.

Song Shuhang waved while feeling relieved in his heart.

He honestly couldn't lie in front of Zhao Yaya, because she was too familiar with him, any lie he made would be easily seen through by her.

Luckily, she didn't manage to make out any relation between him and 'cultivation'. It should be normal though, since something like 'cultivation' was merely a beautiful product of fantasy to ordinary people. In normal circumstances, nobody would link reality with cultivation.

Either way, before I decide to be honest about ‘cultivation’ with her, I have to keep this a secret, and not give her any clues, so as to avoid anything disastrous happening to my family. Song Shuhang inwardly thought.

North River’s Loose Practitioner had warned him of this before, he didn’t dare to jeopardize his family’s lives.

When he thought of this, he once again thought about the person investigating him in the background.

There mustn’t be the heart to harm someone, but the heart to be wary mustn’t be missing!

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6PM in the evening.

At the house Yangde rented.

When Song Shuhang made it, Tubo and Gao Moumou were already drunk. The two hugged each other, while Gao Moumou occasionally wept, he still seemed to be traumatized.

On the other hand, Lin Tubo loudly consoled him while patting his chest making guarantees.

The two were definitely speaking Chinese, but Shuhang couldn't understand a single word, god knows how these two drunkards converse?

Li Yangde wore a forced smile, and immediately asked after opening the door for Shuhang, "Shuhang, do you know what happened to Gao Moumou? He was more dead than alive the moment he arrived, and immediately drowned himself and Tubo with alcohol. A while after he started drinking he began to say things like 'I have been tainted', 'I am unclean', 'I want to die' and other baffling words. To be honest... it's scary to hear a grown man like him shout out something like 'I am tainted'.

"It just so happens that I know precisely what's going on!" Song Shuhang laughed out loud.

Song Shuhang explained what happened earlier in the dormitory to Li Yangde in detail, but held back the part where Zhuge Yue said someone was investigating him, of course. Song Shuhang didn't want to drag his three roommates into unknown dangers.

When Li Yangde heard the full story, he had the expression of not knowing whether to laugh or to cry.

"Speaking of Zhuge Yue, I seem to have an impression. That person must be the school's news department's core member. As for that person's gender, it should be female, right?" Li Yangde pondered while pinching his chin. As he once had the 'need' for some information, he hacked into the school's news department's

to check, and gained some understanding of their core members.

“But when I asked Gao Moumou whether that person is a male earlier, this fellow’s face turned strangely pale, and he shook his head in a depressed manner. Then I asked, is it a girl? His expression turned for the worse, but he still shook his head in grief. I then asked him, is it an intersex or transvestite, and he cried while saying ‘no’. He said that these are things I won’t understand.” Shuhang said.

“Then there’s only one possibility left..... that person is a transsexual?” Li Yangde hypothesized.

“As you say, that seems to be the only other possibility?” Song Shuhang nodded.

The two turned to look at Gao Moumou with pity-filled eyes.

Yangde, “Shall we let Old Gao get totally drunk tonight?”

Song Shuhang nodded, “We should.”

The roommates originally wanted to have a meal outside this night, but Gao Moumou’s half dead appearance would just be shameful to bring out. So Li Yangde wisely called for delivery to go along with the drinks.

Tubo and Gao Moumou kept drinking, and didn’t eat much. The two were already close to complete intoxication, and almost laying

down like corpses.

Song Shuhang and Li Yangde sat down, happily enjoying their sumptuous dinner.

“By the way, Yangde, there’s going to be a sports event in our school? Why haven’t I heard of it?” Song Shuhang inquired.

“Of course you wouldn’t know... because our class was only notified this afternoon. At that time, you were already dragged away by that strange friend of yours.” Li Yangde replied, then he revealed a profound smile, “Oh yes, Shuhang, when you weren’t present in class during the afternoon, a female student named Lu Fei specially came to us to ask about you.”

“Huh?” Song Shuhang was stunned, he didn’t know how to react.

That lady named Lu Fei? All that happened between them is she moving closer to him during a few classes, right? Furthermore, he had never spoken a single word to that person, how should Shuhang be expected to react?

“Haha.” Li Yangde laughed, then said, “Also... something interesting happened for the registration for the sports event. Let me tell you in detail, it’s said that for the this event, there would be a hurtful 5km run for men, and it’s the incredibly tiring type. There’s no one in our class who was willing to participate. Therefore, after everybody pushed this duty all around, this duty fell onto the head of someone who wasn’t present. Let me give you

a hint, this person's surname is Song.”

“Can I use foul language?” Song Shuhang felt all of the veins on his forehead popping up. What a scheme, it's 5km and it could kill!

How unfortunate!

Eh, wait. My brain didn't seem to think clearly for a moment. If it was two days ago, perhaps I might really run to death, but now... a mere 5km, maybe it is just an insignificant number?

“Don't bother cursing, nothing would change even if you curse. The name list for the sports event has already been submitted, on the 7th of June, you will obediently participate in the 5km run. When the time comes you have to go, even if you don't someone will lift you over. You can do it! If you win, you'll receive more course credits y'know?” Li Yangde sardonically smiled.

“Fine, it's just a mere 5km. These additional course credits, this Song will definitely seize it.” Song Shuhang said in a heroic manner.

“That's the spirit, cheers!” Li Yangde raised his cup.

“Cheers!” Suddenly, the intoxicated Lin Tubo laughed and raised his glass. It could be seen that his eyes were clear, how was he intoxicated at all?

Damn, this fellow was just deceiving Gao Moumou?

The pitiful Gao Moumou, he was already down. Who knows how many secrets this scoundrel Tubo made him spill when Tubo made him get drunk?

Song Shuhang raised his glass and laughed out loud, “Cheers.”

No matter whether it was for Zhao Yaya or these three scoundrels, he had to make preparations.

Chapter 57: Fierce Man Nan Haomeng

Fact was, despite being a cultivator who had just started his foundation building, he was no longer an ordinary mortal. Consuming the Body Tempering Liquid twice, and after cultivating in the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》 and 《True Self Meditation Scripture》, Song Shuhang wasn't just physically stronger, even his capacity for liquor had become much better.

In the past, he could, at most match Gao Moumou, yet today, he out-drank both Lin Tubo and Li Yangde.

After getting these two fellas drunk, Song Shuhang felt exceptionally clear in the head, his limbs and thoughts were agile. It was as if what he drunk wasn't one and a half cartons of alcohol, but a glass of plain water.

He shifted the three drunk fellows onto the bed.

Then, Song Shuhang rinsed his mouth, and made his way back to the dormitory; he didn't have the hobby of crowding together on the bed with three drunkards.

He kept walking and walking, unknowingly, he had arrived at the messy alleys of Auspicious Street again.

This time I shouldn't bump into the young girl who's backed up against the wall, right? After all, I've already bumped into her once this afternoon. He inwardly said; unless that young lady spends the whole day getting backed up against the wall by others, there was

no way he would meet her several times a day.

The journey was peaceful and quiet.

“The world is truly peaceful like this.” He secretly nodded, it would be great if everyday was like today.

Speaking of that, when he came out to look for a house with Senior Medicine Master, they didn’t bump into any hoodlums as well, it was very peaceful then too.

Oh, that’s not right! Thinking of Medicine Master, Song Shuhang immediately recalled something.

When he strolled around with Senior Medicine Master, the journey wasn’t peaceful, because there was someone tailing them, and that person was scared away by Medicine Master’s glare.

When he thought of this, Song Shuhang pinched his chin.

Moments after, he fiercely turned around with a sharp gaze, “Come out, you have been sneakily following me for a while, haven’t you! Or do I have to personally catch you?”

Song Shuhang just had the urge to do this suddenly.

To be honest, as someone who had just begun foundation building, although Song Shuhang’s vision and other four senses

are much more sensitive than ordinary people, he was still a complete rookie without abundant experience in dealing with his enemies. He couldn't tell if there was someone actually tailing him.

So he tried bluffing.

If there was nobody, that'd be fine, as that means nobody would notice his 'shameful' action.

If there was someone who truly gets fooled by him, then this matter can finally be settled.

At the same time, Song Shuhang stealthily brought up the dialing page of his phone, and tapped on the number Medicine Master had previously called him with.

This way, if something bad happens, he could immediately call Medicine Master for help. Although it would be embarrassing, but if his life is in danger, something like his face can be thrown however far was necessary.

Song Shuhang's gaze remained fixed behind him.

A few moments later, the figure of a person actually appeared from a corner.

"Incredible, I hid myself so well, yet you still managed to notice me." That figure was two metres tall, it was a man with a muscular

build.

He had a fierce bald head, which could give people a lot of pressure. However... strangely, this fellow actually gave Song Shuhang a warm impression.

That's right, despite his head shaved bald, and robust muscles which would make others feel oppressed, this fellow's facial features gave the impression that he was honest and cute.

What a horrifying stark contrast!

Furthermore, with such a large stature he had managed to tail Song Shuhang without a sound, this fellow's concealment and sneaking skills have been maxed out, right?

"Who are you, why are you following me?" Song Shuhang squinted his eyes as he asked. He could see the bulging muscles on this tall man's body, they were full of explosiveness.

"You need not be so keyed up, Student Song Shuhang. I'm a student of Jiangnan University City like you, and I'm the Vice-President of the Sanda Club, Hao Menghan." The large man introduced himself, then squeezed his fists and said, "The reason I'm following you is because, yesterday night, two good-for-nothings of my Sanda Club were taught a lesson by you, Student Song Shuhang when they were teasing a girl....."

[TL: Sanda is like Chinese MMA, and is also known as Chinese

kickboxing.]

“Oh, when the little brother got bullied, they called you, their big brother for help, then you wanted to vent their anger for them as their big brother, right?” Song Shuhang replied.

If it was two days back, Song Shuhang would definitely flee if he saw a large man like this squeezing his fists maliciously.

But now, after taking the Body Tempering Liquid twice and cultivating in the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》 and 《True Self Meditation Scripture》, Song Shuhang didn't feel a tinge of fear inside, he was instead full of fighting spirit.

In addition, since this guy is the big brother of those ‘hoodlums’, then he wasn't the person who investigated him in the school yesterday afternoon, because it was yesterday evening when Shuhang bumped into the hoodlums who forced the short-haired girl back against the wall.

“Haha, how can that be! Those two fellows didn't dare tell me the matter of teasing the lady. If it wasn't because I overheard them chatting, I wouldn't even have known they were beat up. Those good-for-nothings, despite hanging around with hoodlums, I never expected that they would actually tease a young lady who didn't even have the strength to truss a chicken. I have already beat those two fellows up again, they wouldn't be able to get off the bed in a short period of time.” Nan Haomeng said with an honest smile.

Young lady without the strength to truss a chicken? Big guy, you just didn't see that lady unleash her god-mode. If you saw how that young lady knocked down eleven hoodlums in ten seconds, you wouldn't describe that young lady with 'without the strength to truss a chicken'.

"So what are you tailing me for?" Song Shuhang sternly said.

"Meh, I heard the two good-for-nothings say that Student Shuhang is very powerful. So I wanted to see for myself." Nan Haomeng maintained that honest smile, he was born strong, he wasn't just larger, his strength was also two times of guys his size. Within the Sanda Club, he was already a lonely expert.

Therefore, when Nan Haomeng heard that there was someone who could single-handedly lift his subordinate by the head, his intuition told him that he had found a good opponent. So he sneakily tailed Shuhang.

Now, when he met Song Shuhang himself, this reaffirmed his thoughts; this person appears shorter and skinnier than many of his juniors, but he's an expert!

"Of course, you may think of this as me standing up for the humiliation my little brothers experienced. That way, you could fight me more carefreely. Anyway, I did think of standing up for my little brothers." Nan Haomeng took up a Sanda stance, with a glint in his eyes.

In a blink of an eye, he turned from a harmless and

straightforward person into a fierce beast.

“After spouting all that nonsense, you’re basically just here for a fight, right?” Song Shuhang asked.

“Yeah, I just wanted to fight.” Nan Haomeng grinned, “Besides... I spouted all that nonsense because you made me. Fact is I’m someone who doesn’t really like to talk, I prefer to talk with my fist.”

Song Shuhang: “.....”

You talked so much when you don’t like to talk? If you dislike talking, then who could classify as a chatterbug?

“I’m coming!” Nan Haomeng took a large step forward to close in on Shuhang, his right fist was thrown in a straight line, with great strength and might.

Song Shuhang didn’t dare underestimate this fist, he had only just begun foundation building today, and couldn’t look down on this big guy who learned Sanda.

The opponent released a straight, so Song Shuhang turned his wrist and automatically released Foundation Building Fist Technique Three.

He shaped his hand like a claw, and the claw danced like a dragon.

As he bent his fingers, he grabbed hold of Nan Haomeng's wrist with incomparable precision, the straight was firmly stopped, unable to move an inch forward.

Nan Haomeng felt the pain from his wrist, the fingers Song Shuhang gripped his wrist with were as forceful as steel pliers. Usually, for a small man of Shuhang's size, he could throw him off with a single arm. Yet he struggled under Song Shuhang's grip without being able to budge at all.

At the same time, Song Shuhang faintly creased his brows. How weak!

Weak like a piece of crap.

This big guy is so large, and his punch looked to mighty. Despite that, the amount of force contained in this guy's fist gave Shuhang the feeling of catching a child's punch.

Chapter 58: White True Monarch

But, Song Shuhang immediately realized; it wasn't that the opponent was weak, instead it was he who had become strong.

The 'Body Tempering Liquid' had strengthened his body to the limits of an ordinary human body. After cultivating in the foundation building fist technique just once, the quality of his body had already experienced an earth-shaking transformation.

At this point of time, Nan Haomeng joyfully laughed out loud, "You're indeed a true expert, such a powerful claw technique."

The fist that was stopped couldn't be pulled back, so he raised his leg to knee Shuhang without any hesitation.

A knee attack isn't allowed in traditional Sanda fights, but Nan Haomeng wasn't in a Sanda competition right now. Although he was a big guy with an honest smile, he was no fool. In a fight, use whatever that is effective!

[TL: While Sanda is very similar to MMA, they usually don't allow knee strikes apparently.]

Song Shuhang sighed, the hand that he shaped like a dragon's claw ruthlessly swung up; claw like a dragon dancing, even when the claw has caught its prey, it can still dance like a dragon.

What dances isn't merely the dragon's claw, there was also the prey that was caught.

Nan Haomeng suddenly felt his 110kg body being thrown off the ground!

Furthermore, his opponent did it with a single arm.

Nan Haomeng's heart skipped a beat. What terrifying power, this guy isn't just able to lift my good-for-nothing juniors with a single arm, he could even easily throw off a big guy like me!

However, I will not fall this easily!

"Roar!" Nan Haomeng roared, then lowered his body, trying to forcefully break the fall with his body. At the same time, he pulled back his right arm, intending to release a flurry of attacks once he landed.

It was at this moment that Song Shuhang made his next move.

Foundation Building Fist Technique Two. Fists like meteors. In the blink of an eye, over ten punches landed unceasingly on Nan Haomeng's body.

Because he was too quick, Nan Haomeng wasn't even able to react. Therefore, the big guy became a proper sandbag in mid-air.

When Song Shuhang punched, he didn't recite the Fist Scripture Chant.

First, because there was no time. Second, if he added spirit qi onto the fist by reciting the Fist Scripture Chant, he might end up punching a hole through his opponent's body.

When that happens, there would be metal bars awaiting Song Shuhang.

If he gets unlucky, he'd enter as a daisy, and leave as a sunflower.

To add on to that, he even intentionally held back half his strength in his punches.

Even so, his tempered fists were still dreadfully powerful. Tens of punches rained down, Sandbag Nan Haomeng was punched into a daze.

Nan Haomeng..... was knocked down!

Song Shuhang pulled back his fists, then slowly breathed out a breath of putrid air, giving the slight impression of an expert.

Nan Haomeng bitterly kneaded the places that were hit, and asked, "What kind of fighting style is this? Ancient Huaxia Wushu?"

“Foundation Building Fist Technique, Two.” Song Shuhang’s tone was mysteriously deep.

“Foundation Building Fist Technique 2? What the hell is that?” Nan Haomeng blurted out.

Song Shuhang suddenly felt very depressed. If he could, he’d rather throw out a cool and awesome that could scare people. It was a pity that he had no fate with those cool names.

Seeing Song Shuhang’s ill-intentioned face, Nan Haomeng decisively conceded defeat, “I lost!”

He sighed, as they simply weren’t on the same level. He was born strong, yet his opponent was still so much stronger.

He had a solid foundation in Sanda, yet his opponent’s fist techniques seemed to be much more superior than his.

“A wise choice.” Song Shuhang nodded, “Well then, as usual, the loser has to pay the price.”

Nan Haomeng roguishly replied, “I’ve got no money.”

He tilted his neck and turned away. In the worst case he could just get beat up some more. He had no money, but he has one life! He definitely wouldn’t allow himself to be extorted.

“I don’t need money.” Song Shuhang said this but in his heart he was thinking otherwise, he’s recently been short of money, “I need you to investigate something for me.”

There’s a limit to how much one person can do, while hoodlums have their own intelligence network.

Perhaps he could find the person who investigated him yesterday.

Although he had already decided to ask Senior Medicine Master for help, more preparation wouldn’t hurt!

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A moment later.

Nan Haomeng scratched his head, “You want me to get people to find the person who investigated you yesterday?”

A matter like this wasn’t too difficult, by looking for who that person investigating Song Shuhang asked, then asking those students, they could find out how that person who investigated Shuhang looked, then slowly filter out the possibilities. In the worst case, he had ways to check the school’s video surveillance history. He had connections in the school.

However, even though he lost the fight, why would he help Song Shuhang?

He just came to look for a fight, and didn't agree to help if he lost; if worst comes to worst they could fight again!

“You'd help me, right? Senior Nan!” Song Shuhang squatted beside Nan Haomeng while squinting his eyes, with a dangerous look in his eyes.

If Nan Haomeng dares to spout the word 'no', he will wreck him up!

Nan Haomeng's expression changed, he scratched his head, and made a silly smile, “I understand, I'll have those good-for-nothings and their friends do it. But I can't guarantee any results.”

He had the feeling in that moment, if he didn't agree... something horrible would happen!

Song Shuhang revealed a satisfied smile, “Alright then, thanks, Senior Nan!”

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After the fight, Song Shuhang felt very happy. This fight didn't just allow him to stretch his arms and legs, it even gave him a deeper understanding of 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》.

This type of understanding was different from the force feeding type from the hypnotic space. This type of battle experience was more alive, and gave Song Shuhang more effectiveness when it came to utilizing《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》. Save up more physical energy, yet able to produce more qi and blood!

Battling in reality will always be more effective than theorizing!

“Maybe I should find more opponents to practise my fist technique? Yep, I'll take note of this, then ask Senior Medicine Master tomorrow if practical battles serve any purpose for me.” Song Shuhang thought inside.

He returned back to the dormitory without a hitch.

Shuhang opened up the Nine Provinces (1) Group out of habit.

There was a lot of information contained in the group.

It starts with the afternoon, where there was the chat record when Medicine Master obtained the two foundation building techniques for Shuhang.

Then there was something from two minutes ago, from Copper

Trigram's Immortal Master, "This heavenly master has counted the time, in a while, the closed door cultivation of 'White True Monarch' would come to the end."

North River's Loose Practitioner sent a 'stiff' emoticon, then replied after a while, "White True Monarch is a closed door cultivation addict, he's truly the model of my generation. After coming out this time, he should be close to the 7th Stage – Spirit Sage, right? I reckon that in a short while, we'll have to address Senior White as White Respected Sage."

"The most important point is, when White True Monarch emerges from closed door cultivation, he'll contact us, right? When that happens, who's going to pick him up?" A member with the ID of Drunk Moon Resident Scholar answered.

The name Drunk Moon Resident Scholar felt very familiar to Song Shuhang, this person seemed to pop out on the chat group often. But for unknown reasons, he didn't seem to leave much of an impression, once Shuhang turned away from the chat, he'd have forgotten him.

Once this message from Drunk Moon Resident Scholar was sent, the whole group became awkwardly silent.

After a long time, North River's Loose Practitioner said, "Let me put this out first, I was the one who went to receive White True Monarch the last time. This time will definitely not be my turn!"

From his tone, it seems like receiving White True Monarch out of

his closed door cultivation was a very horrifying matter? Even the passionate and hospitable North River's Loose Practitioner is scared out of his wits?

Mad Saber Three Waves suddenly made an appearance, "I've recently felt my cultivation showing signs of making a breakthrough, and I am preparing to enter closed door cultivation for a few years. Everybody please take note!"

"Who are you kidding, Three Waves? You just got up to the late stage of Spirit Emperor recently, it should be a long time before you make another breakthrough." North River's Loose Practitioner added in a sneer emoticon as well.

"I recently had a fortuitous encounter, so my cultivation is rising by leaps and bounds. It doesn't matter whether you believe it or not, for I believe it. In any case, I'll be going into closed door cultivation soon, so take note of that." Mad Saber Three Waves firmly said.

"What are you panicking for." Copper Trigram's Immortal Master was very calm, "It's not like White True Monarch is emerging right now, there's still a long time before that happens. When the boat closes in on the bridge it'll naturally straighten itself to flow with the current, there will definitely be a way."

"Guy who does divinations, could it be that you already have a plan?" North River's Loose Practitioner asked.

Copper Trigram's Immortal Master, "Hmph hmph, naturally I

have a plan. But I definitely wouldn't tell you, North River, you can give up."

How vile! North River's Loose Practitioner clenched his fist. Your momma's eggs, three months later at the Forbidden Purple Peak, I must torture this divinator fellow to death, beat him up to the point his old mother can't recognize him!

Song Shuhang scrolled down the chat records, he wanted to add in a message, to leave an impression. But for unknown reasons, when Copper Trigram's Immortal Master mentioned that he had a 'plan', Shuhang felt a chill going down from his forehead to his ass.

He had a premonition that if he sent a message, it would invite trouble onto him.

Therefore, Song Shuhang resolutely shook his head, decisively turned off his computer, got into his bed and slept.

Chapter 59: Acute Poison

In the dead of night, the sounds of the cicadas and frogs of summer emanated everywhere.

In the darkness, a figure in black night clothing traversed in the cover of the night, quietly approaching the men's dormitory. In the end, this figure stopped below the balcony to Song Shuhang's dormitory.

"This should be it." The black figure softly mumbled, then he lightly jumped. With a whoosh, he landed on the balcony of Song Shuhang's balcony.

The second floor of the men's dormitory was 3.5 meters up, add on to that the half a meter tall guardrail, it was 4 meters high. This black figure required no assistance in jumping, and landed on the balcony effortlessly.

This jumping force, if it were put to use for the country, becoming the world champion would be in the bag; this was a 4 meter jump without any assistance from running, no matter which of high jump athlete sees this result, they would silently be brought down to their knees in tears.

But of course, the bigger problem was, the whole world would suspect whether he was taking steroids; or secretly added some kind of state of the art technological product in his muscles or something.

The dormitory's balcony door was a ceiling-to-floor window door, simple and beautiful.

The black clothed man first vigilantly inspected the inside. After confirming that nobody had noticed him, he took out a razor thin blade, and stuck it between in the gap of the door.

It was not known what movements he made, but the lock to the ceiling-to-floor door was unlocked by him, he had certainly maxed out the lockpicking skill.

Lightly pushing the door open, the black clothed man entered the room. His movements were nimble, like a cat, throughout the whole process he hadn't made a single sound.

In the dormitory, Song Shuhang laid down in the shape of a 大, he was completely dead asleep.

In the morning he helped Medicine Master look for a house, then refined the Body Tempering Liquid.

Then he learned the foundation fist technique and meditation scripture, and fought with some people before returning to the dormitory. Too many things happened on this day, he was completely drained.

Right now, even if this visitor ruthlessly slapped Shuhang twice, it would still be difficult to get him to wake up.

As a cultivator, Song Shuhang's experience and alertness were far from enough, he was just a rookie amongst rookies, and required a lot more tempering.

For the same reason, as a rookie that was just initiated, he couldn't possibly hope to be like other cultivation masters who could pay attention to their surroundings to the point of hearing the movement of grass in their sleep.

The black clothed man stared at Song Shuhang for a while, then compared him with the 'Song Shuhang' in the information and photos he received. He verified Shuhang's identity. It's confirmed, he is the one.

The opposite party didn't seem to notice his arrival, the infiltration was a success, and surprisingly easy.

But the black clothed man didn't dare to put down his guard, because Altar Master had many qualms regarding this ordinary youngster, 'Song Shuhang'. Before he came, he was warned to act according to the situation. If he was discovered by the opposite party, don't stop to think, immediately retreat!

Therefore, from the moment the black clothed man entered, he remained careful, held back his presence, and held his breath.

Next, where could the Ghost Sealing Ice Pearl be? The black clothed man's gaze swept across Song Shuhang's body, his main objective in coming to the dormitory this night was to retrieve that legendary spirit ghost.

The room wasn't big, so he quickly found his target; the Ghost Sealing Ice Pearl which contained the spirit ghost, was hanging on Song Shuhang's neck, without any protection.

The black clothed man was immediately excited.

"This mission is easier than expected, fantastic." The black clothed man rejoiced inside, his target was completely knocked out, like he wouldn't even be awoken by the sound of thunder, he simply didn't seem like an expert at all. He honestly couldn't figure out why Altar Master had so many qualms regarding an ordinary person.

The black clothed man stretched out his left hand towards the Ghost Sealing Ice Pearl on Song Shuhang's neck.

At this time, while looking at Song Shuhang who remained in deep sleep, he suddenly had a thought.

If I just bring back the spirit ghost..... it'd at most be considered as me completing Altar Master's mission, and I'll receive some reward.

But what if I brought back Song Shuhang's head as well?

Maybe I'd receive Altar Master's fullest appreciation as well, and obtain a better technique!

Then in a short while, he would be promoted, become a gold medal member of the organization, and become Altar Master's right hand man. His life would reach its peak, and he might have a long life like Altar Master. Just the thought of it made him a little excited.

With a flip of his hand, a handleless blade slid out, pinched between his fingers. Killing intent surfaced in his eyes, and the blade on his right hand moved towards Shuhang's neck, while his left hand continued to move down to catch the hanging necklace.

If he could obtain the spirit ghost and bestow this youngster a cut, wealth and status would be his!

The black clothed man licked his lips, with hope and expectation for his beautiful future.

His hand was about to grab onto the necklace.

But right at this time..... he suddenly felt an indescribable heaviness, intense pain and giddiness was felt from his head. It felt like someone had stabbed his head with a shit stick, and stirred it. The headache was harsh, and nearly made him shriek.

What's going on? He clenched his teeth, forcefully holding back that shriek.

At the same time, a bad feeling welled up inside his heart.

Sure enough, in the next moment, the intense feeling of weakness invaded his body; accompanied with it was nausea, the urge to puke. He couldn't hold the blade between his fingers properly, and it fell onto the ground.

“This feeling, it's an acute poison? Damn it, where's the poison from? When did I get poisoned?” The black clothed man was greatly alarmed.

Having been through various brutal trainings, he immediately understood that he had been poisoned, and this poison was extremely tyrannical. Once it flared up, even the power of qi and blood in his heart acupoint couldn't be utilized anymore, and his body rapidly weakened.

He ferociously glanced towards Song Shuhang who laid on the bed.

Right at this time, he saw the corners of the dreaming Song Shuhang's mouth raise up, revealing a slightly nefarious smile. (Or sweet smile?)

No good!

“I fell into a trap!” The black clothed man promptly decided, and swiftly retreated with a sick body. Taking advantage of the fact that his body hadn't completely collapsed, he leaped over the balcony and left.

Puuhh!

Once he landed, he spit out a mouthful of blood, staining the cloth which covered his face, red.

He hastily took out a few medicinal pills for relieving poison, and swallowed them all without caring if they worked or not.

Yet the dizziness in his head wasn't alleviated at all, while the weakness in his body continued to intensify. When he landed on the ground after leaping off the balcony, he even felt that his feet were unstable when landing, he had an internal injury.

The antidote he took had no effect.

The black clothed man could only feel an acute pain from his head hurting his consciousness, like a drunkard who drunk too much, he lost his ability to make proper judgement.

This is no good, I must look for Altar Master immediately while the poison in the body hasn't completely erupted, and get Altar Master to save me.

As he thought of this, he quickly ran towards the location of 'Altar Master'.

This was without a doubt a mistake; if his mind was still clear, he definitely wouldn't run towards Altar Master's place. This would only reveal Altar Master's hiding place.

But at this moment, his mind was already a complete mess, his instinct to live made him choose to look for Altar Master to save him.

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Altar Master was temporarily staying at a hotel outside of Jiangnan University City.

He leaned against the chair with an empty mind, but his mind kept bringing up Medicine Master's pair of sharp eyes. That pair of terrifying eyes couldn't be expelled from his mind.

Once he thought of that gaze, his body would feel weak.

He didn't dare to approach Medicine Master, and couldn't approach Song Shuhang when he was together with Medicine Master. He couldn't judge whether Song Shuhang was an 'expert' or a 'mortal'.

When it was night time, he received information that Song Shuhang had separated from Medicine Master, so under his thirst for the 'spirit ghost', he sent a subordinate who just completed his training to probe out Song Shuhang.

Because he couldn't confirm Song Shuhang's true strength, he couldn't bear to send his stronger subordinates over, so as to avoid getting them killed by him. It wasn't easy for him to bring up his subordinates, it took up a lot of wealth and time.

“Looking at the time, if it was a success, my subordinate should have reported back by now, right?” Altar Master thought inside. If it was a failure, then his subordinate would definitely have met a tragic end.

The world of cultivators is far more cruel than the world of mortals!

It was at this time that a knocking sound came from the door.

It's my subordinate who returned?

Chapter 60: Fear And..... Joy

“Come in.” Altar Master said in a deep voice.

However, after the knocking sound from the door, there were no longer anymore sounds.

Altar Master creased his brows, he shaped his arm like a hook, and took out a dagger from his clothes. Then, he cautiously moved towards the door and looked through the peephole.

Outside the room, there was only the subordinate he sent out leaning against the door motionlessly, there was nobody else near him.

It's a success?

However, Altar Master felt that something wrong was going on, he quickly opened the door while tauting all of his muscles, prepared to fight.

When the door opened, the subordinate who was leaning against the door suddenly fell towards him.

Altar Master dragged him into the room.

Then he carefully surveyed the area outside the room to confirm there was nobody else.

“What’s going on?” He looked towards the subordinate in his arms and asked in a stern voice.

As he said that, Altar Master felt a heavier weight in his hand, his subordinate twitched, then softly collapsed onto the ground.

Altar Master immediately grabbed hold of his subordinate’s wrist, this person’s wrist had no heartbeat, and the qi and blood in his heart acupoint had completely dissipated; completely dead? He didn’t even say a single word!

Altar Master frowned, and inspected his subordinate’s corpse.

There wasn’t a single wound on his subordinate’s body, and no signs of battle. There was only the blood stain on his face cloth.

Altar Master cautiously used the dagger to pull down the the cloth, and saw that his subordinate’s face had turned green with both of his eyes bloodshot, there was even a stench from the blood that flowed out of his mouth.

There was a stench mixed with the blood, Altar Master accidentally sniffed this stench, and suddenly felt a little dizzy.

“There’s poison!”

His subordinate died from poison, and this was an incredibly

tyrannical poison! It had melded with his subordinate's bloodstream, and turned all of the blood in his body into poisonous blood. Now, simply from the the stench emitted from the poisonous blood, poison was carried to him.

Altar Master hastily swallowed an antidote, and activated his true qi to expel this poison.

This poison is second-hand, yet it's still this tyrannical, just how terrifying was this poison by itself?

“Song Shuhang. Sure enough, he is no ordinary person.”

Damn it, all that information saying he's a ‘Jiangnan University City freshman’, a ‘eighteen year old teenager’, ‘parents are healthy and he treats people kindly’ are all fake.

Especially that god damned ‘treats people kindly’, how could someone who uses such acute poison possess a warm character?

Those were all fake information made for Song Shuhang to feign his identity, it can be confirmed that he's... in the middle of tempering in the mortal world!

Motherf**cker, what for be so serious when going through tempering in the mortal world? What a dogshit day.

“How evil, this poison can't be expelled!” Altar Master clenched his teeth, the poison in his body had already taken root in his body,

and was incredibly hard to expel. To completely expel the poison in his body, he may have to go into closed door cultivation.

But he didn't have the time for it at that moment.

This subordinate is truly idiotic to come back despite having been poisoned, this is leading the way for the enemy!

Maybe that Song Shuhang is already chasing after my subordinate to this location.

I can't stay in this place any longer!

Altar Master quickly packed up all of his belongings.

Before leaving, he sprinkled some 'Corpse Disintegrating Liquid' onto his subordinate, he's getting rid of the corpse to eliminate all traces.

After everything was done, Altar Master covered his nose, jumped out of the hotel window, then disappeared into the night with a few more leaps.

The plan could only be continued after expelling the acute poison in his body, he has to find another way to get in touch with this 'Senior Song', and trade for the spirit ghost in his hands.

The night... was very long.

In the night, there were people celebrating, people who were vexed, people who were worried... life happens in infinite forms!

* * * * *

6th June, 5AM in the morning.

Song Shuhang opened his eyes, full of vigor.

After opening his eyes, his brows suddenly creased.

Having gone through body tempering, his sense of smell was a lot more sensitive than the average man, a dull smell of blood was all over the room.

The dormitory's balcony door was actually open; in June, when Song Shuhang and his three roommates sleep, they definitely wouldn't open the balcony's door, because this is the period where mosquitoes and other insects become rampant. Unless they had the intention to sacrifice their bodies to feed the mosquitoes, none of them would leave the door open.

“Could it be that Tubo and the others have returned?” Song Shuhang pondered.

But when he looked around him, he couldn't find the shadow of his roommates anywhere.

Through the bedroom, he could vaguely see that the ceiling-to-floor door for the balcony was also open.

“A thief came?” Song Shuhang panicked, this wasn’t the first time a thief snuck into the dormitory, especially for them who lived on the second floor. This was the floor which thieves liked to visit the most.

This is bad! Song Shuhang jumped off his bed.

I’m lacking vigilance! There were twenty-one sets of Body Tempering Liquid’s ingredients contained in his cupboard, these were things that were hard to obtain even with money.

If these medicinal ingredients were stolen, he would definitely weep and faint in the bathroom.

When he got up, Shuhang’s gaze landed on the floor; there was a handleless blade there. It was exceptionally sharp, with a cold glint.

This was a sharp and thin blade with no handle. It should be the type used by putting it between the fingers or with some other tools. To use a blade like this, one requires a certain level of skill, those who aren’t experts have no way of using it. This blade is definitely not for cutting fruits, it’s a scary blade for assassinating people.

A thief would have no use for this, and wouldn't have the capability of wielding such a lethal weapon.

Add on to that the smell of blood in the air..... the intruder wasn't a thief!

It isn't for wealth, so it should be for a life?

Who did this person want to kill?

Who else could it be..... there was only him in the dormitory. In addition, his three roommates were just ordinary college students, it wasn't likely that an assassin would be hired to deal with them.

The misfortune of being marked for death.

Suddenly, Song Shuhang felt his heart beating a few notches faster.

He picked up the blade on the floor, and a multitude of thoughts passed through his mind. He was unable to calm down.

Thinking of how he had slept like a pig last night, while someone wanted to kill him, he immediately felt fear. Although he didn't know why the opposite party didn't kill him, he was still aware that he had been on the verge of death!

Even though he had already begun foundation building, he was

just an ordinary university student two days ago. Suddenly being placed into a situation where someone wanted him dead, if he could still maintain his calm then there would truly be something wrong with him!

However, Song Shuhang only allowed himself to panic for three breaths, then silently activated the 《True Self Meditation Scripture》 to forcibly calm down.

“From the moment I chose to become a cultivator, I no longer feared death.” Song Shuhang opened his eyes, with more resolution in them than before.

When he said these words, he reaffirmed his existence as a cultivator, his 《True Self Meditation Scripture》 seemed to level up. The ‘true self’ in his mind emitted the aura of having broken through the ordinary. This was the ‘true self’ recognizing him once more, he was no longer an ordinary person, he was a cultivator!

When he once again opened his eyes, Song Shuhang lightly pressed his hand against his heart.

My heartbeat... is still fast, but this isn't fear.

It was something that came from the bottom of his heart; joy!

The opposite party's assassination, this feeling of being close to death, made him feel..... excited!

Despite being the target for assassination, this sort of matter which would never occur to an ordinary college student's 'scripted' life made him feel amusement and joy.

In that moment, even Song Shuhang began to suspect that there was something wrong with his brain.

"If it's someone who really wants to take my life, maybe... this person is connected to the one who investigated me yesterday."

Song Shuhang thought over this while playing with the handleless blade with his fingers, the blade shuttled around his fingers, like a fluttering butterfly.

When he heard from Zhuge Yue that someone was investigating him, he pondered over the opposite party's identity.

"The possibility of it being hoodlums outside of school can be denied, they were just ordinary students, and they lived according to the laws of society. It wasn't possible for them to hire an assassin just because of that small altercation with them; if hoodlums were all so rich/daring, the world would have been conquered by now."

Other than that, the possibility of them being the people tailing Medicine Master was also low. The ones tailing Medicine Master are mostly people who need a favor from Medicine Master. Maybe that person has an extreme character with the thought of kidnapping me to threaten Medicine Master. But the possibility of this is too low."

“Other than that..... there’s only the matter regarding Soft Feather.” Song Shuhang pulled out his necklace and looked at the ‘Ghost Sealing Ice Pearl’.

The ice pearl emitted a cooling air, making his mind more agile, quick and open.

For the matter regarding Soft Feather, there was something about it that made Song Shuhang worry when he recalled it!

Chapter 61: Nice To Meet You, My Name's Song Shuhang!

That day, on the way back after capturing the spirit ghosts, Soft Feather revealed to Song Shuhang that her father had once sealed only one spirit ghost in the Ghost Lamp Temple. But, that day Soft Feather had subdued two of them.

Spirit ghosts could not reproduce; where did that other spirit ghost pop out from?

Could it be that those spirit ghosts were actually one male and one female, and by some stroke of fate, travelled thousands of miles to meet each other, thus developing some kind of forbidden love?

Or perhaps, someone had intentionally put the spirit ghost into the Ghost Lantern Temple to nurture it?

If it was the former, then it was completely fine.

But if it was the latter, a huge problem has arisen!

Looking at the situation now, the probability of the latter occurring was relatively higher.

“If it was the second reason, then does he want to retrieve the spirit ghost from me?” There was clarity in Song Shuhang's eyes,

“And incidentally kill me while he’s at it?”

The world of cultivation was indeed a cruel one.

Due to their extraordinary power, it was difficult for these formidable cultivators to be bound by the laws of the mortal world.

The only things that could restrain a cultivator were the virtues, morals and humanity he held in his heart. Once these morals and ethics were shattered and self-control was lost, then the cultivator could stoop to doing anything.

Genocide, violence, oppression – viewing human lives as straws of grass, to be ravaged at his whims and fancy... So on and so forth. This pretty much summed up the viciousness and cruelty of the cultivator’s world.

If you took my treasure, I will kill your entire family. This was definitely something that cultivators of certain evil sects could do.

Someone like Song Shuhang who had not even completed building his foundation had prematurely been exposed to the merciless side of the world of cultivation.

“Of course, I can’t discount the last possibility,” Song Shuhang pinched his Ghost Sealing Ice Bead. The last possibility was that “treasures could move one’s heart”. He had previously failed to conceal his possession of this bead so someone with sinister

intentions could have seen it. Hence, that person would desire to kill him and steal his treasure.

If it were this kind of person, that would be even more damning to the victim.

“But... that person has already entered my room and even stood beside my bed. Why hasn’t he harmed me?” A blade had already been dropped beside his bed; there was no reason to retreat when success was so close.

“Is there someone protecting me?” Song Shuhang thought of the faint scent of blood.

Could it be Senior Medicine Master?

Song Shuhang kept the razor-thin blade carefully and decided to pay Medicine Master a visit before he went to class in the morning.

There were many suspicions he needed to clarify with that senior.

In addition, he wanted to ask the senior for guidance on how to raise his awareness and techniques to conceal his treasures.

* * * * *

After he freshened up, Song Shuhang hurriedly threw on some

clothes and rushed out of the house without even eating breakfast.

As he was leaving the male dormitory, he could see a tall figure waving at him from a distance.

“Student Shuhang.” The figure approached. It was the large man Song Shuhang had hit last night, Nan Haomeng.

Song Shuhang stopped and shot him a suspicious look.

“I discovered the person who was searching for you,” Nan Haomeng lowered his voice after he approached Shuhang.

Song Shuhang was a little shocked, “Your efficiency is kind of unbelievable.”

In only the span of an evening?

“I had to be. In this fast-paced society, if you don’t increase your efficiency, you’ll be eliminated by this world,” Nan Haomeng spoke some very philosophical words. But when paired with his large muscular body, it created an indescribable sense of awkwardness.

In reality, how smooth the process of helping Song Shuhang investigate had exceeded Nan Haomeng’s expectations. He had only asked those two hopeless members of the association to help him look for the person Song Shuhang wanted, yet those two members had managed to obtain the information so quickly.

The main reason was after those two were beaten up by Song Shuhang that night, they secretly investigated all information regarding Song Shuhang. So, with the basis of having some information beforehand, they were able to quickly find their target.

“Who is it?” This was exactly the time Song Shuhang required this information.

“It’s one of the students in our school, Lin Tao. He’s a boarder, second year in finance. His dorm isn’t too far from here, want to go take a look?”

Song Shuhang’s brows furrowed. It isn’t a stranger, but a fellow student?

But he realised very quickly, that the person investigating him naturally would not do so in broad daylight. In this time and age, as long as a person was willing to fork out a little cash, asking someone else to collect information on him was an easy matter.

This student must have been the one commissioned.

Song Shuhang glanced at the time. “It’s still early, so let’s go visit him.”

As he spoke this, his fingers curled tightly into a fist.

* * * * *

Finance Faculty's Male Dormitory.

It was rare for Lin Tao to wake up so early. He had been in a great mood these two days. Yesterday morning, there had been been a dumb but rich fellow wearing large sunglasses who had given him money worth a year's living expenses before asking him to help investigate a student called Song Shuhang from Jiangnan University.

The other party had said that his daughter had been spending days messing around with this student, Song Shuhang. He was slightly worried so he had asked Lin Yao to help him collect some information on this Song Shuhang.

The moment Lin Tao heard this, he knew he was being lied to — but when faced with such a large sum of money, he had taken the other party's words at face value.

Nobody would have hatred against notes, moreover, all that was needed was to investigate on a student, this required no effort at all. So he accepted the money, and simply gathered a lot of information regarding Song Shuhang.

With such an accidental fortune, the last two days of Lin Tao's life had been very comfortable.

Knock knock

A knocking sound came from the door.

“Excuse me, does Student Lin Tao live here?” A gentle male voice came from outside the room, just the voice alone could make others feel amiable.

“It’s so early, who’s looking for me?” Lin Tao felt skeptical, but he still went to open the door.

The moment he opened the door, Lin Tao felt his vision turn black. An over two meter tall wall-like man stood expressionlessly at his door, full of oppressiveness. This gave him a shock.

Subconsciously, he thought of closing the door.

“You’re Student Lin Tao?” At this time, the gentle voice was heard again.

Now, Lin Tao finally noticed that standing beside the large guy was a student with a kind face.

After seeing this man, Lin Tao’s nervous heart relaxed a little, “That’s me, is something the matter?”

“Nice to meet you, my name’s Song Shuhang.” The gentle expression on Shuhang’s face receded.

Song Shuhang, this name sounds pretty familiar?

Oh f**k, isn't this the man that 'rich fool' asked me to investigate?

Lin Tao immediately realized that something was wrong, he quickly took a step back, and stretched his hand to close the door.

At the same time, Song Shuhang stretched out his hand to lightly press against the door, "Seems like Student Lin Tao does know of me."

Then, Lin Tao realized that the door he held on to couldn't close at all.

He was frightened, what kind of monstrous strength is this? He obviously didn't look like someone strong, and blocked the door with a single hand. Lin Tao exerted all of the strength he got, even the strength he used to drink milk as a baby, and used his whole body to push against the door, yet the door wouldn't budge an inch.

"From your reaction, I conclude that I've found the right person. Well then, Student Lin Tao, would you rather have a proper chat with me, or chat with my fist?" Song Shuhang spoke slowly and clearly; even if it's Shuhang, facing the man who sold his information which nearly got him killed, he wasn't able to totally hold back his fury.

Because this information could cause his friends and family to face life-threatening danger! If he doesn't get angry, he would be the merciful Savior.

In a short moment, Song Shuhang even had the inclination to beat this guy up till he can't take care of himself.

"Don't do anything reckless, this is a school. If you get reckless, nobody will get away with this." Lin Tao was flustered.

"Thanks for the reminder." Song Shuhang nodded, "Well then, Student Lin Tao, will you never take a step out of the school for the rest of your life?"

As long as you walk out of the school, then you can have a proper conversation with my fist.

Lin Tao wasn't a moron, how could he not understand the meaning behind those words?

"Let's find a place to chat then, I guarantee that I will tell you everything I know." Lin Tao forced a smile. Sure enough, greed is the worst amongst the seven deadly sins.

Song Shuhang put down his right hand which was blocking the door, then turned around to walk towards the rooftop.

At this moment, Lin Tao truly felt like shutting the door and calling the teacher in charge of the dormitory for help, but when

he secretly glanced at the two meter tall muscle man, he swallowed his saliva in fear.

Chapter 62: Yep, I'm Framing You!

Lin Tao knew that the day would come where he has to leave the school, when that day comes, if this two meter tall man comes to look for him, and wants him to have a taste of his sandbag sized fist..... All he can do is to book a bed at a hospital he's familiar with that is by the window, has good air circulation and nice scenery before experiencing this model of sandbag fist.

So he was completely terrified, and followed Song Shuhang and Nan Haomeng up to the dormitory's rooftop with a bitter smile.

Behind them, there were his roommates who were curious, but seeing Nan Haomeng's huge physique, they didn't dare ask anything, afraid that they would be implicated in Lin Tao's matter.

Although they wanted to help Lin Tao, they had the feeling of 'the spirit is willing but the flesh is weak'.

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Like Song Shuhang's dormitory, the rooftop here is locked, Song Shuhang didn't have the keys.....

But it doesn't matter, this place isn't his dormitory anyways.

In front of Nan Haomeng and Lin Tao's widened eyes, Song Shuhang grabbed onto the lock, and casually pulled down on it. Then, the lock and the screw which it held on to were both torn off.

As relaxed as plucking a leaf off a branch.

This could no longer be described as being strong, it was practically a dragon in the shape of a human.

Lin Tao couldn't help but shiver for a moment.

Stepping on the rooftop, Song Shuhang asked with a deep voice, "Well then, now, tell me, who sent you to investigate me?"

"I don't know that person." Lin Tao bitterly laughed, as expected, Song Shuhang would ask this question first. This was the question he didn't want to face the most, because he simply didn't know the answer!

Once his words were spoken, he saw Song Shuhang's face frost over.

Lin Tao quickly tried to remedy the situation, he racked his brain trying to recall and said, "Wait, I can roughly remember how he looked like. He was taller than me by a whole head, at around 1.83m; yep, rather skinny, with long arms. Obviously longer than ordinary people's by a lot, like a gibbon. Because he wore a pair of large sunglasses, I didn't get a clear look at his face. His lips were

thick, like swollen sausages.”

“Is that all?” Song Shuhang face looked like a volcano about to erupt, like he would explode at any moment.

“There’s a little more! Although this person tried to conceal it when he spoke, I was still able to tell that his original accent should be closer to that of an accent belonging to an area neighbouring J City and Jiangnan Region. Because I lived there when I was young, I’m very sensitive when it comes to the accent there.” Lin Tao hurriedly said.

The area neighbouring J City and Jiangnan Region, which is also the region Luo Xin Street is at.

As expected, it’s because of the ‘spirit ghost’? Song Shuhang was able to faintly confirm it in his heart.

“Other than this, I don’t know much more. Actually I didn’t reveal too much information regarding you, just your few good friends and your next of kin. This information is things that your classmates and the school would know. It is also possible to extract this from the school’s network. I can’t find more on the school’s network anyway. By the way..... this, this is the reward that man gave me, I’ll give it all to you.....” Lin Tao anxiously took out a bundle of red notes from his pocket, hoping for Song Shuhang’s forgiveness.

Seeing that bundle of red notes, the last bit of rationality in Song Shuhang’s mind collapsed.

Just because of this amount of money, this man passed detailed information on him to a stranger. Causing his life to be in danger. Also..... if this problem isn't quickly settled, the lives of his family and friends might also be in danger.

Disgusting!

Song Shuhang grabbed onto Lin Tao's shirt collar, fiercely pulling him towards himself, his right hand turned into a fist, and smashed it into Lin Tao's face.

This was a forbidden move amongst punch techniques, called Face-breaking Punch of Friendship!

Lin Tao was blown into mid-air, fresh blood poured out of his mouth, along with several teeth.

His face which had been hit began to quickly swell.

This was when Song Shuhang forcibly retained majority of his strength, otherwise, with the anger contained in his punch, he could cause Lin Tao to be bedridden and unable to take care of himself.

Now all that happened was a few broken teeth and a swollen face, this was the result of Shuhang holding himself back as much as he could.

Lin Tao was knocked into a daze, and only began sobbing after a long while because of the pain. But because of his swollen face and half his teeth having fallen out, even his wails sounded weird, and weren't loud.

“From now on, you better erase everything regarding me from your mind. Otherwise, what you will receive the next time won't just be a simple punch like this.” Song Shuhang wiped away the bloodstain on his fist, “As for your face and your teeth, think of your own way to explain to others. You can say you hit yourself, or you knocked them off when you fell down. Either way, do not link it with me. I do not wish to see you again.”

There will be no next time, if there was a next time, Song Shuhang would truly be unable to guarantee that he wouldn't do something extreme. Even the Buddha can only endure three times, right?

Song Shuhang and Nan Haomeng left.

There was only Lin Tao sobbing on the rooftop left, with the red notes strewn all over the floor. Who knew if these red notes were enough for him to put back his teeth that fell? Dental fees seem to be really high nowadays.

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“Hey, Shuhang, aren’t you afraid that Lin Tao would go back and report to the school’s authorities that you beat him up and even knocked out his teeth? Then the school might forcibly make you quit school or something?” Nan Haomeng curiously asked.

“Yep, I’m not the slightest bit afraid.” Song Shuhang was oddly calm.

For unknown reasons, his calmness gave Nan Haomeng a bad premonition.

“Because I definitely wouldn’t admit to beating him up. Besides.....” Song Shuhang turned around and looked at Nan Haomeng and said, “Why do you think I let you come with me to this place?”

“What do you mean? Wasn’t it me who brought you here?” Nan Haomeng felt that something was off.

“Think about it, between the two of us, who is more conspicuous?” Song Shuhang indifferently said.

Nan Haomeng shouted, “You’re framing me?”

“Yep, I’m framing you.” Song Shuhang nodded and said, “If you’re not happy, hit me?”

Hit your sister, if that happens it’ll be you beating me up, where would I have the opportunity to beat you?

Nan Haomeng clenched his teeth, and ran back towards the rooftop. He felt that he had to reinforce the threat towards that student named Lin Tao, so as to avoid the opposite party possibly do something he shouldn't when he's not thinking clearly.

* * * * *

On the rooftop, the great sun climbed up to it's peak with much effort, continuing to release its light and heat selflessly. Actually, with such hot weather, most people wished that he would go on strike for a day or two.

Taking advantage of the fact that it wasn't time for class yet, Song Shuhang went to Medicine Master's residence.

He had too many things to consult Senior Medicine Master with.

At this time, in the garage of that five-story house, there was an old Volkswagen Santana parked outside. It was the kind of old squarish Santana model that was used in driving school more than ten years ago. This type of vehicle had already been completely withdrawn from the market for many years due to its age.

Who knew that someone would still drive something like that these days? Song Shuhang began to suspect that this car may not even be allowed on the road right now.

"There's a guest?" He inwardly said, then touched his key,

intending to open the door.

Yet at that moment, the door to the house was opened first.

A lady with shoulder-length hair walked out of the house, she had a small figure, approximately 1.5m or so. However, she had a powerful aura, every step she took had the aura that would rival a tiger inspecting his mountain.

She slanted her head and sized Song Shuhang up, then minded her own business and walked over to the old Santana, and opened the boot. She took out a pill refining furnace that was approximately a cubic meter sized.

Then, she raised her leg, and stamped on that pill refining furnace, the pitiful pill refining furnace made a tragic whine.

This lady seemed to be in a bad mood, and she seemed to have a bad temper as well.

“Her anger value is about to burst the gauge.” Song Shuhang’s heart trembled a little, he felt that he should avoid this lady.

Just as Song Shuhang was prepared to quietly slip in to look for Medicine Master, a strange noise sounded from behind him.

Then, the pill refining furnace which was kicked began to swell up. In a blink of an eye, it grew to a size that was almost as big as the car.

It can grow just by being stomped on?

Is this object shrinking magic?

A thousand kinds of magic, a million kinds of abilities, there're only things you can't think of, this is cultivation!

Chapter 63: Jiang Ziyang

Would there eventually be a day that he himself would be able to fully utilise all kinds of techniques like Senior? Song Shuhang thought to himself.

At this moment, the short-haired girl extended her open palms, grabbed one end of the furnace, raising it and walking two steps forward. She furrowed her brows.

Dong!

She put the furnace down before turning around to stare at Song Shuhang.

“You’re Song Shuhang?” She raised her eyebrow. “Come over and help me carry this, helping a beautiful damsel in distress is every man’s obligation!”

“You know me?” Song Shuhang asked warily as he stepped forward to help the girl lift the pill refining furnace.

The furnace was not really heavy, but it was big and clunky enough to make it difficult for one person to carry. For two people though, it was a breeze.

“Don’t ask so many silly questions. You should be able to clearly see the intimate relationship I share with the Medicine Master. Then you should be able to immediately infer that it would be

normal for me to know about you from Medicine Master.” The lady stated with an expressionless face.

There’s probably nobody who could clearly see the intimate relationship between you and Medicine Master at first glance, right?!

Song Shuhang cursed inside, then asked, “Intimate relationship? Are you Senior Medicine Master’s dao companion?”

“No..... I’m temporarily still his disciple. Jiang Ziyan, I’m currently using this name, and wouldn’t change it for the next thirty years.” There was a feeling that when Song Shuhang mentioned ‘dao companion’, her mood turned a lot better. “I heard from Medicine Master that he wanted to come all the way here to Jiangnan Region for research, so I could only transport his pill furnace over later. Once he begins researching, he wouldn’t give a damn about anything else, there needs to be someone who takes care of him. Help him tidy his hair, sort out his clothes, tell him when to cultivate, and also remind him to eat.”

As they spoke, the two arrived at the third floor, this was Medicine Master’s temporary pill refining room.

When the door was opened, Song Shuhang saw a completely new room.

There was also... a completely new Senior Medicine Master.

He was no longer the visual kei guy Shuhang met in the beginning, but how should he describe the Senior Medicine Master of this moment?

Let's first talk about the hairstyle, the long 'explosion' like hairstyle had been meticulously tidied up. Medicine Master's hair has been tied into small braids, furthermore... they were braids pointing towards the sky!

With a rough count, there were over twenty sky-pointing braids, this made Medicine Master's head look like a forest. To add on to that, there were many small and cute decorations on the small braids.

To be honest, Song Shuhang honestly felt that that 'explosion' hair looked better.

The black eye bags still remained, but now... the black eye bags actually had become real smoky effect make-up!

Because Song Shuhang could see that when Medicine Master blinks, there was a sometimes be a sparkle around his eyes, that was eyeshadow used by ladies for makeup.

Song Shuhang's stomach couldn't handle all of this, and began to twitch.

I feel like, Medicine Master's current appearance is worse than when it was unkempt; the visual kei Medicine Master was more

handsome than how he is now, this is simply going towards the direction of trying to make him ugly.

It can't be that Jiang Ziyang was afraid that because Medicine Master was too handsome, other women would snatch him away, right?

If that's the case, she can totally be at ease, simply from Medicine Master's visual kei appearance, there was practically no lady who would fall for him.

Medicine Master looked at Shuhang, then spoke with a smile, "Yo, little friend Shuhang is here. Looking at the time, it's indeed about time you came."

"Huh, Senior, you knew that I would come this morning?" Song Shuhang asked bewilderedly.

"Hurr hurr, of course. Last night, something happened around you, right?" Medicine Master exuded an air of profound mystery.

Sure enough, the one who protected me last night was Senior Medicine Master.

Song Shuhang came to a conclusion inside, and answered, "Yes, last night there was someone who infiltrated my residence. Then, the opposite party left this handleless blade. There's a faint smell of blood around the place I'm staying at, something doesn't feel right."

As he spoke, he brought out the handleless thin blade and handed it over to Medicine Master.

Medicine Master received the handleless blade, glanced at it and handed it back to Shuhang. Next, he squinted his eyes and asked, “What do you think the people who snuck into your room yesterday wanted to do?”

Song Shuhang replied, “I’ve thought of many possibilities, but I think that it’s most likely... to kill me.”

Jiang Ziyang laughed on the side and said, “At least you’re not hopelessly stupid.”

“Your guess is correct, this handleless blade is full of solidified scent of blood, there’s also the hatred left on it from the dead. There’s no doubt that the person who wielded this blade often engaged in slaughter. To be honest, I didn’t want you to come into contact with the cruel side of the cultivation world so soon, but this is the true face of the world of cultivation. Danger doesn’t only exist in Heavenly Calamities and Heavenly Disasters, there’s also... Human Disasters. Well then, little friend Shuhang, how do you feel towards your first assassination?” Medicine Master asked with a smile.

Feel?

I feel a whole lot, my emotions were a mess previously!!

Song Shuhang thought for a bit, then replied, “To be honest, I was a little fearful in the beginning. I felt like my vigilance was insufficient, the enemy snuck to my bedside, yet I didn’t notice a thing. This is one of the reasons I came to look for you, Senior, I want to at least increase my alertness.”

With some hesitation, he then said in an embarrassed manner, “But later on, I felt a little... excited.”

“Excited? Hahahaha.” Medicine Master laughed out loud, “Little friend Shuhang, you’re truly a strange fellow.”

Towards his own assassination, to feel excitement is really weird.

“Weirdo.” Jiang Ziyan added.

Medicine Master was done laughing, and began to explain.

“Yesterday, I secretly left a miniature array on your body. My apologies, I didn’t ask for your permission before messing around with your body. The array I planted has some defensive uses, and would react to an attack from a cultivator. Furthermore, the array contains some medication that had been through special treatment from me. Let me just say that this medication used to be my proudest work. Cough.....” Medicine Master was a little shy, he felt a little apologetic for secretly planting an array on Song Shuhang’s body after all, though his original intention was to protect him.

“But very late last night, this array had been activated by someone, while the medication inside was released.”

Only cultivators could activate the array, and it had to be a cultivator with the intent to harm.

“Truth be told, I initially thought that this array wouldn’t ever be activated. I’ve always thought that those chaps following be would have a sense of rationality. But from what I see now, I seem to have overestimated them. They’ve already turned into mad dogs, randomly biting whatever they see. My apologies, little friend Shuhang, I’ve created some trouble for you.”

Medicine Master believed that the people who made a move towards Shuhang were the same ones who had been following him. Because, other than them, Medicine Master couldn’t think of any cultivators who would attack a newbie of the cultivation world like Song Shuhang.

Jiang Ziyang smiled and added, “Anyway it’s fine now, the person who infiltrated your room yesterday would never appear before you again.”

Which also means, the assassin from yesterday is already dead?

“Do you find this very cruel, little friend Shuhang? This is what the cultivation world is like. I know you’re a very kind... good person. But your kindness and benevolence must never be saved for your enemies. This is my advice to you as a Senior.” Medicine

Master said seriously.

Song Shuhang was a good person, this could be seen from the ‘True Self Meditation Scripture’. Which was why Medicine Master was a little worried, worried that he would be soft hearted towards his enemies, when that happens, he would be harming himself and the people around him.

It’s good to be a good person, but a rottenly good person is just dangerous.

“Please be rest assured, Senior. Although I may actually be a good person, I’m definitely not like the Savior who would sacrifice his life for the world. I believe that if it’s an enemy, only a dead enemy could be the best enemy.” After some thought, this was Song Shuhang’s serious answer.

Jiang Ziyang once again said, “You’re really a weirdo.”

Medicine Master nodded with a smile. The rigid good person would give others headaches, but nothing can be better than a good person who knows to be flexible.

“Other than that, the matter yesterday could be said to be my life being saved by you, Senior Medicine Master.” Song Shuhang answered the other topic, “Actually, other than the possibility of the people assassinating me being those who are following you, Senior, it could possibly also be because of this.”

Song Shuhang took out his necklace, revealing the Ghost Sealing Ice Pearl on it.

“This is the reward I obtained when helping Soft Feather previously..... a spirit ghost.”

Chapter 64: An Invincible Position

Song Shuhang gave Medicine Master an account of his speculation.

“What you mean is you suspect that the one who infiltrated your room could be the spirit ghost’s owner; or a cultivator who was provoked by riches when seeing your spirit ghost? That may be possible.” Medicine Master nodded.

“Soft Feather should be the daughter of Spirit Butterfly Respected Sage that you’ve mentioned before, right Teacher?” Jiang Ziyan shook her head with a smile. As expected of a generous lady, to give a spirit ghost so casually.

Something like a spirit ghost, even a cultivator of her level doesn’t have one. However, for her current self, a mid-grade spirit ghost like that was no longer of any use.

“What are you planning to do?” Medicine Master gazed at Song Shuhang and asked.

Song Shuhang sighed, “Frankly, if the enemy who wants my life is just one person, I wouldn’t worry so much.”

He would in fact feel more delighted to know that they were a group, as that would give him a lot more motivation when cultivating.

“However, yesterday afternoon, I heard that there was someone who paid a student of Jiangnan University City to collect information regarding me and my close relatives and friends. I’m worried that these fellows might choose foul means, and harm my close friends and relatives.”

His current strength wasn’t enough to protect his friends and family. This was also the reason why North River’s Loose Practitioner previously warned him not to reveal his identity as a ‘cultivator’ before having the strength to protect his family.

The problem was, he simply didn’t reveal his identity as a ‘cultivator’, yet trouble had already found its way to him!

He suddenly felt very wronged.

Jiang Ziyang chuckled and said, “Shuhang, how about I hold on to the spirit ghost for you? Then let those fellows come for me if they dare, and I’ll take care of them one by one, wouldn’t that be great?”

The moment she said that, Medicine Master raised his hand, and fiercely flicked her forehead, “Don’t bring up bad ideas, this spirit ghost holds great meaning to little friend Shuhang. Once he completes his foundation building and collects all the materials required to construct a spirit ghost contracting array, he would be able to contract this spirit ghost.”

With this spirit ghost, even if he missed out on the ‘best foundation building age’, without that breath of xiantian true qi

protecting the body, Shuhang would still have the chance to chase after those geniuses of sects. If he didn't have this spirit ghost..... Song Shuhang's future path as a cultivator would be three to five times more difficult.

Song Shuhang's eyes slightly shined.

Jiang Ziyang rubbed her forehead, and stuck out her tongue, "I was just joking, besides, a spirit ghost is useless to me now, anyways."

Song Shuhang said in a deep voice, "Therefore, I need to quickly find the mastermind. Then, I'll get rid of him through any means necessary."

"What if the opponent's strength is way above yours? How are you prepared to take care of him?" Medicine Master reminded.

Fact was, the opposite party's strength was definitely above Song Shuhang's.

"Once I find their tracks....." Song Shuhang pinched the Ghost Sealing Ice Pearl, and tried asking, "Senior Medicine Master, I'd like to ask, if I use this spirit ghost as the reward, can I ask of you to take care of the opposite party?"

For the safety of his family and friends, for a materialistic item like a spirit ghost, he would give it up if necessary!

Medicine Master revealed a gratified smile. Between the spirit ghost and the safety of his family, Song Shuhang chose the latter. To some cultivators, this was a stupid decision, but Medicine Master appreciated Shuhang's decision very much.

However, he shook his head and said, "Unfortunately, I can't help you, because I'm not an expert at battle. Furthermore, your enemy might be hiding in the dark. I don't have much experience towards chasing an enemy or looking for a hiding enemy. However....."

In addition he didn't need a spirit ghost.

"There are many seniors and members in the group who have cute juniors. If you are willing to use the spirit ghost as reward, I believe that many seniors would come from distant places just to deal with this hidden foe for you. I can guarantee that." Medicine Master said with a smile.

"If that's the case, I'm relieved." Song Shuhang carefully kept the 'Ghost Sealing Ice Pearl'.

At the very least, with this spirit ghost here, he wouldn't fall into an impasse.

If he has to retreat, he could call for backup. He was already placed into a undefeatable position for this battle.

"However, unless you have no way out, I'd recommend that you

do not trade this spirit ghost away.” Medicine Master added.

“Why would you say that, Senior?” Song Shuhang asked puzzledly.

“This spirit ghost is extremely important to you, I have not explained to you everything about knowledge for foundation building cultivators. Simply put, you’ve already missed the optimal age for foundation building, but with this spirit ghost, you’d at least be able to catch up with ordinary cultivators, and be able to progress further in your road of cultivation. If you lose this spirit ghost, you may find it difficult to make any progress after reaching the 2nd Stage. For you, this spirit ghost could be considered to be your ticket to enter the dao.” Medicine Master answered.

“However, I have no other choice.” Song Shuhang said. He was just an ordinary student without any powerful backup. Other than using the spirit ghost as a reward, there was nothing on him that he could ask the seniors in the group to help him with.

“But your enemy may not be as strong as you think, if the opponent is merely at the 1st Stage of cultivation, then they would be within the range where you could resist, they would even be a decent adversary for tempering yourself. At the same time, before you find the enemy, you could look for as much help as possible.” Medicine Master smiled with his eyes squinted, “To reiterate, unless you have no other option, don’t casually trade the spirit ghost away.”

“Thank you, Senior.” Song Shuhang nodded and said; at the very

least, he had to first find and find the enemy in the background. Otherwise, everything would just be empty words.

Jiang Ziyan suddenly laughed out loud, “Shuhang, you’re indeed an interesting fellow. By the way, Teacher, do you need any help from me during this period?”

“Oh, it’s enough that you transported the pill furnace here.” Medicine Master laughed, and the forest-like braids on his head shook.

“Then I’ll be very free? Since this is the case, I’ll go do some interesting things.” Jiang Ziyan formed a wide and bad smile, her tongue licked her lips in a captivating manner.

Song Shuhang realized that a bad smile suited Jiang Ziyan very well. When she smiles, there was a dark charm to her. Like a raging fire, despite a moth knowing the dangers of it, it still throws itself into the fire regardless of the perils.

Perhaps she noticed that she smiled too much, she quickly covered her mouth. She then chuckled, then jumped out of the window to leave, who knew what was on her mind.

Medicine Master shook his head smiling, moved his pill furnace over and placed it at a suitable position.

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“By the way, Senior Medicine Master, I still want to ask for guidance as to how I can sense whether someone is following me, and also how to maintain vigilance.” Song Shuhang earnestly requested.

Experiencing these things, he knew that he was lacking in many areas. He enjoyed the feeling of being targeted, but he just liked the excitement of it; he didn't like being slashed to death while sleeping on the bed.

“Those are tricks cultivators use in their everyday lives, it's very easy to grasp. Oh yes, wait a moment.” Medicine Master took out his phone, and logged into the chat app. Next, he opened the Nine Provinces (1) Group's folder.

It could be seen that in this folder of the group, there were various strange documents.

“Modern electrical appliances and their diagrams; Air-conditioning, Television, Computers, Cell phones, Rice cooker..... etc.”

“How to quickly grasp the tricks to handling a phone.”

“Fellow daoist whom closed door for fifty years and above need to make a legal ID, for more info please contact * * * * *.”

“Those who need to exchange their gold and other valuables into usable paper currency please contact * * * * *.”

“Things that cultivators’ need to take note of: Science and technology are advancing very quickly, ten ways on how to quickly assimilate into society. Do not let ordinary people notice any peculiarities.”

“Road safety rules, please keep in mind to never knock into a car. Attachment: Various pictures of car shapes. PS: These are transport vehicles, like carriages, they aren’t demons.”——Do not knock into cars! It isn’t be careful of getting knocked by cars. There had even been senior cultivators who thought cars were demons? Song Shuhang wondered whether that senior had caught the car? Or did that senior ‘kill’ the car?”

“Proposal for where to choose for closed door cultivation and things to take note; do not allow a tragedy like Charitable Resident Scholar’s to happen again.”

Chapter 65: Looking For The Enemy's Trail

This was the first time Song Shuhang noticed this folder. In the past he only cared about reading the chat logs, and didn't notice that there was such a folder which existed within the group.

These were probably for senior cultivators to assimilate into modern society after exiting closed door cultivation. However, they all looked very deceitful, they could just produce legal ID and personal info? The secret powers of Nine Provinces (1) Group includes affecting the rest of the world.

“Senior, who is this Charitable Resident Scholar?” Shuhang pointed at the last document, and curiously asked. Just what kind of tragedy happened?

When Medicine Master heard the question, he had a regretful face, “Ah, that's a senior with great power.”

“Approximately two hundred years ago, Senior Charitable secretly found an uninhabited place for his closed door cultivation. When he had been in closed door cultivation for over a hundred years..... right when he was having a great time in closed door cultivation, there was suddenly something called an atomic bomb which fell right on top of where he was going through closed door cultivation.”

“How should I put it, it was really dangerous then! If it wasn't because Senior Charitable was so powerful, along with the defensive arrays he had set up for his closed door cultivation which

numbered over a hundred, perhaps he would've been fried to death then. Furthermore, even though he preserved his life, that senior had to rest for ten years to gradually recover. The words atomic bomb are still taboo in front of him. If anybody dares utter these words in front of him, he would fall out with them."

Song Shuhang believed that that Senior Charitable was definitely [a senior who lingered between kick R and kick T](#). This senior received a direct hit from the humanity's undisputed ultimate weapon; a nuclear warhead, yet he still lived. Shuhang could only bend a knee towards this senior in his heart.

[TL: To explain the joke, in the raws it's written between '牛a和牛c' meaning between 'NewA and NewC' = Newbee, which loosely means kickass/OP. So, to make this readable I changed it to between 'kick R and kick T' = kickass.]

At this point, Medicine Master still had a little lingering trauma as he said, "For the last few decades, humanity has been progressing too quickly. This makes us cultivators who casually enters closed door cultivation for decades, or centuries, have difficulty keeping up. Many fellow daoists who emerge from their closed door cultivation nowadays have to spend many days acquiring general knowledge. Developing in tandem is humanity's ability to invite death, it's getting stronger everyday. I heard that right now, all of the nuclear warheads on the earth would be enough to wipe out humanity dozens or even hundreds of times? That would still be fine; what makes many worry is, perhaps someday while we are in closed door cultivation in bliss, there would suddenly be several hundred nuclear weapons falling from the sky, and we end up dying without even knowing why."

Several hundred nuclear warheads? I doubt it, no matter how

crazy humanity becomes, they wouldn't throw so many nuclear warheads at one spot. Song Shuhang was just thinking of saying that, when suddenly he thought of the special situation of 'clearing nuclear weapon arsenal'.

One can't say for sure that there wouldn't be a situation where many nuclear warheads were assembled to one place to be cleared, then boom boom boom they all blow up?

“.....” At this point, he truly didn't know what kind of expression he should have when facing Medicine Master.

He kept feeling like ever since he had come into contact with fellow daoists from the Nine Provinces (1) Group, the image of the 'cultivator' he had envisioned kept shattering. What was supposed to be the image of a great person beyond worldly matters, and what was supposed to be the graceful and immortal-like cultivators, are nowhere to be found.

“I've found it, this is it.” Medicine Master scrolled through the folder for a long time before finally finding a document.

《Regarding Mental Energy's initial uses' study, discussion, collation; Drunk Moon Resident Scholar》

Medicine Master: “Here is the method you can use to search for ambushers or stalkers via mental energy. There's also a way stated for foundation building cultivators to enhance their senses. It's easy to grasp, you can go back and take a look, and try it. This document is provided by Drunk Moon's Intoxicated Scholar, free

of charge, you need not pay a cent.”

Because everybody here are experts, this kind of mental energy utilization is too elementary for them. Just like Medicine Master who publicly offered the ‘Simplified Body Tempering Liquid’, those who had use for it would owe him one, but those who have no use for it, could just take a look.

Medicine Master then said, “if there’s anything you don’t understand, ask me. I’ll clean up the pill refining room during the morning, when you have time in the afternoon, help me do some tests for the Body Tempering Liquid recipe.”

“Thanks Senior.” Song Shuhang said, then his gaze landed on the author’s name ‘Drunk Moon Resident Scholar’, “Come to think of it, the name ‘Drunk Moon Resident Scholar’ sounds very familiar.”

I faintly remember, this is a senior who pops up in the group often, but why can’t I seem to remember him?

“Haha, you need not mind the matter with Drunk Moon Resident Scholar. If one day you manage to remember him, he’d be addressed as ‘Drunk Moon Sage Monarch’.” Medicine Master said with a laugh.

“Sage Monarch? What kind of stage is that?” Song Shuhang asked, he knew that the seniors in the group had names which corresponded to their cultivation levels. For example, the group admin Mt. Yellow’s True Monarch, sub-admin Seven Path’s Respected Sage, and Soft Feather’s father who’s addressed as

‘Spiritual Butterfly’s Respected Sage’.

“That is a stage where I could only hope for, yet wouldn’t know if I would ever reach it. A saint amongst humans, 8th Stage – Mysterious Sage. Which is also the stage where the seniors in the group who hold the title Respected Sage are pursuing.” Medicine Master laughed and said, “That stage is still worlds away, don’t think too much about it for now.”

Song Shuhang nodded, he checked the time, and it was already 6:37AM. It was about time for him to begin his morning classes.

Before leaving, he inquired, “By the way, Senior, I wanted to ask if actual combat has any benefits for my current stage? I fought someone yesterday, although it was only two moves, I feel that through the process of battle, my understanding of the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》 has deepened.”

“Actual combat indeed could deepen your understanding towards fist techniques, just like a person who only studies could only theorize. You should study to make use of it, actual combat could bring you many benefits. If you have free time, go through more real combat.” Medicine Master endorsed.

“Thank you Senior, I’ll be leaving now then!” Shuhang waved him goodbye.

When he walked to the door, he suddenly thought of something else. He returned, and apologetically smiled at Medicine Master, “Erm, Senior, I wanted to ask you one more thing. After being

inflicted by your poison, would one need to go to an ordinary Chinese pharmacy to buy herbal medicine?”

Medicine Master questioned back, “You’re thinking of using this trail to look for the assassin who was poisoned? However, since that assassin had been poisoned, he’s already dead by now.”

“But that assassin may have companions. If I am his companion, under the knowledge that my companion had been poisoned, I would definitely put up my guard against this acute poison. I would then look for a way to alleviate this poison, just in case!” Song Shuhang pondered and said, “And if I could find that companion, I might be able to follow the clues and find the mastermind. Also, this companion could be the mastermind!”

“When encountering a matter, to be able to calmly analyze the situation, this is a good habit. Keep it up.” Medicine Master laughed and said. As he spoke, he took out a pen from his side, and speedily wrote a string of medicine names.

“As long as it’s a cultivator with some knowledge of medicine and poison, when encountering my acute poison, they would at the very least collect these four medicinal ingredients; but of course, these four medicinal ingredients wouldn’t even make a bit of a difference.” Medicine Master proudly said.

His proud work couldn’t possibly be that easy to deal with. The opposite party could think of these medicinal ingredients, but those are just traps he had laid out in the open. Among the four, there were two which would in fact cause a negative reaction and even cause the poison’s toxicity to intensify.

“Furthermore, these four medicinal ingredients aren’t commonly seen, I reckon that in the whole of Jiangnan Region, there aren’t many Chinese medicinal pharmacies who possesses them, this would also make it a lot more convenient for you to find the person buying them. If the opposite party really goes to purchase these medicinal ingredients, they would leave behind a clue.” Medicine Master added.

“Thank you, Senior.” Song Shuhang received the piece of paper.

In a situation where he didn’t know where to begin, he at least had this clue. Next, he would have to hold on to this clue, and find that damned mastermind in the background.

Chapter 66: Cultivator Times

On the border between the South China Sea and the Pacific Ocean, there lies a mysterious island that isn't recorded on any map in the world. The island is hidden by the forces of nature, preventing humans from getting a glimpse at it. Even the most advanced technology would be unable to find any signs of the island.

This was the territory of Spiritual Butterfly's Respected Sage, Spiritual Butterfly Island.

Countless huge butterflies flew about in the skies of the island, this was the specialty of this island.

Amongst them, there was a butterfly as large as a basin which descended from the skies and stopped in front of a young lady on the island. On its back, it carried a... newspaper.

That's right, it was newspaper..

"Sorry for the trouble." Soft Feather reached out her hand to pick up the newspaper on the butterfly's back. She sat on the stone chair in the pavilion, with her hair bunned up.

In her hands was your typical newspaper, no different than any other newspaper with the exception of its contents being fantasy-like

Today's headlines: A famous sect, the southern sword sect of the four sword sects' Longevity Sect Master had an argument with his dao companion the day before, and said he wanted to break off their dao companion relationship in a fit of anger. But when the time came for them to officially divorce, it had been reported that the great sect master knelt for a whole day on the 'Everlasting Vajra Durian', and yelled the words "I was wrong, please forgive me" ten thousand times.

The southern Longevity Sword Sect's Sect master had always given others the impression of a fierce man, and he was an audacious man. His masculinity was popular amongst female cultivators; while his dao companion always gave others the impression of being soft and gentle like water.

So when this gossip spread, it became the headline without any resistance.

On the other pages, there was a warning of the Boundless Demon Sect's 'Mad Devil Tyrannic Monarch' being active in the east of Huaxia, so it's recommended for everybody to take note for their safety. Boundless Demon Sect's disciples were all irregular, and possessed peculiar characters. However, the 'Mad Devil Tyrannic Monarch' was different, he was one of the few harmless people in the Demon Sect, but this was under the condition that nobody provoked him. Yet this was the problem, he had an innate 'provoke me' constitution. Even if he was just quietly eating mutton skewers at the side of the road, he would get provoked by someone. If it were just the constitution that made him provoked often, it'd still be fine, but the issue was that he was a disciple of the Boundless Demon Sect which all had extreme characters. So, a murder case that starts from eating a mutton skewer wasn't

something that happens just once.

In addition to this, there was an article about a cultivator who gained a fortune overnight from betting on spirit stones for source stones.

There was also a cultivator who crossed over the ocean to challenge an aboriginal god in the west, seizing some treasures. In recent years, the aboriginal gods of the west have often been beaten up at their door for reasons unbeknown to them, and have been beaten to a daze.

Other than that, there was a classifieds section which featured buying, selling and trading heavenly treasures. As long as one felt that the price was right, or had a need for a certain treasure, they could contact the owner directly or have the newspaper office be the middleman for the transaction.

This was a special newspaper for cultivators, and was completely different from the newspapers in the secular world. Cultivators' newspapers were very casual, they reported whatever there was. Gossips, informative news, trades, advice on danger, anything.

“Huh? Isn't this the ‘Mysterious Floating Island’ people have been talking about!?” Soft Feather saw a piece of news that quickened her heartbeat.

The article stated that there was a cultivator who recently found the legendary ‘Mysterious Floating Island’ in the East China Sea. This cultivator was able to vaguely make out birdsongs, fragrant

flowers, abundant spirit qi, and many lifeforms that were already extinct.

It was unknown as to which ancient senior had left this paradise, and whether it was actually a special space in the world. Maybe it was something like a fragment of the world?

A place like this was usually fraught with danger and opportunity, it was an ideal place for adventurers.

That cultivator was only able to take several photos, and when trying to enter, the mysterious island simply disappeared.

“East China Sea, that’s pretty close to our home.” Soft Feather was moved. Should I find an opportunity to slip out and play?

With her long legs crossed, she raised her jade foot slightly and lightly swayed it. Her sandals revealed her smooth and fair toes; this pair of sandals was precisely the pair that Song Shuhang previously bought.

“Soft Feather, what are you looking at?” A warm and calm voice sounded, and a handsome middle-aged man appeared behind Soft Feather. Very handsome, indescribably handsome, handsome to the point where he wouldn’t have friends; this was Spiritual Butterfly’s Respected Sage, the owner of Spiritual Butterfly Island.

“I’m looking at today’s Cultivator Times. Oh yeah, Dad, I found a fun place to play, how about we take advantage of these few days

to go out and play?” Soft Feather’s eyes were filled with excitement as raised her newspaper expectantly.

“You want to go out and play again?” Spiritual Butterfly’s Respected Sage’s eyebrow twitched, then he revealed a doting smile, “But for the next few days, you must first familiarize yourself with the spirit ghosts’ ‘contract array’. When you complete the contract with the spirit ghost, I’ll bring you out. This was something that you promised me, you wouldn’t renege on your words, would you?”

When she left home without approval last time, her father the Spiritual Butterfly’s Respected Sage didn’t scold her. He had her make a promise that anything she brought back had to be settled on her own, and until she establishes a contract with the spirit ghost, she must obediently remain on Spiritual Butterfly Island.

“I’m not someone who goes back on their words, once I say something, even a hundred horses, no, even a thousand horses can’t chase!” Soft Feather staunchly said, then immediately turned bitter. She never expected that contracting a spirit ghost was such a troublesome matter and had failed multiple times already.

“Work hard then.” Spiritual Butterfly’s Respected Sage’s eyes landed on the sandals his daughter wore.

The design was rather old-fashioned, it looked like something that would be sold on the streets.

I’ve never seen my daughter wear such sandals before, I guess it

must have been bought when she went to catch the spirit ghost.

Although it doesn't look very appealing, it is the first time my daughter bought something for herself, I should at least encourage and praise her, right?

This Respected Sage was a good father.

Thinking of this, Spiritual Butterfly's Respected Sage adopted the pose of an expert as he nodded and praised, "Soft Feather, where did you buy these sandals? As expected of my daughter, you have great tastes!"

This loving father initially wanted to use more flowery vocabulary, and praise his cute daughter more, but facing these sandals that look like they're sold on the streetside, he couldn't think of any other words of praise to use despite racking his brain.

"Hehe, Dad finds it pretty too?" Soft Feather raised her little feet, and happily smiled. She was in a great mood as she said, "These were bought by Senior Song for me after catching the spirit ghost that day, the previous pair I wore broke when I was catching the spirit ghost. Hehe, sure enough, Senior Song is powerful and interesting, the things he bought have great taste. Even a pair of sandals he chose could make Dad find that it's good."

Spiritual Butterfly's Respected Sage's smile froze, he felt stifled in his heart, like he had just eaten anger.

Senior Song was a member of the group who his daughter said had helped in catching the spirit ghost.

His daughter cared a lot about Senior Song.

The most important point was that this Senior Song was a man!

My eldest disciple Liu Jianyi seemed to have left out some matters in his report. That lazy bum is asking for a beating!

While thinking of that lazy bum, Spiritual Butterfly's Respected Sage's mouth twitched again. Because that bum was too lazy to breathe, he went to learn some Turtle Breath Technique, and even recommended some dogshit economic spirit; Spiritual Butterfly's Respected Sage felt like he was blind that year when he chose this fellow as his successor.

No good, once I think about that lazy bum, my heart starts to feel stifled!

If this continues on, Will I need to consider carrying around a 'Quick Heart Rescue Pill' or something?

* * * * *

On the way back to school, Song Shuhang's mind thought over how he could find more opportunities to attain battle experience; perhaps he should look for hoodlums to fight a round every day?

In addition, around four or five in the evening, he also has to find some time to practice the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》.

With his physique, it would take approximately twenty three hours or so for his qi and blood to recover to a point where he could practice the fist technique again.

This meant that in the present stage, he could only practice the fist technique once a day. If he wants to complete the foundation building technique within a hundred days, he must seize every chance without wasting a single bit of time.

But of course, the body's qi and blood recovery would quicken as the body's strength increases. When he reaches the later parts of the 1st Stage, he would be able to easily practice it ten times or so every day.

Other than that, to quicken the recovery of the qi and blood, there would be a need to ingest a pill called the 'Qi and Blood Pill'. North River's Loose Practitioner had introduced the Qi and Blood Pill to Shuhang before. It was a pill made up of precious materials. Unlike the 'Body Tempering Liquid' which was a medicinal liquid, this was a true Grade 1 pill.

After ingesting a pill, within half an hour, it could recover the qi and blood of a foundation building cultivator like Song Shuhang to the max.

This sort of medicine wasn't just usable only during the foundation building period. 1st Stage cultivators would need a lot of Qi and Blood Pills as well to increase the qi and blood count in their body when opening acupoints.

It would be nice if he could obtain this Qi and Blood pill, so he could finish his foundation building quicker. When that happens, he would have a better chance of surviving against the assassin, right? Right now, he urgently needed strength.

But he felt..... that he was being rather greedy.

As he continued to walk, he unknowingly reached the messy alleys on Auspicious Street again.

Today, he didn't bump into that short-haired girl that was backed up against the wall. Perhaps it was too early, and she hasn't gotten up yet?

There weren't many pedestrians in the alley.

It was very quiet.

Chapter 67: Mental Energy Trick

Support the translator by reading Cultivation Chat Group on volaretranslations.com ! Thank you!

In front of Song Shuhang, there was an Uncle wearing office clothing, hastily walking. He held a briefcase on his left hand, while taking out his cell phone from his pocket with his right hand.

When the man took out his phone, Song Shuhang observed a roll of notes fall onto the ground, but the uncle didn't notice, and proceeded to move forward at a quick pace.

“Hey, uncle, wait up a moment.” Song Shuhang quickly walked to the bundle of notes and picked them up. There were over hundred and fifty of them rolled all together.

He had always been a person who loved to help others. Helping a person to the best of his capabilities used to be one of Song Shuhang's few pleasures in life in this dull and boring world.

Even though he has now come into contact with the more exciting ‘world of cultivation’, the happiness gained from helping others remained something he refused to get rid of.

The office worker uncle turned around, then looked at Song Shuhang with a gaze full of doubt.

“Uncle, you dropped your money!” Song Shuhang raised his hand and called out.

The uncle stared at the notes in Song Shuhang’s hand and gave him a look of appreciation.

But suddenly, he seemed to think of something as his look of appreciation turned into one of dismay.

“He must be a cheat?” The Uncle mumbled, “Not long ago, when I learned how to serve the web, I remember seeing it being stated somewhere that: When someone on the streets drops money, or picks up money and says you dropped it, it’s all a scam. Ignore it, this sort of scam can’t work on me.”

As he said that, the uncle quickly walked away.

Song Shuhang whose hearing had been strengthened by the Body Tempering Liquid heard every word of what the uncle mumbled to himself.

“Uncle, I’m not a cheat, it’s really money you dropped from your pocket, take a look at your own pocket!” Song Shuhang shouted.

Unexpectedly, the uncle’s expression turned worse, he transitioned from quick steps to jogging, and was very soon out of sight; Little guy, you think you can cheat this old man? You’re too naive!

Song Shuhang waved the notes, standing frozen at where he was. He felt like he definitely looked real silly as of this moment.

After a while, he resolutely kept this bunch of notes.

If it's something that others don't want, it'll belong to me if I pick it up, right?

That doesn't seem to be right..... because, if one day someone throws away his wife in a fit of anger, and all the unmarried men go to pick her up, that doesn't mean she belongs to them, right?

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7:30AM

This was the time for the first lesson in the morning.

Song Shuhang was simply unable to concentrate on the lesson.

He held up the heavy textbook as a cover, then used his cellphone to access the Nine Provinces (1) Group's folder, and found that 《Regarding Mental Energy's initial uses' study, discussion, collation; Drunk Moon Resident Scholar》.

In a university lecture, the lecturer wouldn't give a damn whether you're listening to the lesson, or whether there's someone playing phone games during class.

But you shouldn't be a fool like Tubo, who when playing with his phone in class, 'liked' the teacher's posts and photos on the Shuoshuo App. When teachers are having classes, they may occasionally make tweets or post photos to vent their stress from teaching, what the hell are you trying to convey when you "like" their posts during class?

Are you trying to express that he isn't properly teaching his students, and is instead spending his time in class tweeting?

To do such a stupid thing, no matter how lenient the lecturer is, they would still flip out.

Just like what Senior Medicine Master said, it's an easy trick to grasp. Song Shuhang thought after finished reading Drunk Moon's Resident Scholar's research report.

How about I take advantage of this time to try out a few mental energy usage tricks?

Song Shuhang had always been someone who does something when he feels like it.

A cultivator's mental energy was mainly used to control and direct the spirit qi outside of the body, as well as control the power

within the body. But mental energy was a large treasure trove, simply using it to direct and control the body's power would be too wasteful.

As for how to use and activate mental energy, every sect had its own secrets. Some special mental energy techniques would be strangely powerful, their ability to kill could be stronger than some magic and martial skills. When the power in the body had been emptied while there was still mental energy remaining, that secret mental energy technique could become the main factor between victory or defeat.

Drunk Moon's Resident Scholar's mental energy application method consists of three different tricks usable for beginners.

Amongst them included a spreading the mental energy out wide or directing all of it at one point, which brings out a detection effect.

There was also a mental energy usage of maintaining faint activity, it could help maintain a state of 'alertness', while being alert, it also has the effect of concealing aura.

But of course, actively maintaining the mental energy isn't easy, especially when one is asleep. Thus, grasping this method requires a huge amount of practice.

Finally, there was releasing the mental energy in one breath, which enshrouds and pressures the opposite party, forming mental oppression; this kind of method could only work on those weaker

than oneself. When meeting someone who has stronger mental energy, the oppression would just be a joke. The other party would just feel a light breeze on their face, without any pressure.

Inspect, alert, oppress, these were the sublime tricks researched by Drunk Moon's Resident Scholar, even a foundation building cultivator who has the least amount of mental energy could use it.

In addition, the way to use these tricks were easy to remember. Just like when a person learns to use a computer, when they try to play a game with it, they'll find it easy to master.

Taking advantage of the free time now, I'll try it. After Song Shuhang finished reading it, there was an itch inside to try it.

In any case, excluding mental oppression, the usage of mental detection and alertness wouldn't affect others. There would be no repercussions even if he executed it during class.

Song Shuhang quietly activated the 《True Self Meditation Scripture》. The true self in his mind sat crossed legged, congealing it's consciousness, transforming it into mental energy.

Next, Song Shuhang followed the mental energy trick written by Drunk Moon's Resident Scholar, and slowly spread out his mental energy.

When he used 'mental detection' this time, Song Shuhang was unable to concentrate the mental energy at a single spot, he could

only spread it out as far as he could.

Under the maximum force of spreading it, his mental energy approximately covered an irregular-sized circle with a radius of five metres.

He closed his eyes, and everything within five meters began to map out in his mind.

However, the things that could be sensed were items above a certain volume, it had to at least be the size of a textbook for him to sense it. Small things like ants and cockroaches couldn't be perceived by him yet.

Furthermore, the figures of humans he managed to sense had very abstract forms, as if it was a shitty photo with less than three hundred pixels, the face was blurry and impossible to identify.

Is it because my mental energy is still too weak? Song Shuhang thought, perhaps when his mental energy has increased a hundredfold or a thousandfold, the mental detection technique could make out the looks of everyone around him clearly.

Maybe when it gets stronger, x-ray vision or something like it can be achieved right?

As he thought, the students within a five metre radius of Song Shuhang simultaneously shivered.

“Has the weather turned cold? Why do I feel a deep malicious chill?”

“I feel like someone is glaring at me with a vicious gaze?”

“I feel like I’m being stripped naked.”

“I also have that kind of feeling, how disgusting.” A female student quietly pulled her clothes tighter, feeling chilly inside.

Song Shuhang’s mouth twitched, then he quickly withdrew the mental detection technique.

It isn’t difficult for someone who knows how to use a computer to learn a game, but to become an expert at the game, one would need to invest a lot of time and energy. The same goes to Song Shuhang of this moment, it wasn’t difficult for him to learn these tricks, but to completely master these tricks wouldn’t be easy.

After withdrawing his mental energy, Song Shuhang felt his consciousness being slightly drained, his mental energy was only congealed yesterday, and was rather weak. He can’t maintain the usage of mental detection technique for long.

Resting for a while, once he felt his mental energy recover, Song Shuhang tried the alertness trick.

This trick was easy to learn, once the mental energy had been transformed, Song Shuhang had a mysterious feeling all over his

body.

Whether it was the breeze that lightly touched his body, the heat from the students around him that closed in on him, or the vibration in the air when the students near him spoke, as long as it came into contact with a part of his body, it didn't matter whether it was wind, sound, or heat. He could sense them all.

But this state of 'alertness' wasn't even maintained for ten seconds, because it caused such a stir in Song Shuhang's thoughts, the activated mental energy was turned off.

Chapter 68: The Female Lecturer Frightened To Tears

“This state, how fantastic.” Song Shuhang’s eyes shone. In this state, he could clearly feel himself and everything around him. If he added on this state when he cultivates in the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》, his understanding towards the fist technique would deepen, and it would lead to better results when he cultivates!

“To constantly maintain the mental energy actively, that would require much more training.” Song Shuhang inwardly mused.

Next, he rested for a while to recover his consumption of mental energy.

Unwittingly, the first lesson was already in its second half.

His three roommates still hadn’t shown up..... Those fellas were fed alcohol till they were dead drunk by Shuhang, it can’t be that they were still laid out like corpses, right?

It was still rather early, after his mind recovered, Shuhang began to try out the last trick utilizing mental energy.

‘Mental oppression.’

This could make people who have less mental energy feel

oppressed. It would make the opposite party feel dismay, fear, mountain-like pressure and many other negative affects. If the disparity between the user and the victim's mental energy is very large, the victim might see a weak illusion.

While Shuhang followed the steps of the technique to congeal his mental energy, he looked for a suitable target for oppression. If his three roommates were here, Song Shuhang would definitely test this mental oppression out on them.

Best friends are for screwing with after all!

It's a pity that those three fellows hadn't come to class, so he had no choice but to look for someone who he had closer relations to in the classroom, or had problems with him to test.

Song Shuhang thought that way, and turned his head to survey his surroundings, looking for a target.

It was right at this moment, that he suddenly heard someone calling his name.

"You must be Student Song Shuhang, would you please answer this question." On the platform, the female lecturer who was young and had short hair pointed at Song Shuhang's photo in the class register and called for him to answer a question.

This female lecturer was a new lecturer in Jiangnan University, because Teacher Renshui had both legs broken, she would take

over Teacher Renshui's classes for this whole month.

From the start of the lesson, she found Song Shuhang placed his textbook vertically on the table while using his phone.

That's fine, it's just playing with his phone, this was a university and everybody was mature. However, Song Shuhang looked at the surroundings of the class, and kept turning his head.

The sixth sense she had as a woman told her: "This student named Song Shuhang is up to something bad?!"

Thus, she searched the class register photos for Song Shuhang, to have him stand up and answer a question.

Song Shuhang heard the female lecturer's summons. He subconsciously stood up, with both of his eyes looking towards the young female lecturer. That was when... tragedy struck!

Song Shuhang had been keeping his 'mental oppression' congealed, and had been looking for a lab rat to test it on. His 'mental oppression' had already been ready to fire a long time ago!

Being suddenly summoned and turning to the female lecturer, the mental oppression which was like a drawn bow was released, it slammed hard towards the female lecturer.

Song Shuhang shouted "oh crap" in his mind.

When the young female lecturer locked gazes with Song Shuhang, she suddenly felt dizzy and her vision blur.

Next, she felt Song Shuhang's eyes enlarge infinitely, occupying her entire line of sight. Like a predator who had its eyes fixed on a prey, he gave her a deathly glare. That oppressive feeling was like a whole building pressing down on her body.

How terrifying!

This student named Song Shuhang has very scary eyes, this Student Song Shuhang is terrifying! Has he gotten angry? He wouldn't beat me up, right?

For unknown reasons, the young female lecturer felt more and more afraid, tears slid down her eyes unintentionally, and covered her face, she couldn't get it to stop.

Under her skirt, her legs constantly trembled and softened, she couldn't stand steadily.

"Waa..... I'm sorry, I'm sorry! Waawuu....." The young female lecturer suddenly wailed, she wiped her tears, "I won't call your name again, please don't beat me, wuwu..... I'm scared..... please let me off....."

While wailing like this, the female lecturer wiped her tears. Then like a melodramatic Korean drama protagonist, with tears

dripping down her eyes she pushed the door open and ran away, the echoes of her crying could be heard from the lecture room even when she was out in the corridor.

This was the legendary ‘sprinting with tears’!

All of the students in the lecture room were dumbstruck, they didn’t know what just happened. In the students’ point of view, the female lecturer called Song Shuhang to stand up and answer a question, Song Shuhang promptly stood up. He didn’t do a thing, and the female lecturer sprinted away with tears.

What happened in that moment? Could it be that time stopped?

Right now, the young female lecturer had run away, so everybody naturally directed their gazes onto Song Shuhang.

Your mother! Song Shuhang felt like there were thousand of horses galloping in his heart.

Why did he feel like he was an unforgivable evildoer? Moreover the type that could be placed in the top four of evildoers in the movie House of Wolves?

He could already visualize it: In the afternoon, Jiangnan University would have a transmission saying the Mechanical Engineering Discipline, Machinery Designs and Manufacturing Faculty’s 19th department 43rd class’ Student Song Shuhang, publically bullied a new female lecturer, causing the lecturer to cry

out loud while fleeing with tears.

“How unlucky!” Song Shuhang facepalmed, he had a feeling of wanting death.

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Song Shuhang was very soon called into the office by the class coach.

The class coach had the surname Song as well, he was slightly chubby, and wore a pair of black framed eyeglasses. This was a rarely seen figure, he usually appears during the start of school, and appears whenever there's something important to inform. On ordinary days he's like a hidden dragon.

“Student Song Shuhang, could you explain to me what happened earlier? I'm still confused as to what happened.” Coach Song was totally baffled, he couldn't make heads or tails of what was going on.

Before he called Song Shuhang over, he had already made a phone call to the class monitor to understand the whole matter. But after hearing the class monitor's piece, he instead became even more confused; all the class monitor and other students said was, the female lecturer called Song Shuhang to answer a question, so Song Shuhang stood up. Before he even managed to answer a

question, the female lecturer suddenly sprinted away in tears.

The course of events was just this simple.

But the problem was, why did the female lecturer suddenly run away in tears!

He looked beside him, the young female lecturer was sobbing spasmodically non-stop, and incessantly wiped away the tears in her eyes. When she saw Song Shuhang walk over, she involuntarily shrunk, like a little child who was in front of her parent after doing something naughty.

The coach had an impression of Song Shuhang, as far as he remembered, Song Shuhang had always been a good student. He loved to help others and treated people kindly, in addition, his results were great. If every student was like Song Shuhang, his job as a coach would be too relaxing.

But why is it that a student known to be kind frightens this young female lecturer to this level?

Song Shuhang strived to maintain his facial expression, and tried to speak in a normal tone, “Coach Song, actually I also don’t know what happened. I just stood up prepared to answer a question, but before I opened my mouth, she ran away in tears, I’m still bothered by that!”

As he spoke, he ‘simply’ narrated what happened in the lecture

room.

There was absolutely no problem with Song Shuhang's answer, it matched up with the recount of other students in the classroom.

Those that mean that the problems lies in the young female lecturer?

Coach Song looked towards the female lecturer, "Teacher Miaoxiao, did something actually happen? Please don't keep crying?"

The female lecturer had already calmed down, she was now extremely bashful; she too didn't know what happened to her earlier, all that happened was her exchanging gazes with Song Shuhang. The opposite party didn't even do a thing, yet she was frightened to tears for no rhyme nor reason?

This was simply a mysterious loss of self-control.

"I'm sorry, Student Song." She summoned up the courage to stand up and apologize to Song Shuhang, "Earlier I..... sob sob..... I don't know what happened to me. I just... sob sob... when I saw Student Song, I felt very scared... sob sob, then, I ran."

Constantly sobbing, the capable female lecturer seemed incredibly pitiful at this moment.

"....." In Coach Song's heart, he had the great urge to roar at

towards the raging tides. He really wanted to scream at this female lecturer, but seeing the female lecturer's incessant sobbing, he could only endure this urge.

Sure enough, she's too young. Although her way of teaching is great, and her easy to understand lessons are loved by the students, as a lecturer, her personality isn't strong enough.

"I'm sorry, I'm really sorry. sob sob, I will explain to all of the students." The female lecturer wasn't someone who only cared about face. She had a rather straightforward side to her, when she knew that she was at fault, she immediately prepared to settle the problem.

But her straightforwardness made Song Shuhang feel even more guilty.

Chapter 69: You Guys Should've Said That Earlier, That's Fantastic!

“Teacher Miaoxiao, there’s no rush. Go wash your face first, you can explain after you’ve calmed your emotions. Don’t be too stressed, you’re an outstanding teacher. The students have high evaluations of your lessons.” Coach Song advised her gently.

“Thank you.” Teacher Miaoxiao wiped away her tears, and left the office in a flurry.

“Sorry about that Student Song.” Coach Song began to conclude the matter.

“It’s fine. It’s fine, perhaps I had a rather fierce gaze earlier unknowingly, which frightened the teacher? It’s great that Teacher Miaoxiao is fine, let this matter end at this point.” Song Shuhang quickly replied. He hoped that this matter wouldn’t cause the teacher to get fired. If that happened, he’ll feel guilty for the rest of his life.

Seeing Song Shuhang being so understanding, Coach Song lamented inside: Sure enough, he is such a great student!

With those words from Song Shuhang, this matter was put to rest.

Coach Song yawned, then changed topics, “I heard that in tomorrow’s sports competition, Student Song is registered to

participate on the men's 5km run? Work hard and attain glory for our class!"

The corner of Song Shuhang's mouth twitched. That 5km run isn't something he wanted to participate in. However, he still maintained a smiling face, "Of course, I will do my best to achieve a good result."

"Haha, the 5km run isn't easy, don't force yourself too much. Anyway, I support you. You may return to the class, the misunderstanding between you and Teacher Miaoxiao will be explained by her later. If she doesn't explain it herself, then I'll step in, I assure you that this matter will not affect you negatively at all." Coach Song patted his chest reassuringly.

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After leaving the office, Song Shuhang breathed a sigh of relief, but he was still filled with guilt inside.

When the chance comes, I must compensate Teacher Miaoxiao!

After returning back to class, Shuhang didn't continue experimenting with mental oppression, he didn't even dare to use mental detection. He only kept 'alertness' activated.

Back in the lecture hall, Teacher Miaoxiao was a strong woman

who kept her word. Although she was extremely embarrassed, she still seriously explained to all students that she lost control earlier.

The matter passed like this, she continued to teach, without bringing her emotions to into the classroom. Simply based on this trait, it could be seen that she was a well-qualified teacher.

The morning's lessons finally passed without any more mishaps.

Shuhang's three roommates had skipped two whole lessons. Did they drink that much yesterday?

Song Shuhang breathed a sigh of relief, he realized that when he maintained mental alertness, his mind would turn exceptionally clear. Even if he doesn't concentrate on the lesson, the contents of Teacher Miaoxiao's lesson still endlessly flowed into his ears, which he memorized and understood.

Moreover..... after maintaining it for one and a half classes, his understanding towards 'alertness' deepened, and he could maintain it for longer than before. In addition, his total mental energy had increased by a corresponding amount as well.

Seems like the the alertness trick had the side effect of increasing mental energy capacity. Although it didn't increase by much, he still couldn't maintain this trick on forever!

"It's already nine-thirty, I should go back and check on those three fellas, I hope they aren't dead due to intoxication." Song

Shuhang scratched his head and prepared to go to Li Yangde's flat to check if his three roommates had died.

* * * * *

On the way to Li Yangde's flat, he continuously utilized the three mental energy tricks in turn. Also, he tried to activate both 'alertness' and 'mental detection' simultaneously to use them together.

It was a pity that he only met with failures due to his lack of mental energy.

However, he was enjoying it and didn't get tired, he constantly tackled their usage, to accumulate experience from failures.

After failing again, he rubbed his temples and stopped the experiment, because his mind had completely fogged up.

"The total amount of mental energy is simply too shitty. Today I can only approximately practice 《True Self Meditation Scripture》 twice, and must find a chance to practice the foundation building fist technique." He inwardly said.

《True Self Meditation Scripture》 may not have harsh requirements of qi and blood when compared to 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》, but it's also affected by the quality of the body. When cultivating in the 《True self Meditation Scripture》, it's important not to over-wring one's mental energy, for it can

make one turn into a retard.

Because his mind was drained, Song Shuhang was momentarily unaware of his surroundings, and crashed against the back of someone who was in front of him with his head.

What he smashed into was a wide back, which meant that the opposite party was at least a head taller than Song Shuhang.

After having taken the Body Tempering Liquid, he was already at the level of Hercules amongst ordinary men, the kind where pulling a train with his bare hands was a simple matter. After being bumped into, the person in front immediately fell to the ground. Furthermore, this person fell face down and shrieked.

“Ah? Sorry, my apologies, I didn’t pay attention to what’s in front of me!” Song Shuhang returned to his senses and repeatedly apologized.

He looked towards the person he crashed into..... eh, it was a hoodlum with a very Jiangnan region style.

The hoodlum who had fell to the ground had a tall physique. His long hair was molded to the shape of a chicken head with hairspray, and was dyed all the colors of the rainbow.

Perhaps it was because he fought very often, his physique was pretty good, and he quickly jumped up from the ground.

At this point, his face was filthy from road grime, and his nose had bled all over his mouth.

“Damn brat, don’t you have eyes?” The chicken head hoodlum angrily roared, spurting his nose bleed and saliva while at it.

In the wake of his roar, the five hoodlums by his side sardonically smiled and surrounded Song Shuhang.

I seem to have gotten into trouble? Song Shuhang felt very awkward, he sincerely apologized, “Erm, I’m really sorry. Just now I was deep in thought and didn’t look in front of me, I’m truly sorry.”

“Sorry? If sorry works then what is the police for?” Chicken head hoodlum wiped away his nosebleed, grabbed onto Shuhang’s shirt collar and raged.

After all, it was him who was at fault for bumping into this guy. Song Shuhang felt very embarrassed, “What you say makes a lot of sense, how about we peacefully chat about how to settle this dispute?”

“At least you’re tactful.” Chicken head hoodlum complacently grinned, “Look, you mangled me so badly, you’ve got to at least give a thousand and eight hundred bucks as compensation, right? Don’t tell me that you don’t even have a thousand eight hundred, this is just the start of the month, you can’t possibly be out of living expenses so quickly, right?”

“Yep, my living expenses are transferred by year, there’s no need to worry about lacking money at the end of the month.” Song Shuhang truthfully answered.

Chicken head was immediately filled with joy. It was rare to bump into such a tactful ‘prey’, this is a sign of getting rich!

“But what you’re doing is extortion, I won’t compensate you that much y’know. How about we use a different method to settle things?” Song Shuhang replied seriously. From his sincere gaze, there was no indication that he wanted to fool around with them.

“Settle using a different method? Hahahaha.” Chicken head hoodlum was angered to the point of laughter, “That’s fine as well, let’s chat using our fists, then discuss over the problem of money.

The other four hoodlums smiled maliciously in unison, cracking the bones in their knuckles.

“Discuss using our fists? Which means, we can use fighting as a way to solve this issue?” After hearing this, Song Shuhang revealed a genuine smile, “You guys should’ve said that earlier, that’s fantastic!”

Song Shuhang’s smile was from his heart; this was because he found a good opponent with which to practice his fist technique in actual combat. Jiangnan University had many hoodlums outside of it, there should be enough for him to have actual combat for a reasonable period of time, right? It’d be good even if he could practice just one or two moves on each of them.

Seeing Song Shuhang's genuine smile, Chicken head hoodlum had a flash of realization. It turns out that this fellow is a moron.

“Damn, so it's a mentally ill dude.”

How unlucky. Just beat him up to dissolve the anger and forget it.

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Two minutes later.

Smack smack smack

Song Shuhang gave the Chicken head hoodlum who was laid out on the ground a few more punches.

The hoodlums were in dismay and had dreamy eyes laid on the ground as they watched him get up and swipe off the dust on his body, and heard him say, “Thanks for your trouble everybody, you all performed well. Although there were no skill in your punches, that all-in life gambling style of attack is still very impressive. I hope everybody will temper themselves more in the future, and strive to get stronger.”

Earlier, Song Shuhang used about thirty percent of his strength, because it was just to practice. During the two minutes, he separated the eighteen moves of the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》 and tested them all, and felt like he had benefited a lot. Sure enough, actual combat was the best way to test theories!

His only regret was that the hoodlums' fighting strength was too crappy, and couldn't let him enjoy to his fill. However, it's alright, there were really a lot of hoodlums in the vicinity of Jiangnan University. When lacking quality, use quantity to make up for it!

Chapter 70: Stink Pill

After beating up the hoodlums, Song Shuhang felt happy in both body and mind. He whistled as he strolled towards Li Yangde's dormitory.

“Train more? What kind of joke is this, train only to get beaten up again?”

“Bastard, fiend. This fellow definitely bumped into me on purpose, definitely!” The chicken head hoodlum cried bitterly.

This guy had simply been picking a quarrel with them in order to beat them up!

“Ah Shen, remember this enmity. Next time we'll find more brothers to beat him in turn. If five people aren't enough, we'll bring ten. If ten aren't enough, we'll bring twenty, fifty! I don't believe he's superman, I don't believe he can fight a hundred!”

“Right, we must swarm him.” The chicken head hoodlum clenched his teeth.

Their decision was truly in line with Song Shuhang's intentions.

As the hoodlums spoke, a teenage girl was walking in their direction while yawning.

She was a very pretty young lady. Despite having no makeup on, she still looked beautiful. Moreover, she was of the kuudere character, it felt too good to see her indifference.

If this were an ordinary day, Chicken Head and the others would definitely surround this young lady, back her up against the wall and tease her. Then, they would bring her to a nearby little hotel and do some shameful things to her.

But today they were down on the ground and couldn't do a thing.

As the short haired young lady closed in on this place, her pitch black eyes fixed their gaze on the hoodlums on the ground. After a while, she murmured to herself, "There's actually someone stealing creeps?"

Huh? Stealing creeps? What does that mean? This girl isn't playing games right now, is she?

The chicken head hoodlum was baffled. After that, he felt an ache from his back.

That short haired young lady had actually stepped on him. She stepped over him like they were just garbage, then gradually disappeared into the distance while yawning.

"Damn, f**k, stupid girl. That bastard and bitch, they will not live well!" The chicken head hoodlum felt pain from his back, and couldn't stop cursing. He wasn't a masochist, he didn't feel

pleasure from being stepped on.

But the golden haired hoodlum beside him was full of envy as he looked at him, “How lucky, it’d be great if I was the one who was stepped onnnnnnnn.”

A masochist was right by his side.

* * * * *

Song Shuhang bought three baskets of Xiaolongbao from a street vendor, then bought three cups of soy milk and brought it all to Li Yangde’s flat. He knocked on the door loudly.

A while later, Tubo, with red eyes and the scent of alcohol, made great pains of opening the door.

“Yo, Shuhang, huh.” After opening the door, he stared at Shuhang, then looked him over from head to toe. Dammit, this fella actually seems fresh and cool, like he didn’t get drunk at all.

Since when did this fella’s capacity for alcohol become so great? He remembered that in the past, Shuhang only had a capacity akin to that of Gao Moumou. Tubo himself could outdrink four Gao Moumous plus another three Song Shuhangs.

But last night, Song Shuhang outdrank him, Li Yangde and the nearly drunk Gao Moumou till they were totally knocked out. What the hell was going on?

Could it be that this fella didn't drink alcohol, and drank water instead?

"Looks like you just woke up? You guys have already been absent for the last two lessons." Song Shuhang smiled, then lifted up the bags of Xiaolongbao and soy milk. "I bought you guys breakfast, wanna eat?"

Tubo snatched the breakfast from Shuhang's hands, then joked, "At least you have some conscience, brat."

Li Yangde walked out of his room while scratching his head, "I smell something fragrant. Good timing, I'm hungry!"

"What about Gao Moumou?" Shuhang asked.

"Still out like a corpse. That fellow was annoying, he kept sleep talking throughout the whole night. Something about 'chastity' and 'Yayi, I let you down', and 'please don't, please don't' and other such stuff." Li Yangde laughed and said.

Song Shuhang pinched his chin, "Seems like this is a good weakness. When I have no money in the future, I can use this matter to get Gao Moumou to pay for a meal."

"Yep, that can be put into consideration. It should be usable two or three times, if it's used too many times I'm afraid that fella would go crazy." Tubo added on.

“Suggestion, there’s a restaurant in the south district of University City which has great ‘Ten Fragrances Fish Head’. Thinking about it just makes me salivate.” Li Yangde nodded and said.

“Do the three of you..... wanna die a thousand times?” Gao Moumou walked out with a gloomy face while massaging his temples with force. He felt like the greatest misfortune in his life was being in the same dormitory as these three fellows.

They’re all assholes who exploit others.

After resting in Li Yangde’s flat for a while, Song Shuhang went to Li Yangde and asked, “Yangde, can you help me check something? Amongst the Chinese medicine stores in the Jiangnan region, where would these medicinal ingredients be available?”

Song Shuhang took out the piece of paper given to him by Medicine Master which had four rare medicinal ingredients written on it.

“It can’t be that you’ve fallen sick, right?” Li Yangde asked after receiving the paper.

“My body is fine. These are Chinese medicines that a ‘friend’ of mine needs, but he wasn’t sure where they’re being sold in the Jiangnan region so he asked for my help. This made me think of you. When it comes to computers, you’re the best in the dormitory.” Song Shuhang flattered Yangde a little.

“That’s easy to check. Right now, practically all of the Chinese medicine shops in the country have joined a centralised Chinese medicinal system. All I need to do is login and filter the medicinal ingredients to check which shop has them. I could also go to the respective forums and groups to make a thread to check on those doctors of Chinese medicine and medicine shops that may have the ingredients but have not joined this system. It can be checked by tomorrow at the latest.” Li Yangde firmly replied.

“I’ll have to trouble you then, thanks!” Shuhang then slapped on a reward, “If you help me find these items, there won’t be a need for that shitty Gao Moumou to treat you to the Ten Fragrances Fish Head after the sports event, I’ll treat you to it!”

“It’s a deal then.” Li Yangde licked his lips, already salivating.

“It’s a deal.” Song Shuhang said with a smile.

After turning around, he quietly formed a fist.

With Yangde’s help, he would be able to find out which shops in the Jiangnan region sold these four medicinal ingredients. This way, the range of possibilities would be lowered to the limit. If the one pulling the strings in the background really bought these four medicinal ingredients, Song Shuhang could find him by following his tracks.

* * * * *

Ten minutes later.

Song Shuhang left Li Yangde's flat and proceeded towards Medicine Master's residence.

His roommates intended to continue resting in the flat after eating to slowly overcome their hangovers.

Song Shuhang decided to go help Medicine Master since it was still early in the day.

Medicine Master had provided him with a lot of help, while the only thing he could do to repay Medicine Master was to cooperate with Medicine Master to perfect the Simplified Body Tempering Liquid recipe.

So that it would be easier for Song Shuhang to concoct pills, Medicine Master had specially bought the exact same brand and model of induction cooker and pot as the ones in his dormitory.

The procedures for the Simplified Body Tempering Liquid hadn't changed, but today, Medicine Master wanted Song Shuhang to substitute the 'water' with a 'medicinal soup' he had concocted.

This soup was just a very ordinary Chinese herbal soup made with five herbs.

This was the first step Medicine Master was taking to shift Song Shuhang's method of using an 'induction cooker and hotpot' set up to using a pill furnace.

Song Shuhang's method may be good, but he couldn't possibly make every pill refiner in the cultivation world learn how to use an induction cooker and hotpot to refine the Body Tempering Liquid, right?

Every pill refiner in the cultivation world owning their very own hotpot and induction cooker, just imagining that scene made his mind hurt.

Therefore, improvements were necessary!

Furthermore, Medicine Master made a conjecture based on the ingredients: this 'medicinal soup' would decrease the amount of time required for refining the Body Tempering Liquid.

Three hours later, at 1:07 in the afternoon.

As predicted by Medicine Master, the amount of time required for refining had decreased by a considerable amount.

"Success." Song Shuhang sighed in relief, then pinched his nose. In the next moment, the hotpot's lid was blown off by the medicinal liquid, dispersing thick black smoke and a heavy stench.

"Haha, you need not pinch your nose, watch this!" Medicine

Master laughed out loud, then threw out a bead-shaped object, putting his hands together to form a seal, “Collect!”

Immediately, a vacuum effect came from the bead absorbing all of the black smoke in the room and sealing it into the bead.

Song Shuhang’s eyes lit up as he watched; he wished he could use magic right now.

“Here.” Medicine Master passed the bead-shaped object to Shuhang, “Be careful not to drop it onto the floor, for it’ll explode once it has been smashed, releasing all of the stench and smoke contained within.”

Song Shuhang panicked as he rushed to catch the bead, “Senior, do you need to put me on the spot like this!?”

After catching it, Song Shuhang realized that this bead seemed to be a shell made of medicinal ingredients.

“This is the shell of a bead-shaped fruit, it’s nothing useful. Normally, it’s just thrown away. Today I was struck by a brainwave and thought of storing the thick smoke and stench produced by your Body Tempering Liquid inside.” Medicine Master proudly said. “To a 1st Stage cultivator who has just opened their nose acupoint and a 2nd Stage – True Master who is still unable to casually control their sensitivity to smells, this is simply a nightmare. If you one day bump into an enemy who is a 2nd Stage – True Master, this thing could bring out some unexpected results. If you use it well, it might become the key to victory.”

This thing came at the perfect timing!

Chapter 71: Tearing Down A Building With Bare-Hands Isn't A Dream!

In his heart, Song Shuhang understood that Medicine Master was trying to help him, albeit indirectly. The person who wanted to seize his spirit ghost was most likely someone who possessed power at the level of 2nd Stage – True Master.

“Is this considered a magic treasure?” Song Shuhang asked.

“How can this shit be considered a magic treasure? No matter how much you exaggerate it, it's just a smoke bomb with the power of a biochemical attack. I shall name it the Stink Pill!” Medicine Master proudly proclaimed.

This naming possessed a rich style similar to that of 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》.

“.....” Song Shuhang lifted the Stink Pill and said, “Senior, can I change the name of this?”

“What do you mean change? If you don't like it, then return it to me!” Medicine Master said with dissatisfaction.

Song Shuhang quickly stored it away, “Hahaha. Actually, after some careful thought, the name Stink Pill is indeed rather fitting. Furthermore, if it's something given by you, Senior, I have to accept it. This is courtesy, yes! This is a matter of courtesy!”

“Also, take this Body Tempering Liquid. This is a token of appreciation from me, don’t reject it.” Medicine Master took out a small amount of the Body Tempering Liquid for experimentation, and threw the rest of the liquid that had just been refined to Song Shuhang.

Song Shuhang had limited free time. After helping him with pill refining everyday, he had practically no time left to refine Body Tempering Liquid for himself. Right now, he was in the critical period of foundation building, and needed large amounts of Body Tempering Liquid.

“Thank you, Senior.” Song Shuhang didn’t reject it, because he did have a need for it. There was no need to reject it insincerely.

He just had to keep this favor from Medicine Master in mind.

* * * * *

There were two lessons in the afternoon, and it was already 4pm when they ended.

His three roommates finally stopped skipping the afternoon classes, at least.

Burp

Gao Moumou rubbed his tummy in agony and burped with some difficulty. The effects of his hangover still hadn’t receded, “Class

has finally ended, I felt like dying in these three lessons.”

His girlfriend Yayi rubbed his temples, her heart ached for him. She glared ‘fiercely’ at Tubo and Shuhang with her large moe eyes. She had already learned from Li Yangde that these two were the horrible roommates who got Gao Moumou drunk last night.

This fellow Yangde..... was too professional when it came to selling out his teammates. He was a professional in both reality and games.

“Erm, I suddenly remembered that there’s something I need to buy, you guys don’t have to wait for me tonight!” Tubo couldn’t bear Yayi’s resentful gaze. Having lost, he executed the ‘buying items escape jutsu’ and got away.

Song Shuhang tactfully followed up, “I suddenly remembered that I need to participate in the 5km run tomorrow, I’ve got to get to the track to practice, you guys don’t have to wait for me tonight!”

He wasn’t completely lying. It was true he was going to practice, but training for his run was a lie.

At this moment, the qi and blood in his body had already recovered to its peak capacity, so he could practice the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》again. Thus, he was going to find somewhere quiet in the school to practice his fist technique.

Cultivating for the first time had given his body a transformation akin to rebirth, wouldn't the second time elevate his physique to the next level?

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This time, Song Shuhang changed training areas. He came to an abandoned school building in the school's third district.

This school building had been constructed ten years ago, and was originally an experimental lab for research students. However, last year, a huge fire had occurred in the building. Although nobody had gotten hurt, when the fire had finally been extinguished, the lab had become structurally unstable and had then been abandoned. Right now, the plans for reconstruction had not been finalized, so nobody would come here for now.

This was one of the best places for Shuhang to practice when he looked around the school's web.

“This place is not bad, there's only a small hint of rot in the air. Before it gets rebuilt, I should be able to use it as a fixed spot for cultivating in school.” Song Shuhang was very satisfied with this place.

Closing his eyes, he first went through the eighteen moves of the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》 in his mind. Next, he

took out a bottle of Body Tempering Liquid from his pocket and drank it.

He quietly waited for the medicinal energy to disperse throughout his body, and activate.

“It’s about time!” Song Shuhang opened his eyes, and took up the stance of the foundation building fist technique’s first move.

“With a steel gaze, the movement begins from the waist..... body like a bow, ample strength..... and the punch like an avalanche.”

Murmuring the fist chant, Foundation Building Fist Technique One was executed.

That resonating sound, like a gong being slammed, rang out again. The spiritual energy in heaven and earth were mobilized by the fist chant, converging on him. Spiritual energy pressed on him, covering his fist, tempering his body.

Under the effect of the spirit energy, the effect of throwing this single punch was like he had thrown a thousand punches.

His body rapidly heated up as qi and blood rushed forth and accumulated. Compared to the first time he had practiced this, his qi and blood were flowing more quickly.

He was sweating like the rain, yet he was extremely contented.

This time, when Song Shuhang used the foundation building fist technique, he stopped pursuing firmness and fierceness single-mindedly. Instead, he had learned from the indistinct fist master in the ‘illusion space’. His punches were sometimes firm and sometimes soft, ever-changing.

Spiritual energy twined all over Shuhang’s body, and as he executed the fist technique, spiritual energy dissipated bit by bit.

The rotten smells in the air gradually receded. Under the influence of spiritual qi, it turned fresh, like the fresh air of early morning.

The height of a mountain doesn’t matter, it only has spiritual influence with an immortal present. While cultivating, cultivators would attract the spirit qi of heaven and earth. As time passes, this spirit qi would gradually merge with the area of cultivation, filling the area with spirit qi.

Jump, shift, rotate, fists like meteors. All eighteen moves were soon executed.

Following this, the qi and blood in Song Shuhang’s body were filled to the brim, and his whole body turned scarlet red!

“It’s complete?” He was somewhat in disbelief.

When he had executed the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist

Technique》 yesterday, he had suffered so terribly that there were many times where he felt like he couldn't go on anymore.

But when he executed the fist technique today, other than feeling sore all over, he had managed to execute the whole fist technique very smoothly!

Was it because he had executed it before, and his body had adapted to the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》?

Or was it because his body's quality had been strengthened by a great amount in a single day?

However, this wasn't the time to consider this.

Taking advantage of the boiling and overflowing qi and blood, Shuhang seized the moment to execute the 《True Self Meditation Scripture》, he used his mental energy to guide the overflowing qi and blood and deposited them to the heart acupoint smoothly.

This was the second trace of qi and blood into his heart acupoint.

After completing everything, Song Shuhang sat down on the ground, and sucked in deep breaths. His body still felt weak, and he still wasn't able to control the amount of qi and blood absorbed by the 《True Self Meditation Scripture》. However, compared to the last time where he couldn't even lift a finger, this was much better.

After resting for approximately five minutes, Song Shuhang's body had recovered to its original state.

Lightly forming a fist, he once again felt the unending stream of energy inside him. It gave him the illusion that he could break stones and mountains.

Shuhang looked around, then shifted according to the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》 footwork naturally, and moved to the closest wall to him in two steps.

His right fist was thrown straight without supplementing any spirit qi, it was just an ordinary straight punch.

Boom!

The solid wall had a hole blown through it.

Song Shuhang looked towards his fist, and other than a little dust from the wall, his fist was completely unharmed. The foundation building fist technique provided overall improvement to his body, and not just to his strength. It had increased the rigidity of his body as well.

This change was way beyond his imagination; after merely cultivating twice, he had achieved such a level of strengthening.

Shuhang took up a fist stance, and executed another 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》 punch, punching at the wall

again.

Boom!

A hole was blown through the wall, but the power in his fists did not dissipate. It only left a fist-sized hole in the wall. The area of destruction was much smaller than the previous time, but the force in this hit was dozens of times greater!

Song Shuhang became excited and continuously brandished his fists, breaking down this pitiful abandoned building. He constantly tried various ways of releasing the power in the foundation building fist technique. Sometimes a heavy fist, sometimes a gentle palm, he released all of the eighteen moves in the foundation building fist technique.

Dust and ashes swirled about in the abandoned school building.

This was the legendary bare-handed wall-breaking skill, and if he could evolve this skill further, the next stage would be bare-handed Gundam-breaking!

A long while after, Song Shuhang was finally contented. He looked towards the walls of the school building which were full of holes, then gripped his chin, “I do have a great talent for demolishing.”

At present, he could be considered a great martial arts expert amongst ordinary people, right?

Furthermore, he had only cultivated in the foundation building fist technique twice.

I wonder how strong I'll be after I complete my foundation building?

I also wonder how much qi and blood are needed before my heart's acupoint can be filled.

"It'll be great if I could increase my body's quality even faster. If I could recover my qi and blood faster, I could cultivate several more times every day." Song Shuhang murmured.

He didn't need to consider Qi and Blood Pills for now.

"Other than practicing 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》, what other methods can increase the quality of the body?" Song Shuhang pondered out loud.

Should I go ask the seniors in the chat group?

"Teehee, I can answer that. Demolition worker, Mr. Song Shuhang." A cute, yet charming and sexy voice was heard, "The way to increase the body's quality is actually very simple."

Chapter 72: Resolve

Shuhang turned around and found Jiang Ziyang sitting on a fence close by. Her lips were raised, and she revealed a very beautiful naughty smile. In her hands was a bag of fried chicken, where she used her snowy-white fingers to pick it up and place it into her mouth.

From her tone, it seems that she had been watching him tear down the wall with his bare hands for a very long time?

Furthermore, she seemed quite different from when he first met her.

At this moment, Jiang Ziyang's originally shoulder length hair had been curled up, making her hair seem shorter than it actually was. Her bangs were put down, slightly covering her eyes.

Under the light of the setting sun, Song Shuhang found that her hair wasn't black. It was actually deep purple, a very mysterious color. Furthermore, in her eyes there was also a faint purple light. This made Jiang Ziyang seem even more nefarious, and even more 'naughty'.

"Good afternoon, Lady Ziyang." Song Shuhang said dispiritedly.

"Just call me Ziyang. Being addressed as a Lady just makes me feel like I'm pretending to be gentle." Jiang Ziyang jumped down from the fence, then catwalked towards Shuhang, "Other than the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》, ordinary people's

methods could also improve the quality of a foundation building cultivator's body. Whether it's jogging, ball games, working out with machines, they could all increase the body's quality by a certain degree. Hehe, but of course, a cultivator must workout several times more than the ordinary human to reach the effect of increasing the body's quality.

Song Shuhang smashed the back of his head against the wall with force, "Why didn't I think of this!?"

Ways to strengthen the body are all over the internet. But in his eyes there was only the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》, he had actually overlooked the methods of ordinary people's physical exercise.

This was the reason why he was in the dark despite being surrounded by light.

Jiang Ziyang: "The person involved is unaware, but a spectator can see everything clearly. This is what happened."

"I've decided, I'll run a lap around Jiangnan University tomorrow morning." Song Shuhang clenched his fist. When he has time, he'll look around if there's a gym near the University, perhaps it could serve a purpose in the future.

Shuhang then asked, "By the way, is there any matter you need me for, Lady Ziyang?"

“Nope. I was just bored this morning, so I followed the tracks of the special poison Teacher made. In the end, I found the hotel which the poisoned person last rested, hehe.” Jiang Ziyan’s eyes turned into crescents. As Medicine Master’s disciple, she had many ways to track down the traces left by the acute poison.

Song Shuhang happily asked, “You’ve found the person who infiltrated my bedroom yesterday?”

“Found him, hehe. However, it’s unfortunate that that fellow is totally dead. Even his corpse has been turned into mush, so there’s no clues that could be found on him. Furthermore, the person who got that room at that hotel had used a false identity, thus, the trail ended there, hehe. However, this has also proven your hypothesis, as that person indeed has companions.” Jiang Ziyan tossed away the bag for fried chicken in her hand, then she licked her fingers in an erotic manner.

Charming, flirty and provoking..... Men who see this scene would all become incredibly aroused.

Song Shuhang was no exception, he felt her movements very alluring. However, after some thinking, he decided to advise Jiang Ziyan: “Ziyan, you may love eating chicken very much, but there’s a lot of bacteria on your fingers. Licking your fingers is very unhygienic.”

Jiang Ziyan’s alluring movements came to a halt.

“Ha... you really don’t know how to read the mood. I dare claim

that you'll be single your whole life." Jiang Ziyan didn't seem angry at all, she just squatted beside Song Shuhang, and fiercely rubbed her oily fingers onto Song Shuhang's clothes.

Song Shuhang wanted to dodge, but who knew how many levels higher Lady Jiang's strength was above him? Her small hands rubbed all of its greasiness onto Shuhang's shirt.

"Even though we're acquaintances, I'll get angry if you curse me like this, Lady Ziyan." Song Shuhang said, "I've decided to find a girlfriend during these four years of university."

"Anyone willing to be your girlfriend would definitely be a weirdo. Let's not talk about that anymore. I have a piece of good news, do you wanna hear it?" Jiang Ziyan rubbed her fingers clean, and asked.

"Of course!" Song Shuhang nodded.

"If you want to know, let's make a deal." Jiang Ziyan stood up, then stared at Shuhang in an authoritative manner.

Shuhang asked: "What kind of deal?"

Other than the spirit ghost, he truly couldn't figure out what he possessed which could catch Jiang Ziyan's eye. But she didn't even need the spirit ghost.

"I've travelled from far away to rush to this place called Jiangnan

region, and I just want to spend some alone time with Medicine Master. Therefore, for the next few days, other than aiding Medicine Master in improving the recipe, don't bother me and Medicine Master for anything else. Do you have any problems with that?" A wide smile hung on Jiang Ziyang's face.

Yet Shuhang was absolutely horrified.

"No problem, definitely!" He hastily replied, he had a premonition; if he didn't agree, tomorrow he would enter the hospital and keep Professor Renshui company. The pitiful Teacher Renshui still hadn't been discharged.....

"Good boy." Jiang Ziyang rubbed Song Shuhang's head, "Then let me tell you; the killer's companion who hid in the hotel or the one pulling the strings in the dark had been caught off guard and had come into contact with the poisoned assassin who infiltrated your bedroom. How unlucky. As Medicine Master's acute poison is incredibly tyrannical, the poison would enter the bloodstream, causing the victim to become a source for the poison. Therefore, the companion or boss behind the scenes has also become poisoned."

"Now the question is how deeply poisoned he is. If he is deeply poisoned, then his photo will appear in the newspapers in a few days. If he wasn't poisoned too badly, then he would need to go through closed door cultivation for at least half a year or so to concentrate on expelling the poison."

"Oh, there's one more possibility. If the other party is of the 5th Stage – Spirit Emperor, it would be a different story. Of course, this

possibility is practically zero. Because, if the other party is of 5th Stage – Spirit Emperor, you’d already have dropped dead by now. Hehe.”

If the opposite party was of 5th Stage – Spirit Emperor and above, there wouldn’t be a need to consider Song Shuhang, even Soft Feather who brought him to catch the spirit ghost wouldn’t have left J City alive.

Jiang Ziyang made some calculations based on the remaining aura in the hotel, and estimated that the opponent is at the 2nd Stage – True Master realm. Against an opponent like this, Song Shuhang had no chances of success in a direct confrontation. But now that the opposite party has been poisoned, using his brains and some luck he might be able to handle the opposite party.

Jiang Ziyang: “What do you think, this is good news, right?”

“It’s good news that makes one delighted.” Song Shuhang answered.

If the opposite party is poisoned, his strength would definitely be greatly decreased. Furthermore, he would have a pressing need to search for ‘medicine’. In that situation, Shuhang’s chances of finding a trace of this person becomes higher.

Jiang Ziyang inquired, “I heard Medicine Master say you have a method to find the assassin’s companions?”

“Yes, I received some clues from Senior Medicine Master and I have already asked a friend to search according to those clues. However, there’s still luck required in finding the opponent.” Song Shuhang replied.

Jiang Ziyan asked, “Then..... If you find the opponent, what do you plan to do?”

“I’ll see how strong the opponent is. If I have a chance, I’ll take advantage of his sick state to kill him, to settle him once and for all. If I’m can’t handle him, I’ll have to ask the seniors in the group for help.” Song Shuhang clenched his fists and said.

“Handle? Hehe.” Jiang Ziyan did a cutthroat gesture, “Well then..... For someone like you who has never killed a person, do you have the resolve to kill off your enemy?”

“.....I, will be mentally prepared!” Song Shuhang lowered his voice and said, “Whether it is for my safety, or the safety of my family and friends, I will make my resolve.”

Resolve, he must have. He must have it even if he doesn’t!

The opponent is someone who uses underhanded tricks, if he didn’t even have this bit of resolve, he should just wash up and wait for the opponent to come collect his head.

“That’s good. I can only advise you to never show mercy to your enemy. Also, be sure to ascertain whether the enemy is truly dead.

There are countless ways for cultivators to survive. When necessary, destroying the corpse totally is the most reliable method. For 2nd Stage practitioners, you need to at least cut off their head.” Jiang Ziyang stretched her back, “Well then, good luck.”

As she said that, she didn't await Song Shuhang's reply, and had already jumped out of the window, disappearing from Shuhang's line of sight.

“Thanks.” Song Shuhang softly said.

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At 4:40PM.

Shuhang dragged his exhausted body and ran 5km.

“No good, there's a limit to how much running would benefit the body. Should I consider wearing weights? But weights seem to have adverse effects towards the body's height, causing someone to be unable to grow any taller?”

“With the Body Tempering Liquid here, it should be fine.”

There was a myriad of thoughts in Song Shuhang's mind.

Forget it. I'll just go back to the dormitory to rest. I'll make a proper training plan for the weights and bodybuilding a few days later.

Chapter 73: Trouble Still Came In The End!

Night came, in the dormitory.

Song Shuhang was resting on the bed early in the night.

Tubo, Li Yangde and Gao Moumou were playing a very old group battle game.

These three fellows had no conscience at all when it came to gaming, the three even used Song Shuhang's computer to make another account, and used it to join the opponent's faction. Then they very happily used that account as an alt, bullying passersby.

Song Shuhang shook his head in disdain, he then opened the Nine Provinces (1) Group and refreshed it. For once, the group was totally quiet, even North River's Loose Practitioner wasn't talking.

Cultivators were normally all very busy, excluding North River's Loose Practitioner.

“By the way, Shuhang, I've checked on the medicinal ingredients you asked me to. Amongst the medicine shops in the Jiangnan region that are in the national Chinese medicine system, only one of them is selling the medicinal ingredients you want, and they only have one of them. I've also helped you post in several forums, there should be news on it tomorrow. Then, I'll send all of the addresses of these medicine shops to you.” Li Yangde had even shamelessly minimized the game, and opened a bot he scripted.

Setting up alts and he still needs to bot? Can he get any more shameless?

Song Shuhang chuckled and said, “Thanks for your trouble, Comrade Yangde!”

“Comrade your ass.” Li Yangde angrily said.

Very soon, the round ended, the three who set up alts and used bots had actually lost!

“F**k them, the opponent also set up alts.” Turbo shouted.

This war game was already rather ancient, Song Shuhang remembered playing it when he was in elementary school. Those who were still willing to play it after all this time are all experienced old fogeys. They were all highly skilled players who were adept at positioning, and had pockets that were bottomless pits.

“We can’t survive anymore, quickly change regions. Why are there so many shameless people starting alts in this time of the year?” Gao Moumou said with dissatisfaction.

Thou does not feel shame from using alts?

Shuhang laid on the bed and looked at his roommates switching

regions and continue cheating, and suddenly asked, “By the way, Tubo, do you still have that stun baton which you modified last semester?”

“Yeah it is, I modified several times after that, it’s output is pretty formidable.” Once he started talking about modifying things, Tubo became excited.

He had an innate love for tearing things apart and modifying them. From big things like scooters to small things like laser pointers, he had toyed with all of them.

Song Shuhang asked, “Lend it to me in a few days, also, can the stun baton’s output be further increased? The higher, the better.”

“There’s a limit to how high the output can go, since it’s originally an item for civilian use. Whut, someone offended you? You wanna give him 10000 volts?” Tubo asked in doubt.

“Yep, and he thoroughly offended me. I’m already prepared to toss his corpse into the East China Sea.” Song Shuhang laughed then explained, “In a few days, I may need to accompany my sister to the deep mountains and forests to explore. It’s apparently similar to a tropical rain forest, I think it’d be better to bring something for safety.”

Other than when facing Zhao Yaya, Song Shuhang usually lies very professionally.

Hearing him say this, Lin Tubo's eyes shone; because he knew that Sister Zhao Yaya definitely didn't have any interest in going to the forest for an adventure at all.

In that case, the sister Shuhang is referring to this time has to be the long-legged sister I met the last time?

Tubo immediately thought of Soft Feather, that lady looked like someone who loved exploring just from a glance. Previously, she had even brought Song Shuhang all the way to J City to look for that 'Ghost Lamp Temple'.

Suddenly, he didn't even care about the game anymore and he turned to ask, "Is it the sister who went with you to J City previously?"

"It's her." Song Shuhang answered; when a person lies, they frequently have to make several more lies to reinforce and perfect the first lie they make.

"Shuhang, bring me on this forest exploration as well! Also, if you don't mind, call me brother-in-law from today onwards, I won't mind at all!" Lin Tubo said in a deadly earnest manner.

As he spoke, his character in the game was killed.

Gao Moumou screamed, "Dead, Bo-zai! You've died! You died in such a wretched manner!"

Li Yangde pushed his glasses up, and added on, “Bo-zai, I turned on sound recording earlier. Although the sister you’re talking about isn’t Sister Zhao Yaya based on your tone, however..... as long as those words you said were sent to Zhao Yaya, it can still bring out the effect of absolute death.”

Therefore.

“Treat us, Bo-zai.” Li Yangde and Gao Moumou pushed up their glasses at the same time.

Selling out his teammates was Li Yangde’s specialty, whether in game or in real life.

“You guys aren’t humans!” Tubo covered his face, “Why am I acquainted with you sluts.”

Right at that moment, Song Shuhang’s phone rang.

He took out his phone to look. It was such a coincidence, Zhao Yaya was the one who called.

“It’s Zhao Yaya’s call.” Song Shuhang laughed and teased, “Tubo, if I call you brother-in-law now, do you dare answer?”

Tubo suddenly felt a faint pain around his crotch, his eyes were already moist, “Please forgive me.”

Song Shuhang picked up the phone with a smile, “Jie? It’s pretty late, what’s the matter?”

“I can’t look for you without a reason?” Zhao Yaya sounded out of breath, “Come out and lend me a hand, I’m on the Old Sixth Street in the outskirts of Jiangnan University City. Beside me is the back door for Shasha Wedding Photography, you know the area, right?”

Song Shuhang’s eyebrows slightly creased, but he quickly recovered to normal, “Understood, do I need to bring anything over?”

“No need, you just need to help carry someone. Come here as soon as possible.” Zhao Yaya replied.

“I’ll be there in a jiffy.” Song Shuhang hung up the phone, and quickly put on his black shirt.

Next, he groped around his bed for a while, then got up to ask, “I’m going out, do you guys need anything?”

Tubo answered, “Bring me some supper.”

“And a large coke.”

“OK!” Song Shuhang waved, picked up his wallet and quickly faded into the night.

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Once he left the dormitory, Song Shuhang's face immediately turned gloomy.

The number of the phone call earlier belonged to Zhao Yaya, and the voice also resembled Zhao Yaya's..... However, that definitely wasn't Zhao Yaya's voice.

Song Shuhang was too familiar with Zhao Yaya's voice, including her speech habits, speech speed and even some other quirks that even she herself never realized she had.

Yet, the voice on the phone earlier was a little rougher than Zhao Yaya's, the tone at the end of every sentence spoken was also a little different. By carefully listening to it there was also some hoarseness and stiffness that could be heard.

It wasn't Zhao Yaya, yet this person had used her phone and voice to get him to go there..... If the opposite party said they didn't have any ill-intentions, would you believe it?

Is it a companion of that killer? After failing to kill me, they immediately shifted to dealing with people around me?

Those damnable people still came in the end!

Shuhang very quickly arrived at the Old Sixth Street.

He didn't go directly to Shasha Wedding Photography, and instead entered the Guo Xin Building which was two hundred meters away. He climbed up to the building's seventh floor corridor to look out the window.

From this place, he could overlook the position of Shasha Wedding Photography. At the same time, Song Shuhang activated his mental energy. He used the 'alertness' mental technique to strengthen his senses, and concealed his aura.

Ever since he had his body tempered from practicing the foundation building fist technique, his eyesight could be compared with telescopes. Despite being affected by the darkness of the night, things that were two hundred meters away still looked as clear as a HD video.

Old Sixth Street used to be a very prosperous walking street, but now that the New Sixth Street has been constructed, the prosperity of the past had faded away, and it was no longer as bustling as before. When night fell, there were only several shops which were still receiving customers, while there were only a handful of pedestrians.

Shasha Wedding Photography was situated at the south west area of Old Sixth Street, other than the street lights nearby, there were only the Wedding Photography shop's lights which were still on. It

was a completely deserted area.

Song Shuhang very quickly found Zhao Yaya's figure, she was currently situated between the Wedding Photography shop and a tree.

Under the cover of the lush green tree, she leaned on a stone chair with her eyes closed. She seemed to be in an unconscious state.

At Zhao Yaya's side stood a tall, lanky man.

The man was approximately 1.83 meters tall, and was skinny. He had long arms which were obviously a chunk longer than ordinary people. There was a pair of large sunglasses on his face, and he had thick lips which were swollen like sausages.

In his hands, he toyed with a phone which had a girly style.

Chapter 74: I'll Show You My Resolve

Song Shuhang clenched his fists. This man's appearance matched completely with the description given by Lin Tao. He's the person who forked out money to have Shuhang's information sought out.

Sure enough, it's this fellow. In the morning I told Jiang Ziyang that I would have the resolve. Right now, all that's left is to see what levels my resolve has reached!

At this time, the long-armed man suddenly turned around, and gazed in Song Shuhang's direction.

He then lowered his head, unlocked Zhao Yaya's phone, and made a phone call.

The phone in Song Shuhang's pocket rang, it was Zhao Yaya's number. He had been discovered by the enemy.

This was within expectations. After all, he had only trained in the foundation building techniques for two days, and also just started to practice the mental energy techniques today. It was within expectations for the enemy to sniff him out.

Song Shuhang answered the call.

The long armed man revealed a weird smile, then spoke in Zhao Yaya's voice, "I've found you, Student Song Shuhang."

He spoke just this one sentence, and hung up the phone.

Next, the long armed man carried the unconscious Zhao Yaya, and quickly paced towards the blind alley behind the wedding photography shop.

Song Shuhang turned off his phone, and shut his eyes with force to calm his soul. Moments after, he left Guo Xin building and then went on to pursue the long armed man.

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In the blind alley.

Zhao Yaya was slumped against the wall, and it appeared that she had not been hurt.

Song Shuhang stood five meters away from the long armed man.

The long armed man raised his head to look at Song Shuhang, and displayed a proud smile. Using Zhao Yaya's voice, he said, "You've come, Student Song Shuhang. Ai ya ya~, you seem to be in a bad mood."

But in reality, Song Shuhang was expressionless.

“Interesting, earlier when you were inside the building, you weren’t surprised by my presence at all. Rather, you only had anger. You knew about me from the very beginning? How unexpected, I originally wanted to give you a surprise.” The long armed man continued to speak with Zhao Yaya’s voice.

Song Shuhang was expressionless.

“Is my voice bothering you? Don’t be so angry, changing voices is just a very simple voice altering trick.” The long armed man was very complacent. As he spoke, he recovered to a low and hoarse male voice.

It wasn’t just the voice, it also seemed that the long armed man’s build could also go through some changes if he felt like it.

“However, it makes me very happy that you came. Because that means that you care about this woman very much. Her identity is that of your cousin, right?” The long armed man said in a strange voice, “To actually worry about the safety of an ordinary person, how hilarious! Well then, Senior~ Song~ Shu~ hang! Answer me, are you going through ‘mortal world tempering’ or are you an ordinary mortal?”

Song Shuhang still remained expressionless.

“I’ve checked all of the information concerning you. You’re just an ordinary brat. All of the information regarding you since your childhood indicates that you’re a complete mortal!” The long armed man suddenly hysterically howled, “I can’t understand why

the Altar Master would have so many qualms towards a mortal like you? He even believes that you're a senior cultivator in the midst of 'mortal world tempering' and that all of the information regarding you are false. He also believes that your so-called friends and family are just some strangers to you, and can't be used to threaten you. He believed it so much that he withdrew from Jiangnan University City's region!"

Song Shuhang remained expressionless, but he gained a meaningful piece of intelligence.

"He even completely vetoed my intelligence, and took away my original reward of Body Tempering Liquid. All of this is because of you, Song Shuhang! You're obviously a mortal, why is Altar Master so paranoid for?" The long armed man madly shouted, "Well then, tell me, Song Shuhang. Tell me that... you're an ordinary mortal! Then, in this blind alley which won't receive the attention of anybody, let me kill you! Then I will tell Altar Master that you're a mortal, and I will claim the Body Tempering Liquid which I deserve!"

"Don't think about escaping from the palm of my hand. I'm a cultivator who has opened both eyes and nose acupoints, you don't have any chances of fleeing! There won't be anyone who would come to rescue you in this blind alley! I will kill you, then use the Corpse Dissolving Liquid to dissolve you. You won't have any opportunity!"

The long armed man took off his sunglasses, revealing a pair of totally bloodshot eyes.

He was totally ruined. He obviously had Song Shuhang investigated clearly, and the precious Body Tempering Liquid was about to fall onto his hands. Which could've increased his cultivation by another level and help him open the third acupoint, the ear acupoint.

But it was right then, when Altar Master reproached his report as an error. Not only did he lose his reward of Body Tempering Liquid, he was even stripped away of his portion of the Body Tempering Liquid for this year.

What's even more significant was that he had lost the trust of Altar Master, and his future had become bleak.

All of these added together was an overbearing blow to him, it was beyond what his heart could take. Therefore, he decided to look for Song Shuhang secretly, by kidnapping Zhao Yaya.

His plan was to kill Song Shuhang, so as to prove himself to Altar Master.

“Oh I see, I get the full story now.” Song Shuhang who had remained taciturn suddenly spoke in a deep voice.

It's no wonder that that 'Altar Master' who's behind the scenes never directly stepped in to snatch the spirit ghost from me. He instead chose to go through a long detour, by secretly investigating me, and sent his subordinates to probe me. He has been very cautious.

It turns out that this person is like Soft Feather in the beginning, who believed that I am a powerful Senior.

Song Shuhang made a conjecture. When he and Soft Feather stepped into J City's Luo Xin street, they had already been watched by Altar Master's people. Then, due to Soft Feather constantly addressing him a senior by mistake, when they saw the powerful combat prowess of Soft Feather, they mistakenly believed that he was an incredibly powerful senior who was going through mortal world tempering.

Next, having been through the matter of Medicine Master's acute poison, Altar Master must have confirmed that he was an expert.

What's most significant here were the words detailing that Altar Master had withdrawn from the Jiangnan region, which meant that he was within the Jiangnan University City's area before..... which means that the second person who got poisoned could be the Altar Master.

The enemy has qualms about him, and this was considered great news to him.

"Then right now..." Song Shuhang stared at the long armed man. He needed to borrow the resolve that his opponent that engraved upon him; the resolve to face the merciless world of cultivators.

The long armed man had carefully selected a dead end that no one would discover. In addition, the long armed man was in possession of some Corpse Dissolving Liquid that would destroy

any traces of a dead body.

As long as this matter is properly concealed, there would be virtually no one who could discover this murder case for the time being.

His opponent was a cultivator who had opened the nose and eye acupoints. Perhaps the Stink Pill that the Medicine Master had given to him would be of use. But before he used the Stink Pill, he needed his opponent to first reveal an opening, at the very least, he needed him to leave Zhao Yaya's side.

“Answer me, Student Song Shuhang!” The long armed man had a crazed expression, he pointed his handleless blade at Song Shuhang.

Song Shuhang said in a deep voice, “Body Tempering Liquid.”

“What?”

“The thing you want, it's this isn't it?” Song Shuhang fished out a small bottle from his left pocket, and used his thumb to pop open the cap. Suddenly, the Body Tempering Liquid's unique stench spread out.

“The Body Tempering Liquid!” The long armed man's body jolted for a moment.

“Do you want it?” Song Shuhang replied calmly.

“Throw it over to me!” The long armed man yelled.

“Then come over and take it from me. I’m only an ordinary mortal, what are you wary of? I can give the Body Tempering Fluid to you. As long as you let my sister go, I can give you even more.”

The long armed man’s eyes opened wide, “More?”

“That’s right, I can give you even more. Enough for you to use for a long long time!” Song Shuhang’s voice carried a demonic attraction as he spoke.

The long armed man was in an unclear state. His eyes showed confusion as he stared at Song Shuhang, and he carefully proceeded forward.

Song Shuhang clasped the bottle of “Body Tempering Fluid”, ready to hand it over obediently, his face full of innocence.

As he approached the bottle of Body Tempering Fluid, the long armed man’s eyes brightened. Suddenly, he stomped hard on the ground with his right leg as his body shot towards Song Shuhang like an arrow leaving its bow, his right arm reaching for the bottle of Body Tempering Fluid.

No matter whether Song Shuhang had any tricks up his sleeve, as long as he used his superior speed to snatch the bottle over, he had nothing to fear.

If this Body Tempering Fluid was real and Song Shuhang could continuously provide him with Body Tempering Fluid, perhaps he could consider sparing their lives... temporarily!

His mind was clouded by greed, his eyes were entranced by the treasure. His whole brain was filled with thoughts of Body Tempering Fluid which led him to neglect questioning himself: Exactly why did Song Shuhang possess so much Body Tempering Fluid? How could he possibly be able to offer so much Body Tempering Fluid?

Chapter 75: Beast Headed Tile With Claw Marks

Chiii!

Suddenly, the long armed man felt a pain in his chest as though a sharp weapon had stabbed through his chest!

He had long since completed the fundamentals of cultivation. His body was strong and vigorous; his skin as durable as the hide of an old bull. But at this moment, his body felt as though it had been pierced through as easily as a block of tofu. A sword had pierced straight through his heart.

He glared at Song Shuhang but this youth was still carrying the bottle of Body Tempering Fluid with both hands. Aside from that, there was nothing else in his hands.

What is this? Just what is happening?

Fresh blood poured out of his chest, absorbed by that invisible sword, dying the tip of the sword red. “What is this thing?”

The long armed man furiously raised his arms, his eyes full of hatred. If he was going to die, then he would drag Song Shuhang to hell together with him.

But as he raised his arms halfway, they drooped back down

weakly. He felt as though his entire body was feeble; all of his qi, blood and strength had been sapped away by that invisible sword.

At that time, in his mind, there were hundred of thousands of bald monks incessantly chanting the mantra, “Boundless is the sea of bitterness, yet a man who will repent can reach the shore nearby. A wrongdoer achieves salvation as soon as he gives up evil!”

Irritating!

Song Shuhang sucked in a deep breath and forcefully pulled out the black-colored flying sword. “A flying sword.”

Great Master Tong Xuan’s flying sword. It was fortunate that he had yet to send it back.

It was only after obtaining Great Master Tong Xuan’s permission that Medicine Master and himself were able to see the flying sword. In the eyes of other people, this sword was completely invisible and it was impossible to determine its existence.

Of course, if the opponent’s strength was far superior to Great Master Tong Xuan, then that was a different matter altogether.

From the moment they met, Song Shuhang had carried that flying sword in his hands. His original intention was to wait for the man to come closer before looking for an opportunity to stab him.

However, Song Shuhang didn't expect that the opponent would just pounce at him without a thought. All Song Shuhang needed to do was to slightly adjust the position of the sword's tip, and have it pointed towards at the long armed man's heart.

Then, with a spurting sound, the enemy's heart was penetrated.

It was so simple, and was truly as simple as lifting a finger.

He didn't even need to use the Stink Pill!

Flying sword?

The long-armed man opened his mouth, and said these two words with difficulty, "Lifesteal?"

Having the life of an ordinary person, with the cultivation level of a mortal. Yet he possessed the Body Tempering Liquid, a flying sword, and has the identity of a 'senior' that even Altar Master is apprehensive of. Only an almighty cultivator of legends would know how to execute lifesteal magic, right? But aren't lifesteal magics just a legend?

Song Shuhang didn't care about what the long armed man was saying, he lifted the black flying sword, and the bloody smell assailed the nose.

Even though he had prepared his resolve, this bloody scent still made Song Shuhang feel uncomfortable; after all, he wasn't a

demon who killed people like cutting grass! A few days ago, he was merely an ordinary college student.

Taking in a deep breath, his true self from the 《True Self Meditation Scripture》 appeared, quelling his urges and returning him back to calmness.

“Do you have any last words?” Song Shuhang inquired.

“I.....” The long armed man opened his mouth to speak.

As he spoke, Shuhang’s flying sword was once again raised, cutting off his head in one stroke.

The long armed man didn’t die in peace with his head separated from his body, his incomplete corpse fell onto the ground. Furthermore, there wasn’t a single drop of blood flowing out of his wounds.

This flying sword that belonged to Great Master Tong Xuan was no ordinary weapon, killing people without bleeding was one of its basic functions.

“Yep, I just blurted that out for fun, I’m actually not allowed to listen to your last words.”

The hand with which Song Shuhang held the sword slightly trembled, his hand felt soft, but he gradually regained composure.

This was the first time he took a life. Before this, he hadn't even killed a chicken, "This is my resolve."

A resolve that was necessary.

The long armed man was the first person to die under his hands, but he wouldn't be the last.

If it was possible, he actually preferred to capture this long armed man alive and find out where the Altar Master was hiding. It was a pity that he had insufficient strength. The enemy was a cultivator who had opened both his eye and nose acupoints, he didn't have the confidence to subdue an opponent like that.

At this point, it was the right decision to kill off the long armed man.

The 《True Self Meditation Scripture》 in his head continued to operate, allowing him to maintain calmness when facing this headless corpse.

Gripping the black flying sword in one hand, Song Shuhang carefully moved forward, and began to search the long armed man's corpse.

The opponent didn't have much on him.

A bottle of medicinal liquid that assailed the nose, this should be the Corpse Dissolving Liquid.

Three handleless blades.

There was also a tile with a beast head and three claw marks engraved into it. This should be the long armed man's identity or his organization, right? Perhaps this would be a useful clue.

Aside from Zhao Yaya's cellphone, there was also over a thousand RMB in cash.

For a cultivator who had opened both eye and nose acupoints, this fellow was really poor.

Song Shuhang opened the bottle of medicinal liquid, and poured some on the long armed man's corpse.

A nose stinging smell was emitted. The long armed man's corpse and parts of his clothes seemed to evaporate and disappear from this world.

"Is this a treasure?" Song Shuhang kept the Corpse Dissolving Liquid.

Its corroding effect was amazing, even a 1st Stage cultivator's body could be dissolved quickly. But it could also be said that it's because it's a corpse which can't activate the qi and blood inside to resist it.

But as long as it's used properly, it could be considered a viable weapon for murder, right?

In the end, Song Shuhang poured a little more Corpse Dissolving Liquid onto the enemy's remaining clothes, causing the long armed man's final traces of existing in this world to be wiped off.

After confirming that he hadn't left any traces behind, Song Shuhang carried Zhao Yaya on his back and rushed towards Medicine Master's place.

Zhao Yaya had been unconscious for some time, he was a little worried that the long armed man might have used something like poison, so it would be a good idea for him to bring her to Medicine Master's place for a checkup.

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Approximately four minutes later.

Zhao Yaya felt the back of her neck hurting, she felt like she had slept in the wrong position.

Furthermore, the bed kept shaking, she snorted several times in dissatisfaction, expressing her resistance to it.

But the bed instead shook harder!

Bastard, can you let me sleep properly?

Zhao Yaya angrily opened her eyes, and was surprised to find out that she wasn't sleeping on a bed, and was instead moving quickly on the streets on someone's back.

Aiya, oh my Mama, what's going on here?

She was shocked, and her sleepiness receded beyond the horizon.

Could it be that someone had kidnapped me?

Fortunately, she quickly realized that the person carrying her was a person she was very familiar with. She was too familiar with Song Shuhang, and was able to recognize who this person was just after becoming more clear-headed.

"Shuhang, where are we?" She lightly patted Song Shuhang's shoulder and said in a gentle voice.

"Eh? Jie, you're awake?" Song Shuhang stopped running, and put her down onto the ground, "Are you feeling alright? Do you feel unwell anywhere on your body?"

Zhao Yaya creased her brows, "My body is fine, but the back of

my neck hurts slightly. By the way, why am I here?”

“Jie, you’re asking me why you’re here? Wasn’t it you who called me to come over? I rushed over here and found you lying on a bench on the side of the road in deep sleep. Therefore, I was about to carry you to somewhere where you could sleep.” Song Shuhang had a sincere expression as he stared at Zhao Yaya.

He didn’t lie, it was indeed ‘Zhao Yaya’ who called him out; Zhao Yaya was also deeply ‘asleep’; he was also prepared to carry her to somewhere for a proper sleep.

“.....” Zhao Yaya stared at Shuhang for a long while, and found that he didn’t seem to be lying at all.

She carefully tried to recall, but her memories were a total blur. She vaguely remembered that she was going to go out with three of her good friends for a few drinks, and that she should already have returned to her residence.

Could it be that I drank too much? But I only drank four glasses with my friends today, so how could I have gotten drunk?

Zhao Yaya rubbed her temple, seemingly vexed.

“Jie, shall I bring you to the hospital for a checkup?” Song Shuhang said with worry.

“No need for that. Other than my neck feeling rather stiff, I’m

totally fine. Just accompany me home, I should be fine after resting for a night.” Zhao Yaya rubbed the back of her neck, she felt like she had been struck by a karate chop, how painful. Other than that, there are no further problems with her body.

No matter how one puts it, she was a medical student. She herself should be able to make a proper review of her body’s condition.

“I’ll accompany you back then.” Song Shuhang said with a smile.

Zhao Yaya felt that the smile Song Shuhang showed in this moment was really warm, it gave off a very reliable feeling, “Shuhang, we haven’t met for a day, but you seem to have suddenly grown up?”

“Have I? Maybe you’re just seeing things.” Song Shuhang indifferently said. Changes? From the moment he raised the sword to chop off the long armed man’s head, his spirit had went through a transformation.

Chapter 76: Seven Lives Talisman Mansion Master

After Shuhang left the scene, Jiang Ziyan appeared on the rooftop of the wedding photography shop.

She made a call to Medicine Master and lazily said, “Medicine Master, Shuhang has left without any mishap.”

“By the way, Medicine Master, let me tell you this, I definitely wouldn’t give up. Don’t bother trying to keep me away from you, it’s useless.” With that said, she didn’t wait for Medicine Master to reply and directly hung up.

“I will definitely obtain what I want.” Jiang Ziyan murmured.

She jumped down from the roof, moved to where Song Shuhang had destroyed the long armed man’s body, and executed a simple magic to completely eliminate all vestiges of what happened here.

Song Shuhang had done very well. However, in the eyes of cultivators who are adept at tracing others, there were many traces which could be found. What Jiang Ziyan eliminated were precisely those traces.

It’s not a big issue as such experience would be gained by Song Shuhang as his cultivation gradually becomes stronger over time.

Shuhang sent Zhao Yaya back safely, then went to buy food and drinks for his roommates while on the way back.

Back at the dormitory, he rested on his bed. The ‘true self’ in his mind receded, and his experience of killing the long armed man replayed over and over in his mind.

He felt a little unaccustomed to this. He also felt a little fear after this event, and also a little excited..... Just like the joy he got from helping others.

His three roommates were still loudly using [alts](#) to screw with people.

[TL: Alts as in alternate accounts, or smurfs as some would call it.]

Song Shuhang rested for a while, then took out the beast-headed tile with three claw marks. He then took out his phone and took a photo of the beast-headed tile and uploaded it onto the Nine Provinces (1) Group.

Next, he asked in the chat: “Dear Seniors, does anyone know which cultivators’ organization this tile belongs to?”

A short while after sending this message, there was a senior who replied.

The first to reply was, as predicted, the ‘eternally online warrior’

North River's Loose Practitioner, "I've never seen that before, and never heard of something like it. I reckon that it should be some tiny and insignificant organization in some rural place?"

Hearing this, one matter was confirmed in Song Shuhang's mind. As North River's Loose Practitioner was the jack-of-all-trades in the group, he knew the information of every member of the group like the back of his hand. If he had never heard of it, then the organization that this beast-headed tile with three claw marks belonged to definitely wouldn't be the forces of any of the seniors in the group.

Song Shuhang was previously worried that this beast-headed tile would belong to one of the forces under one of the seniors here, which would make settling this matter very complicated.

"Senior Song, is it very important which organization this tile represents?" Soft Feather was unexpectedly still online at this time. Ever since she had returned to Spiritual Butterfly Island, she had to undergo training every night regimentally without any negotiation.

"It is pretty important to me." Song Shuhang replied.

"Then I'll go ask my father for you." Soft Feather excitedly said, then quickly went offline to look for Spiritual Butterfly's Respected Sage.

North River's Loose Practitioner then inquired, "Is it an enemy or an ally?"

“It’s an enemy.” Shuhang cleared up.

North River’s Loose Practitioner: “Are you able to settle it? Do you need any help?”

Song Shuhang replied, “I’m in the middle of searching for their traces, and have gotten some clues. If I really can’t settle this, I will request help from you fellow seniors.”

“Is Medicine Master still there with you?” North River’s Loose Practitioner was rather worried. After all, Shuhang had only begun cultivating two days ago and was very weak.

“Senior Medicine Master is still here, and he may still remain here for several more days.”

“That’s fine then.” North River’s Loose Practitioner felt more reassured.

At this time, Soft Feather returned online and said, “Senior Song, my father doesn’t know what this thing is, so it should just be some low-class organization. When I settle the spirit ghost contract array tomorrow, I’ll go over to help Senior Song bulldoze over this puny organization. When that happens, I would be able to put my newly contracted spirit ghost’s might to the test!”

With Lady Soft Feather’s cheerful statement, Shuhang’s mood became a lot better, “Thank you.”

“After we bulldoze that puny organization, let’s look for the mysterious island that’s close to the East China Sea together, Senior. I heard that someone found the mysterious floating island of legends there. It’s said that the songs of birds and fragrance of flowers could be vaguely found there. There’s also thick spirit qi, and many extinct lifeforms are there. It’ll definitely be incredibly exciting.” Soft Feather was already deep into her imaginations, and who knew what she was thinking of.

Mad Saber Three Waves was online, and seeing the situation he shot back habitually, “However, Lady Soft Feather, you have to first complete the contract with the spirit ghost first before you can even attempt that!”

The battleship named Soft Feather knocked into the water with this single bombardment.

“I will stake my all against the spirit ghost contract array tonight!” The long legged lady replied.

With that said, she quickly went offline. Perhaps she had gone to battle with the spirit ghost contract array.

North River’s Loose Practitioner sent a smiley and said, “Come to think of it, do any fellow daoists want to form a team to go take a look at the mysterious island in the East China Sea that Lady Soft Feather just mentioned?”

Once these words were sent by North River’s Loose Practitioner,

many lurking seniors of the group appeared and began to discuss snatching the riches on the mysterious island.

The chat group became lively.

Song Shuhang swiped his finger on the phone's display, and unknowingly began to smile.

Beep beep beep

At this time, someone privately messaged Shuhang.

Song Shuhang tapped it open, and it turned out to be Lady Soft Feather who had just fled the chat.

“Senior Song, did something happen to you today? I feel that you're a little strange today.” Soft Feather asked with a lot of concern.

Strange? Song Shuhang doubtfully looked through his chat records from start to end, but there was simply nothing strange about the way he typed.

He scratched his head. To be able to sense that his condition was a little different today, was this the legendary sixth sense of women said in myths?

“If it's something that happened to me, then it would be me

killing someone today.” Song Shuhang thought over it, then lightly tapped this sentence on the keyboard, “I cut off his head with my own hands, and watched his head fly. Now that I think about it... it was so unrealistic, just like a dream.”

For unknown reasons, after typing out these words, Song Shuhang felt relaxed inside. It was like the huge rock pressing on his chest had been lifted away.

“It was Senior’s first time killing? Do you regret it?” Soft Feather quickly replied. In her mind, the scene of her father, Spiritual Butterfly’s Respected Sage consoling her after she had made her first kill appeared.

She didn’t know how to console others, but she could learn from how her father had consoled her back then and imitate it. This was applying what one has learnt from experience!

“I don’t regret.” Song Shuhang staunchly tapped these three words. Even if he went back in time, he would still swing that sword without hesitation!

“I can see Senior’s resolve and the conviction you had when you swung your sword. Senior Song, don’t think about too many complicated things. Right now, all you need to remember is why you brandished the sword, and be firm about your conviction when you swung the sword. As long as your conviction is firm and correct, then it would be a choice made with no regrets. You need not pressure yourself, I will always support you.” Soft Feather gently said.

As she typed these words, she faintly shone with the radiance of a goddess.

“Thank you.” Song Shuhang’s face revealed a gentle smile. Soft Feather’s consolation was very awkward, and made Song Shuhang feel like he was facing a senior. However, her kind intentions were solidly received by Song Shuhang.

“You’re welcome, Senior. I’m going to stake my all against the contract array now! When I complete the contract, I will find Senior and we’ll go explore the mysterious island!” With that said, Soft Feather went offline with satisfaction.

Being able to help Senior Song Shuhang made her very happy.

Right at this time, in another part of Spiritual Butterfly Island.

Spiritual Butterfly’s Respected Sage watched the exchange between his daughter and Song Shuhang on his phone, and cried in the toilet.

This Respected Sage had once again logged onto his daughter’s account secretly~~

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At approximately 3 in the morning.

Song Shuhang was already asleep, but his mental energy would occasionally activate. This was the alertness trick of mental energy. As he kept maintaining the alertness magic up during the day, his body made it a habit during this short period of time. Therefore, even though he was asleep, his body would occasionally activate his mental energy, and maintain a state of alertness.

This was something that he himself didn't notice.

In a daze, Song Shuhang heard his phone ring.

He quickly opened his eyes and turned his phone to silent mode, so as to avoid disturbing his roommates. Then, he looked closer at the phone to check the caller ID.

It was an unknown number, and the area code represented the Huaxi region.

Is it a scam? Song Shuhang habitually tapped on the answer button; idly chatting with scammers was something Shuhang and his roommates enjoyed doing.

Especially Li Yangde, this fellow was like all code monkeys who were typically tame on the outside and beastly inside, he was great at teasing with his voice. Every time he came into contact with a female scammer, his battle power was three times the usual, and

the female scammer would end up crying, y'know?

“Is this fellow daoist Mt. Books High Pressure?” The voice of a young man was heard from the other side of the line.

It was no scammer, for Mt. Books High Pressure was the name of his chat account. Add on to that, being addressed as a fellow daoist should mean that this person was a senior from the Nine Provinces (1) Group?

Song Shuhang rubbed his eyes and immediately cleared his head, “Hello, that’s me.”

“Little friend, are you in the middle of sleep? I’ll keep things short then.” The young voice laughed and said, ‘I’m Seven Lives Talisman Mansion Master from the Nine Provinces (1) Group. By the way, I got your number from Brother Medicine Master. What I want to ask is regarding the beast-headed tile with three claw marks that you uploaded to the group tonight.’”

“Senior, do you possess information regarding that organization?” Song Shuhang was completely awake now.

Chapter 77: Another Express Delivery Via Air Travel

“I do know a little, but it’s information from over forty years ago.” Seven Lives Talisman Mansion Master softly explained, “Forty-three years ago, I was drifting around the world. During that, I passed by a village in the east region of Huaxia. At that time, every single person in the village was cruelly killed as blood sacrifices. There wasn’t a single person left alive. All of that was done for the purpose of manufacturing hatred, and to create angry ghosts. These are the methods used by the ghost cultivators of the evil way.”

“Back then, I was extremely angered and took an oath to completely destroy those evil way’s ghost cultivators. Following that, I chased their trail for a long time and regretfully only managed to cut down several insignificant ghost cultivator subordinates. However, I found a beast-headed tile with three claw marks from their bodies.

When Seven Lives Talisman Mansion Master was younger, he was a man full of righteousness. He was the type that was overflowing with justice.

Furthermore, he had a rash personality when he was younger. Whenever he came across injustice, he liked to make oaths.

For example, this case of the evil path’s ghost cultivators murdering a village. He made a great oath, and swore to the heavens that he would completely destroy those evil path’s ghost cultivators who manufactured angry ghosts.

Back then, he had made several thousand great oaths like this.

Right now, there was a small notebook in his hands specially for recording the great oaths he made when he was younger.

An oath by a cultivator had the heavens as their witness and couldn't be taken lightly. Once the oath was taken, one had to find a way to complete it. Otherwise, if their spirit couldn't be at peace, it would produce inner demons that would impact their future cultivation advancements.

The current Seven Lives Talisman Mansion Master was so swamped with all kinds of oaths that he had made when he was younger that he had to hold back his tears. He was striving hard to complete the oaths he made, but why were there still so many oaths in the notebook?

For a period of time, Seven Lives Talisman Mansion Master truly wished for the ability to go back in time so he could give three hundred slaps to his younger self who had proudly made great oaths way too much. He wanted to make his younger self wake up a little, and stop him from giving his future self so many burdens!

Going back to the original topic.

“I heard from Brother Medicine Master, you've got a clue about the ghost cultivators who use a beast-headed tile with claw marks?” Seven Lives Talisman Mansion Master inquired.

“There are some small clues, and it’s all thanks to Senior Medicine Master’s help as well. If all goes well, I will be able to find the approximate location of the organization’s Altar Master.” Song Shuhang answered. He only got the intelligence regarding Altar Master from the long armed man this night.

“That’s wonderful. All these evil path’s ghost practitioners must be put to death. It’s a pity that I’m in the Huaxi region now, and am occupied with some matters. I can’t go there to help you.” Seven Lives Talisman Mansion Master felt rather depressed, then said, “Therefore, little friend, send me your mailing address. Tomorrow I will send you some talismans through a courier. I hope that they will be of help to you.”

Talismans? Song Shuhang immediately thought of the dazzling golden talisman that Soft Feather flung out when she was fighting the spirit ghost!

“Finally, fellow daoist Mt. Books High Pressure, a dao name is a cultivator’s face. Your dao name is rather awkward and isn’t smooth to say. It’s better to change dao names! Remember to send me your mailing address, I will have it delivered to you in a short while.” With that said, Seven Lives Taliman Mansion Master hung up the call. He was afraid that Song Shuhang would reject his kind intentions.

“.....” Song Shuhang.

Mt. Books High Pressure is just my chat account nickname, it’s

not my dao name!

Perhaps I should change my nickname?

Otherwise, everybody would think that this is my dao name, and when I meet them in the future they would address me as fellow daoist Mt. Books High Pressure, or Senior Mt. Books High Pressure or something. My conscience will hurt just from hearing this.

Afterwards, Song Shuhang opened the messaging app, typed in his mailing address, and sent it to Seven Lives Talisman Mansion Master.

The fact was, Seven Lives Talisman Mansion Master didn't need to hang up so quickly.

Song Shuhang wasn't the kind of person who would feign to impress. He knew the disparity between him and the enemy's Altar Master in terms of strength. Right now, it didn't matter if it was sending aid in terms of talismans or having someone personally come down to help, Song Shuhang definitely wouldn't reject kindness from anyone.

When the matter concerns life and death, what's the use of face?

"I wonder what kind of talismans Seven Lives Talisman Mansion Master will send as aid?"

It's talismans!

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Soft Feather's golden talisman paper, flinging one out could totally oppress two spirit ghosts. It possessed great might.

To Song Shuhang, this was undoubtedly timely help!

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7th June, under the scorching sun.

Every year, this period was the most bitter and nervous time for high schoolers as the college entrance exams for Huaxia were all arranged to begin on this exact day.

Yet at this period every year, Jiangnan University City would take joy in their misfortune by having a sports competition. It embodied the deep malice the executives of Jiangnan University possessed towards these high schoolers.

Amongst the competitions, the 5km men's run would begin in the morning of the first day of the sports competition.

As a participant, Song Shuhang woke up very early in the morning. He was intending to stretch his body, so he might as well casually take first place or something, right?

The moment he got up from his bed, he touched the black flying sword which he had placed on the side of the bed.

Flying swords were treasures which blood cannot stick onto, yet Shuhang had the misperception of smelling blood from it.

“Sure enough, it wasn’t a dream.” Song Shuhang said to himself.

Yesterday..... was his first time chopping someone. In addition, what he chopped off was the head. The scene of the long armed man’s head flying up into the air was still imprinted in his mind. As it was the first kill he had made in his life, the long armed man’s face would remain in Song Shuhang’s mind for a long time.

“Next up will be the Altar Master.” Song Shuhang gripped the flying sword.

The enemy mistakenly believed that he was an ‘expert’, and was so frightened to the point that that he withdrew from the Jiangnan region. However, Song Shuhang couldn’t risk his family’s safety by entrusting his hopes on an enemy’s misunderstanding.

If he doesn’t settle this issue, Song Shuhang would remain troubled and worried. Luckily, there would be clues by this afternoon.

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After getting off the bed and washing up, Song Shuhang opened the door of the dormitory, intending to go exercise.

The moment he opened the door, he noticed a large man who wore a suit standing outside with a wide smile.

This man looks very familiar. Who is he?

“Student Shuhang, we meet again. I’m Little Jiang from Feng Shou Courier with another package for you.” The large man in the suit tried hard to show an amiable smile.

I remember now, it’s Feng Shou Courier’s Mr. Sima Jiang.

The last time he received a package, Song Shuhang didn’t know who he was and thought he was just a deliveryman, so he casually addressed him as Little Jiang. Back then, Sima Jiang’s mouth involuntarily twitched. He was considered a man of character, being addressed as Little Jiang was too appalling.

However, this time he addressed himself as ‘Little Jiang’. In a span of three days, there were two courier deliveries from two different senders, and both senders had frightening identities.

As of now, he was fine with being referred to as Little Jiang! Don’t mention Little Jiang, even becoming Little Little Jiang or Little Little Little Jiang wouldn’t be a problem!

After seeing Sima Jiang, Song Shuhang immediately thought of the package Seven Lives Talisman Mansion Master said that he would send.

A package that was sent at midnight arrived a little after six in the morning? What kind of godly speed is this?

“Good morning Little Jiang, is this another urgent express delivery via air travel?” Song Shuhang asked.

“Yes, it’s an express delivery via air travel package from the Huaxi region. I was personally sent to fly an aeroplane to receive the package during the night and had it sent at the fastest speeds to your hands, Student Song Shuhang. I hope that I haven’t held you up?” Sima Jiang took out a package that was the size of a cell phone box from his chest pocket.

With layers upon layers of packaging, it was tightly sealed.

“You didn’t hold me up, and you came at the perfect time. Thanks for your trouble, where shall I sign?” Song Shuhang trusted this courier personnel Little Jiang, for he had delivered the previous package without anything missing.

“Please sign right here.” Sima Jiang handed over a pen.

While signing, Shuhang recalled the black iron flying sword that belonged to Great Master Tong Xuan, and casually asked, “By the way, Little Jiang, in a few days I may have a package I want to

send, so when that happens I'll contact you."

Once he settles the matter with Altar Master in a few days, he will have Great Master Tong Xuan's sword sent back to its original owner. Feng Shou Courier's service was amazingly good, so Song Shuhang naturally thought of using them.

"Where is it to be sent to? Do you need me to fly over there for express delivery?" Sima Jiang happily said with his eyes lit up.

"It's fine and there's no need for that. The receiver doesn't need it urgently, so standard delivery is more than enough. Alright then, I'll contact you in a few days when I want to send it." Song Shuhang

"No problem, you may contact me at anytime, 24/7!" Sima Jiang wore a smile, his service level was at five stars and was super liked.

Song Shuhang held onto the package and wondered what the talismans sent by Seven Lives Talisman Mansion Master would be like?

Chapter 78: Armor Talisman, Sword Talisman, Exorcism Talisman!

Shuhang looked for somewhere secluded, and opened the package.

Within the small box were a pile of dark golden talisman papers. Each talisman paper was painted with mysterious golden-red colored talisman symbols and arrays. There was also a note from the Seven Lives Talisman Mansion Master introducing the functions of these talismans.

There were a total of twenty talisman papers.

The top five papers were 'Armor Talismans'. Like the name, the talisman holds energy which would be activated to form a layer of protection around the body. It could block an attack from a cultivator of 3rd Stage and below.

The method to use it was extremely simple. All that's needed was to use one's thumb to press against the center of the talisman paper's array and use mental energy to guide the spirit qi in the talisman, then finally to softly chant the word 'armor'. The protective armor will be summoned just like this.

With five talismans, every piece could be used once. When used properly, it could protect Song Shuhang five times.

The next five talismans were the 'Sword Talismans'. This

talisman was an attack type, when method of using it is the same as the armor talisman, and to activate it one just needs to softly say 'sword' instead of 'armor'.

Once it's activated, it could turn send out a sword attack on the level of a 3rd Stage – Houtian Battle Emperor, easily capable of breaking rocks and hacking mountains. For an ordinary 2nd Stage – True Master cultivator, if they don't possess special means or defenses, one sword attack would kill them or at the very least leave them barely alive.

The one with the highest quantity were the ten 'Exorcism Talismans'.

According to Seven Lives Talisman Mansion Master's note, as the enemy were evil path's ghost cultivators, they could control ghost-type evil creatures to attack, which could catch people off guard.

Ghost-type evil creatures are immune to ordinary physical attacks, and there are some which possess invisibility or other stealth abilities. To cultivators who lack strength, they are opponents which are a headache.

These ten Exorcism Talismans will help Shuhang get rid of the enemy's ghost-type evil creatures!

Song Shuhang gripped the box of talismans dearly. Seven Lives Talisman Mansion Master wasn't just providing the necessary coal for the cold winter, but he basically provided a one-stop service for clothes, food, and shelter as well!

“This is truly an unexpected blessing.” Song Shuhang gripped on a talisman.

With these talismans, he even had the confidence to face the Altar Master. However, it goes without saying that he wouldn’t do something as silly as charging straight at the enemy with the talisman in hand.

As long as he could get rid of the Altar Master, he was willing to play foul.

All he needed was results, the process didn’t matter; he just needed the enemy dead!

Carefully keeping the talisman, he thought. [Everything is prepared, all that’s left is the east wind.](#)

[TL: “Everything is prepared, all that’s left is the east wind” “?????????” is a famous quote by Zhuge Liang in the classic Romance of the Three Kingdoms, meaning everything is ready other than one crucial item.]

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7:30AM in the morning.

Jiangnan University City’s sports competition officially began.

Before it began, the headmaster of the school made a customary speech. The headmaster's speech was a very mysterious matter, regardless of how advanced technology is, it remains eternally immutable.

Usually with the opening words of "let me keep things short," and experiencing countless "let me keep things short," the students were all tortured into a state of dizziness and intoxication. After wishing for the ability to fly away and wishing for death, the sports competition finally began.

The men's 5km run began at 8:40AM.

Under the encouragement of his three roommates and eight other male students he had rather good relations with, Song Shuhang got onto the race track.

All his roommates and classmates wore smug smiles. They absolutely weren't here to cheer on Shuhang, but rather, they had come to watch him get exhausted. It'll be for the best if he ends up running till his knees weaken and he pukes on the spot, for that would be a great spectacle.

The 5km run was a torture competition.

One lap around the track was 400m, and a total of twelve and a half laps was needed to complete the race.

It was a totally strenuous and unrewarding competition event,

and lacked the excitement which the 100m sprint possessed. It wasn't as cheerful as the man-woman mixed relay. The distance was long, the tempo was slow, spectators were few and there were even fewer chicks watching.

Without chicks watching, the male students in the competition lacked motivation even more.

The other contestants chose a spot to stand, and Song Shuhang got onto his spot while yawning.

“Student Shuhang, [jiayou!](#)” At this time, a crisp voice was heard, “Do your best to get first place!”

[TL: “jiayou” “??” is a cheer which means the same thing as “ganbatte,” the closest translation is “do your best.”]

The sweet voice was extremely pleasing to the ears.

Song Shuhang raised his head, looked over and saw the chick who had recently been sticking close to him waving at him with a youthful smile on her face.

By her side were four ladies, it seemed like they just watched some other event and just happened to pass by this place.

Her name should be... Lu Fei?

Song Shuhang laughed out loud, and raised a thumb in her

direction.

His roommates and classmates immediately took this opportunity to heckle.

Pinching their throats, Tubo and Gao Moumou shouted in unison in the same style as Lu Fei, “Student Shuhang, jiayou!”

“Do your best to get first place!” The others around them also shouted while pinching their throats.

Song Shuhang turned back and pointed both middle fingers at them, “Why don’t you guys go kill yourselves!”

At this time, a tanned and robust student standing beside Song Shuhang sneered at him, “Hehe, first place? Pretty boy, you think the 5km run is won by using your face?”

While saying that, the student showed off his muscular thighs. These were big thighs which could only be drilled out through long-term training. When he compared himself to the pretty boy (little white face) beside him who had thin arms and legs, don’t mention 5km, it’d be weird if Shuhang could even run 1km.

“Pretty boy (little white face)? Are you referring to me?” Song Shuhang asked while touching his own face. Due to the effects of the Body Tempering Liquid, his skin had indeed turned quite fair.

As it turns out, being handsome really brings about trouble?

Shuhang inwardly nodded, then casually returned with another question, “Are you envious of my skin?”

“..... Envious your ass. Why would I envy a pretty boy (little white face) like you!?” The tanned student felt blood rushing to the veins on his forehead and surfacing.

“Haha, student over there please don’t mind him, this tanned fellow is jealous that you have a chick cheering for you. Anyway, you’re also forced by your class to compete, right?” On the other side, was a slightly chubby guy who looked like a long-time reclusive student introduced himself with a smile, “I’m Yang Shangfa, I’m in Computer Science.”

“You could put it that way, as there’s nobody who chose to participate in the 5km run and I took leave at the time, I became the participant for this 5km run. I’m Song Shuhang.” Song Shuhang replied with a smile.

“Oh, a person who had misfortune befallen upon him as well.” Yang Shangfa had tears in his eyes.

While they spoke, the teacher who was responsible for triggering the starting pistol said in a deep voice, “All contestants, ready~”

All of the contestants took up the starting position.

“Disgusting pretty boy (little white face), I will make you

understand what it means to do the 5km run. In this competition I will outrun you by a whole street!” The tanned student said with clenched teeth.

“Outrun me by a whole street? A whole street is at least 800m long, which means you’ll outrun me by at least two laps?” After pondering, Song Shuhang considerately advised, “Yep, it’s impossible, give up.”

“Pfft!” The chubby Yang Shangfa couldn’t resist laughing out loud.

“.....” The tanned student clenched his teeth so hard they nearly broke.

Bang!

The starting pistol was blown.

The tanned student madly shuttled forward at 100m sprint speeds. He had great endurance, his standards for long distance running was way beyond ordinary college students’ standards! In this type of campus sports competition, he had enough endurance to first sprint the 100m to create a despairing distance between him and the other contestants, then maintain this distance to the very end as first place!

Hmph, get shocked, pretty boy. Outrunning you by a whole street was just polite speech, if I really want to display my

strength, I would outrun a pretty boy like you by at least four laps! The tanned student proudly said in his heart.

For a 5km run, everyone usually needed to pace themselves accordingly. No one would just charge forward recklessly at 100m sprinting speeds. As a result, this allowed the tanned student to leave the other participants in the dust.

“How’s that, pretty face? You’re in despair aren’t you!?” The tanned student confidently turned around to see how far the pretty boy had been left behind. This fellow had such fair skin, he should be at the back of the line eating dust, right?

Yet, when he turned around, he found the pretty boy just one meter behind him, following closely behind him without fail!

This pretty boy had actually sprinted alongside him?

“Huh? Are you an idiot? The race has just begun and you used sprinting speeds to keep up with me. With that physique of yours, you would probably be exhausted after a single lap.” The tanned student said with clenched teeth.

“Sprinting?” Song Shuhang stared blankly at him, then revealed a warm smile and said, “Nah not at all, I’m just running at ordinary speeds, you don’t need to worry about me. You look so fierce, I didn’t expect you to be so caring to others.”

Caring your grandfather! The tanned student was extremely

angered inside.

“Damn gigolo with a sharp mouth, let’s see how long you can persevere for! I hope you won’t collapse after a single lap!” The tanned student clenched his teeth, estimated his stamina, then increased his speed slightly.

This pretty boy was definitely an amateur at long distance running, but even so, he couldn’t let Shuhang overtake him. So he must shake Shuhang off, and leave him far behind!

The tanned student once again sprinted.

He sprinted for approximately a hundred meters. He felt that he was at the predicted level of exhaustion and that it was time for him to lower his pace.

Sprinting for such a long distance, the amateur pretty boy must be left far behind by now, right?

As he thought that, he turned around to check.

Once he turned back, his eyes opened so wide like they could drop out of his sockets. The pretty boy should have been left far behind by him was still sticking closely behind him by a meter without fail.

This feeling was like going through a play where someone is supposed to have died, yet despite dying several times he still

wasn't dead!

“How is this possible? Am I hallucinating?” The tanned student murmured.

Chapter 79: Second Place... Is Yours!

As both Song Shuhang and the tanned student ran at sprinting speeds, they were nearly a lap ahead of the other contestants!

“This can’t be real, right? Since when did Shuhang run this quickly, and become this good at it?” Lin Tubo was the first to question his eyes and said in an exaggerated manner.

“This must be... the power of love!” Gao Moumou pushed his spectacles. His cold spectacles refracted the sunlight.

Li Yangde subconsciously looked towards the chick, Lu Fei.

The lady with shoulder-length hair beside Lu Fei had her eyes lit up, “Hey, Feifei, that Student Shuhang was the one who showed off his body on the track previously, right?”

“Haha, he should... be the one.” Lu Fei felt a crisis looming in. There was still a lot left to this summer, if she still doesn’t make her move, more people would notice Shuhang’s merits. Will he get snatched away?

“If he’s the one showing off his muscles while running on the track, then this still isn’t his top speed, right?” The lady with shoulder length hair said in a low voice.

She seemed to recall that that man ran an unknown number of laps and ran all of them at sprinting speeds?

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The tanned student felt his worldview breaking apart. After such a long sprint, this pretty boy's face wasn't flushed, his breathing was also stable; he seems to be at ease?

Impossible, this fellow has to be forcing himself.

Sprinting like this drained the body's stamina quickly. He himself felt like he couldn't endure much further, so this pretty boy would definitely collapse after running a little more, that has to be it.

The tanned student clenched his teeth and lowered his pace slightly. After all, even if it's him, he can't complete the whole 5km run at sprinting speeds.

"Fellow student, your speed seems to have decreased. If you continue this way you won't be able to outrun me by a whole street." Behind the tanned student, Song Shuhang's tranquil voice was heard.

"Huu huu... what do you mean?" The tanned student panted deeply.

“If you lower your pace, I’m going to overtake you.” Song Shuhang amicably prompted. While speaking, he increased his speed slightly, bringing the distance between the two to approximately half a meter.

“Huu huu, I was just adjusting my breathing. Next, I will bring out my true abilities. Take a good look, don’t mention one street, I would at least outrun you by two streets.” The tanned student angrily said. Clenching his teeth, he immersed in forcing himself to sprint again.

He felt that he could do it. If he sprints around three laps, with his stamina he could slow down after that and catch a good rest. Even if he gets overtaken at a lower pace, it’d be fine as he would be able to gather enough stamina to sprint in the last three rounds, and attain first place.

Right now, the most important thing was to completely shake off the pretty boy within these three laps, and make the pretty boy understand the gap between them. The gap between someone adept at long-distance running and a pretty boy!

“Hoh hoh hoh.” The tanned student madly sprinted once more with his saliva flying all over.

The distance between him and Shuhang was once again pulled to one meter.

Song Shuhang’s showed a pleased smile on both of his eyes, and began to chase after the tanned student’s back once again. He

gradually sped up to maintain the same distance with the tanned student, a distance of one meter. Not a single bit more and not a single bit less.

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“Geez, why is Shuhang and that tanned fellow blatantly sprinting again? At this rate they probably won’t be able to complete the 5km run, right?” Shuhang’s classmate asked in doubt.

“Also, the way that big tanned dude runs looks rather disgusting.”

The tanned student looked like a crazed deer in his mad sprint, the saliva that flew out of his mouth felt like foam from his mouth.

Very soon, they ran for three laps.

The tanned student felt that his stamina was reaching a critical point, but when he turned around, he saw that the pretty boy still sticking behind him at exactly one meter, and wasn’t shaken off at all.

“How can this be, huu huu, why are you still able to keep up behind me?” The tanned student was at a loss, “A pretty boy like you, huu huu, why haven’t you collapsed? Quickly collapse for me!”

Why is this fellow so good at running? Why is he so full of stamina!?

“Fellow student, it has only been a little more than three laps, there are still nine laps to go, why are you slowing down?” Song Shuhang spoke once again.

“Stop kidding me, you should be very tired now, huu huu~ don’t force yourself, quickly collapse!” The tanned student shouted.

“I won’t collapse, I feel like I can still run for a long long time.” Song Shuhang warmly smiled and said, “Furthermore, you should still have some stamina left, shall I help you?”

“What do you mean? Huu huu~ you bastard.” The tanned student furiously said, he felt like he was being ridiculed.

Song Shuhang took a deep breath and activated his mental energy, using mental oppression at the tanned student. This was a trick which intimidated others spiritually. However, Song Shuhang controlled the intensity of the mental oppression, which made the tanned student feel fear yet wouldn’t make him collapse like that beautiful female teacher from before.

At this time, the tanned student felt a ferocious monster chasing after him, with the desire to eat him up.

“Ahhh ahh ahh ahhh!” He loudly screamed, bringing out even

the strength he used to drink milk.

How scary, how scary!

“As predicted, you are still able to continue running, and you’re able to run quickly. Humans have a mental block which makes them slow down. It’s not the body’s exhaustion, it’s the ‘limit’ one is aware in one’s self, believing that one could only sprint this bit of distance, so one would then have to slow down after going past it. Fact is, you can still run even faster.” Song Shuhang kept up behind the tanned student and made a ‘professional’ assessment.

I’ve done a good deed again, how... delightful???

“Jiayou, you are the man who wants to outrun me by a whole street.” Song Shuhang cheered on the tanned student from behind.

“Ahhh ahh ahh ahh!” The tanned student screamed, with tears, sweat, snivel and saliva covering his face. This made him look exceedingly desperate.

On the other hand, Shuhang still maintained a distance of one meter from him.

A lap, and a lap. Another lap, and another lap!

Fear stimulates the limits of the human body, and the tanned student had all his potential brought out. Under the motivation of fear, a distance of 5km didn’t seem to be that long.

Everybody was stupefied as they watched the tanned student wildly run like a mad beast.

If he continued running like that, will he break the world record?

Madly running while taking big strides like there was no exhaustion, the tanned student had long felt numb in the legs. His stomach felt so uncomfortable and painful, he wanted to puke.

This was the fastest he had ever run in his life. It was also the most tiring and most painful.

But hardship is always followed with reward, there was only half a lap left.

He was a winner, he was quicker than the pretty boy behind him! Even if he was just quicker by one meter!

The tanned student was nearly foaming at the mouth.

There was only a short distance to the end point. He had already outrun the current third place contestant by three whole laps, this was a frightening number.

“Ultimately, I am the winner!” The tanned student mustered up all his remaining strength, and pounced towards the finish line like a hungry wolf.

There was only a little more than a few dozen meters left, this was a distance for sprinting!

The fruit of victory was already within reach.

Right at this time, when he was about to charge towards the finish line, a figure brushed past him like a gale, overtaking him with a whoosh.

It was ridiculous and quick!

This speed was too fast, he couldn't even see who it was clearly.

Only when that person stood at the finishing point with both hands raised up did he see who it actually was.

The tanned student's heart instantly began to throb with pain.

It's that pretty boy!

In the last moment, the pretty boy calmly overtook him, and arrived at the finish line before him.

“Originally, I didn't mind letting you have first place, but I promised my friend that I would win, so it's a pity that I can't let you attain first place.” On the finish line, the pretty boy turned around and showed him a candid smile, then gave him a thumbs-

up, “But you’re a pretty good opponent, jiayou, the second place is yours!”

Second place, second place... it’s yours, it’s yours!

In this moment, the tanned student felt his heart stop.

Puke! He finally couldn’t restrain the discomfort in his stomach. At the same time, he lost his faith of attaining first place. His left leg was soft and he didn’t step firmly on the ground, so he stumbled down! With the inertia of the sprint, his whole body slid a long distance on the ground.....

At this time, the tanned student was only a mere five steps from the finish line!

But at this moment, this distance was simply the distance between heaven and earth for him, it was a distance which he couldn’t cross over.

Song Shuhang scratched the back of his head, and sighed, “What a pity. You’re just like a migratory bird that didn’t complete its journey and fell onto the beach before arriving the destination. You were a good opponent.”

The tanned student’s vision finally turned black and he fainted.

Chapter 80: A Lead Has Been Found, Time To Set Off!

There were three different tracks where the men's 5km run was held, and the contestants were split into either of the three tracks. There were many departments in Jiangnan University, and by forcing every class to at least send one participant, every track still needed to be used about ten times to complete the competition.

By allocating the ranks according to the contestants' timings, there would be no next round. Because another round would kill people.

According to previous records, it takes approximately thirty minutes to complete the run once, so the whole 5km run competition could be finished within four to five hours.

However, though extraordinary participants were seen every year, this year had unusually more.

The first was Song Shuhang and the tanned student completing the race at sprinting speeds (though the tanned student was three steps off from the finish line), then there was the appearance of another extraordinaire, the fatty Yang Shangfa who classified himself as a 'fellow who was also pushed down the cliff' like Song Shuhang.

In the beginning of the competition, he jogged at speeds like he just had a meal, securing his place at the last of the pack.

Approximately three laps after, he could bear it no longer, and his face was pale. Then, from slow jog he changed to scampering, then slow walk, then to turtle shifting.

After shifting for some distance, he even had to hold onto his waist to catch a breath.

With such stamina, it's a wonder what his classmates were thinking when they actually applied him for the 5km competition?

Twenty-five minutes later, the rest of the contestants on the track had completed the 5km run. However, Student Yang Shangfa was still running, walking, and stopping. At this point, his total mileage was merely 2.1km. Furthermore, his face was pale, and his lips were turning green. He looked like he may have to be sent to the hospital at any time.

The teacher who was in-charge of being the umpire couldn't bear watching anymore, "Hey, student, the competition can end now, it doesn't matter if you can't finish the run. Being able to run up till now shows that you have perseverance!"

However, Student Yang Shangfa, replied the teacher this, "Teacher, I'm a man who finishes what he starts, I will definitely complete the 5km. Even if I have to crawl, I'll crawl till the finish line!"

This fellow had a temper that could be like a donkey when he gets stubborn, no one could pull him down.

The eyes of the teacher immediately moistened. Bastard, even if you want to finish what you start, you should consider the situation. There are still nine more rounds of this event, if you continue shifting like this, what time will you finish?

In the end, just how long did Student Yang Shangfa shift till? The answer is an entire hour! Add on to that the previous twenty-five minutes, he had shifted for a whole hour and twenty-five minutes. The other tracks were already executing their fourth round.

The teacher who was in-charge really cried.

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After Song Shuhang finished the run, he received the exuberant and messy cheers from his friends.

“Shuhang, it’s truly impossible to tell, since when have you become this adept at running? The first place of the 5km run, we’ve definitely got it!” Someone hammered Shuhang’s back with force.

“What I want to know is, are cheers from pretty girls really so effective? You and that tanned fellow were totally dashing the whole way.”

“Beauties are definitely effective, which is why all large scale international competitions have cheerleading squads filled with

beauties!”

Song Shuhang forced a smile as he received all kinds of playful punches and pats from his friends.

After a long while, Li Yangde pulled him to a side.

There’s news from the medicine shops you asked me to look around at.” Li Yangde said with a smile, he handed over the locations of four medicine shops, “These four medicine shops all possess the medicinal ingredients your friend is looking for. Amongst them, the Yuan Long Medicinal Drugs Store holds the most. They have all of the ingredients you need. It’s a coincidence that this store had just sold these four medicinal ingredients yesterday. Apparently, the person who bought them had placed an order for even more of these medicinal ingredients, the shopkeeper is in the middle of importing them. If your friend is in a rush for them, then seize this opportunity to place an order, and you may be able to make it in time for when the goods are imported.

“Thank you, Yangde.” Song Shuhang received the addresses of the four medicine shops, and his gaze shifted to the address of Yuan Long Medicinal Drug Store. They just sold some yesterday, then ordered a larger quantity.

These four uncommon herbs were rarely used by people and even if they used it, they would only use one or two of these four types.

To order all four and in large quantity meant that there was over a seventy percent chance that it was the Altar Master.

A lead has been found!

“You’re welcome, remember that when the sports competition ends, the Ten Fragrances Fish Head!” Once Li Yangde thought of that restaurant that served fish heads, his mouth was filled with saliva.

“It’ll be all on me, I assure you that you’ll have your fill. Yangde, I need to contact the shopkeeper of this medicine shop immediately. No, I better make a trip to his shop right away. If I don’t come back tonight, you guys need not wait for me.” Song Shuhang said with a smile.

“It’s that urgent?” Li Yangde smiled and waved, “Go early and return early then.”

Song Shuhang then waved goodbye to Tubo and the others, kept the paper with the addresses, and quickly left the racetrack. He wasn’t even interested about attending the awards ceremony.

Li Yangde scratched his head, “For him to rush like this, is it for a close friend?”

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Soon after Song Shuhang left, Lu Fei and the other ladies walked towards Tubo and the others.

She looked over the guys, and couldn't find Shuhang. Puzzled, she asked, "Eh? Where's Student Shuhang?"

"That brat Shuhang had to attend to a matter and left first. Does Student Lu Fei need him for something?" Tubo moved over and replied with a serious face.

"Nothing, I just wanted to congratulate him. Although the overall result hasn't been revealed, I believe that Student Shuhang is the champion of the 5km run." Lu Fei generously smiled.

As she spoke, she constantly waved her white and soft little hands. It's so hot, Grandpa Sun is exceedingly passionate today. This made her reminisce the feeling of freeloading the cool air around Song Shuhang. It was a hundred times more comfortable than air-conditioning!

Therefore, at least during this scorching summer, she had to find a way to stick to Shuhang all the time, and perhaps they can breakup during winter?

"That brat Shuhang had some urgent matters to attend to, so he left school. I believe that he would be very happy receiving Student Lu Fei's congratulations." Gao Moumou pushed up his spectacles, and said, "In addition, Shuhang also said that when the sports competition ends, he would treat everybody to Ten Fragrances Fish Head to celebrate. Student Lu Fei, would you be free to join

us?”

Li Yangde gave him a thumbs up in his heart: Gao Moumou, what you just did was damn amazing!

“Eh? Can I go too?” Lu Fei had a face of astonishment, then she said with a refreshed smile, “Sure, call me when the time comes, I’ll definitely go.”

“Then it is decided.” Gao Moumou pushed his spectacles. Shuhang, big brother can only help you this much.

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Shuhang first returned to the dormitory, and carefully retrieved Great Master Tong Xuan’s black iron flying sword. This sword was incorporeal and invisible to others, and was perfect for sneak attacks. Perhaps it might be of use in this trip.

Next, he brought a bottle of Body Tempering Liquid, and the Secluded Grain Pill which had only been used once.

The Body Tempering Liquid wasn’t only used for cultivating. In critical moments, it could also be used to replenish strength. The Secluded Grain Pill was able to provide the nutrition to survive at any time as well.

After packing these things, he picked up something that was as big as a flashlight. This was the stun baton which had been

modified by Tubo. Its effectiveness was unknown, but having it would make Shuhang feel more at ease.

Lastly, he carefully picked up the talismans which Seven Lives Talisman Mansion Master had sent as aid. These twenty talismans were like a compass, allowing Shuhang whose heart felt like it was in a rough sea to maintain calmness when he ends up facing the Altar Master.

In this trip, his main objective was to find the tracks of the Altar Master, and confirm the enemy's location.

If the enemy was in a bad state, and there's an opportunity to take him down, then he would grab it and eliminate him.

With the talismans from Seven Lives Talisman Mansion Master, even if Shuhang failed, he would at least be able to preserve his life.

If he fails, then he would use the spirit ghost as a reward, and ask the seniors in the group for help. Either way, the Altar Master and his gang must be destroyed!

No matter what, he was at an undefeatable position. Since he can't lose, then he should strive for the most perfect victory!

Chapter 81: Loli And Going Past His Stop

Leaving the University City and crossing the long bridge, he took a train towards Jiangnan region's Guangyuan Road.

The Yuan Long Medicinal Drugs Store was located at Guangyuan road.

By squeezing through the crowded ticketing booths and going along the long escalator, the bustling underground world could be reached. The criss-crossing train tracks linked the four provinces together.

In the past hundred years, it was as if humans had accumulated enough ability points, and they rapidly progressed on their technology skill tree. This underground world that was like a spider web was something unimaginable for people from a century past.

Despite the fact that ordinary people couldn't see the flying sword he was carrying with their eyes, Shuhang still got through the security inspection carefully... The entry checks here were very relaxed, perhaps it's because nothing big had ever happened here before.

If the security remains so relaxed, there would definitely be a huge incident that occurs in the future, right?

No no no, don't jinx it!

Song Shuhang got on the escalator. Looking past the barrier of the escalator, he could see large amounts of people getting out of the train.

Majority of the people had exhaustion written all over their faces. The rhythm of living keeps increasing, causing the people of this generation to madly spin along with it like a spinning top. In the end, people don't even know why they have to be this busy and weary, or why they live life so impatiently. The more this is the case, the more numb they get, for they can't find any joy in life.

If I didn't come into contact with the Nine Provinces (1) Group, perhaps this sort of numb, apathetic life would have been my future.

At this time, a figure attracted the gaze of Song Shuhang in this crowd.

It was an uncle who looked was a white collar worker, he looked to be in a rush, and held a briefcase in his left hand.

It was the uncle who mistook Shuhang as a cheat when he dropped his money in front of Shuhang previously.

Song Shuhang touched his wallet; the money that uncle dropped was still with him. However, it was unfortunate that he didn't have the opportunity to pass the money to him this time. A tall barricade was placed between the train and the escalator, and this is to prevent people from doing dangerous things like leaping over

to the escalator.

If I meet him again, I'll definitely pass him the money.

Come to think of it, this uncle's behavior is pretty strange. This uncle seemed to be intentionally hiding behind tall people, acting sneaky.....

Of the two, one was going up and the other went down.

Song Shuhang slightly smiled, he looked for the train that was going in Guangyuan Road's direction, and stood on the platform.

Perhaps it was because of the college entrance exams, as the human traffic in the subway today was much higher than usual. On the platform were long lines of people, and there were constantly people joining their ranks, lengthening the lines.

Because it was too crowded, the air-conditioning in the station completely lost its effectiveness.

There was a young mother and daughter pair behind Shuhang, the daughter used very rigid Mandarin to grumble, "It's very hot."

"There are too many people out today, the air-conditioning has become useless." Behind the young mother was a man who was loosening the collar on his white shirt who spoke in a helpless tone.

The young mother held onto the little girl's hands and stuck out her tongue at her. Likewise, she used very rigid Mandarin and said, "The air circulation here is bad, and stuffy."

She was approximately four to five years old, she had a bob haircut, big black eyes, wore a dress, and looked as exquisite as a porcelain doll.

"The train is coming soon, endure for a little more." The man in white shirt forced a smile and said. Due to the college entrance exams, there was congestion, which was why they decided to take the subway. It was unexpected that the subway was even more congested. If he knew earlier, he would've taken the car instead, at the very least the car had air-conditioning which was more comfortable than this place.

While the family of three were grumbling, the little girl suddenly felt a cooling feeling in front of her, she subconsciously wanted to move towards that direction.

"Ai ya!" She knocked into something that was like a wall, and found it painful.

However, this wall was also nice and cool, sticking to it felt like lying on an ice-cold water bed in the hot summer. She subconsciously stuck onto this cold wall.

"....." Song Shuhang turned around, and speechlessly looked at the little loli who stuck onto his body like a blissful kitten.

Ever since he grasped the way to use the mental energy magics, he was able to control the chilliness of the Ghost Sealing Ice Pearl, and controlled the area of chilliness to the surface of his body. Otherwise, in this scorching summer day, if he walks around spreading cold air like a human air-conditioner, it would be very suspicious to others.

But I was obviously low-key, so why am I still so attractive?

“Apo... apologies, I’m very sorry!” The young mother used rigid Mandarin and kept apologizing to Shuhang, at the same time, she reached out her hand in an attempt to pull her daughter back.

As her daughter wasn’t good at Mandarin, ever since she came with her daddy to Huaxia, she had a fear of strangers. For her to blissfully hug a stranger and keep rubbing herself on him, what’s going on? Is it because of the heat, and her daughter’s brain crashed?

“Don’tttt.... Mama, don’tttttt!” The little girl stuck onto Song Shuhang like she’d rather die than let go.

The young mother and her husband were both embarrassed.

“I’m really sorry about this, the child is insensible.” The father in white shirt’s mouth was twitching, he reached out his hand to pull his daughter back.

“Don’t, absolutely do not pull me! Break off relations, Papa, let’s break off relations!” The little girl shouted with her mouth wide open, as if she was about to cry.

The father’s hand stopped in mid-air.

Immediately, the surrounding people all directed their gazes at Song Shuhang and the others.

At this time, Song Shuhang was maintaining the ‘alertness’ state, and thus was very sensitive to his surroundings. Being directed this many gazes, he immediately felt like a lone warrior facing a thousand arrows.

“How about I hug her for a little while?” Song Shuhang carefully asked, because he was afraid of being mistaken as a child trafficker.

But before her parents could reply, the little loli had already jumped into Shuhang’s embrace, and firmly held onto Shuhang’s body like a monkey.

What could the father in white shirt do other than bitterly smiling? More bitter smiles!

He replied with a bitter smile, “Sorry to trouble you, young man.”

Song Shuhang lightly hugged the little girl, allowing her to comfortably rest on his shoulder.

The little loli held onto Shuhang tightly, and stuck out her tongue at her mommy and daddy. Then, she enjoyed taking a deep breath, she felt like this was the most comfortable thing in this scorching summer day. Being on this big brother's body is heaven!

The father in white shirt saw this, and his heart twitched, he was both depressed and lonely: My daughter, my daughter..... Is no longer mine!

The young mother looked at Shuhang curiously, she couldn't figure out which part of this young man managed to attract her daughter.

Hmm, now that I look carefully, he's a young man with a kind face, and is obviously a good person?

Perhaps it's because he's a good person, which is why my daughter who has been rather introverted and sensitive likes sticking onto him?

The pretty mother was letting her imaginations run wild when the sound of the train moving in was heard from far. The train had arrived.

The father in white shirt made use of his physique to get into the train fast, intending to find a seat.

However, it was unfortunate that the seats had all been taken, so

he looked at Song Shuhang apologetically.

His daughter was already five, and it wasn't easy to carry her. The young man looked skinny and weak, he was very worried as to how long more this man could carry his daughter.

Song Shuhang replied with a warm smile. Gaining joy from helping others effortlessly was something that made him very happy, and he didn't intend to let go of this happiness.

The little loli rested on Shuhang's shoulder, and occasionally rubbed on it blissfully, with a face of satisfaction.....

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A whole half an hour later.

The train cued, they have arrived at Jing Li Plaza.

The father in white shirt sighed a breath of relief, one more stop and it would be their destination.

His daughter was already deeply asleep on the young man's shoulder.

The young man's physique was nothing like what it looked like, it was fantastic. The young man had carried his daughter for a whole half an hour, yet he still seems very relaxed. Furthermore, he had noticed that whenever the train braked, it was like the young man's feet were glued to the ground, they didn't move or even sway!

"Young man, it would be our stop next. My daughter is insensible, we've truly troubled you, I can't thank you enough. Is it not your stop yet?" The father in white shirt carefully stretched out his hands, and received his sleeping daughter from Song Shuhang's hands.

"It's not troublesome at all, I still have a few stops. This young lady is really cute, hahaha." Song Shuhang handed the little girl over with a smile.

In actuality... he had gone past his stop.

He had already arrived past it three stops ago, but when he saw how sweetly the little girl in his arms slept, his rottenly good characteristic showed, and he continued carrying her for the three stops.

Therefore, he still had to take another train back in the opposite direction later!

Chapter 82: Caucasian Monk And The Site Of The Strange Train Accident

Once they arrived at Jing Li Plaza Station, the father in white shirt nodded in appreciation to Shuhang, then stood near the exit in preparation to get off the train at the next stop.

He originally wanted to leave Shuhang a name card, but he dropped that thought as he had only intended to go on a leisure trip with his family and thus didn't have any name cards with him. Besides, strangers who come into contact with each other by chance wouldn't end up meeting again... usually.

There were less people getting on at Jing Li Plaza Station, once the doors opened, people on the train got off, and people on the platform got on.

The last person that entered the cabin was a tall and bald white man, he was incredibly eye-catching.

White baldies were not a rare sight, but baldies that had neat [six dots jieba](#) were truly a rare sight.

[TL: ??? “six dots jieba” are the burn marks that buddhist monks put on their head.]

This was a genuine Caucasian monk, he was over two meters tall with a shiny bald head. Under this blistering hot weather, he was even wearing a thick monk robes, completely wrapping up his body. In his hands was a string of buddhist beads, he mumbled to

himself, seeming very professional.

Is becoming a monk a very profitable profession now? Even foreigners come to snatch such a job?

It's said that foreign monks are very educated, for him to come from overseas, with the great distance, his popularity must be amazing, right?

When the people on the train saw the Caucasian monk, they spontaneously took some distance from him. It's such a hot day that they felt hot just from looking at his attire. If they stayed near him, they'd feel heat hitting their faces!

Song Shuhang unintentionally gazed at the Caucasian monk, this person didn't just have tall stature, he had much more qi and blood than ordinary folks. Furthermore, his mental energy was so formidable that it was scary. Through the alertness state, Song Shuhang could make out the disparity in mental energy between him and the monk. If Song Shuhang's current mental energy was like a little light bulb, then the Caucasian monk's mental energy was like a huge searchlight!

However, the monk didn't seem to be able to control his powerful mental energy, and let it loose all over his surroundings.

This fellow isn't an ordinary person, is he also a cultivator?

Song Shuhang made a conjecture inside.

He once again shut his eyes and entered the alertness state to conceal his aura. He didn't want to reveal his identity as a cultivator as he did not have any great strength at the moment. He was deeply aware of the troubles that would come if he was exposed now.

After entering the train, the Caucasian monk looked all around him, seemingly looking for something in the cabin, and his eyebrow tightly knit together.

After that, he didn't make any more movements, he just quietly stood in the cabin while repeatedly reciting scriptures in Mandarin. He pronounced his words clearly, this foreigner's Chinese was at least level eight.

The train slowly began to move, and the passengers couldn't help but slightly sway along with the acceleration of the train.

From Jing Li Plaza Station to the next station in the suburbs, the distance was about 4.4km away, and therefore was a comparatively further station. Furthermore, the tracks were all laid underground. Due to the many twists and turns, the train couldn't run at high speeds in this stretch of the track, and it would take about thirteen minutes to reach the next station.

The father in white shirt carefully hugged his daughter, but the little girl who was sleeping soundly seemed a little uneasy as she fidgeted around, probably because she had lost Song Shuhang, the human air-conditioner.

The young mother waved her small fair hands to fan her daughter in an attempt to disperse the heat surrounding her. Just like the train station, the train's cabin was incredibly warm due to the crowd.

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After six minutes of train journey.

Song Shuhang suddenly creased his brows, and steadily took up the horse stance.

Immediately after, the train violently swayed, the grab handles flung up and down, smacking into each other.

The passengers tried their best to grab onto the handles beside them, but they still swayed from side to side. Some people who didn't stand firm fell to the ground, "Wu whaa, what's going on!"

"Damn! In the past, going through the bends on the track has never been this rushed!"

"Ah ah ah!" The young mother fell down on her butt beside Song Shuhang, and her eyes became moist as her butt hurt really bad.

The father in white shirt also moved two steps back, he wasn't able to steady his feet, and also tumbled.

Song Shuhang shifted two steps forward, and pushed the back of the man in white shirt. He used softness, an application of the Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique.

The father in white shirt managed to stabilize himself, then turned around to gently say to Shuhang with gratitude, "Thank you."

"You're welcome... the swaying hasn't ended, be careful." Song Shuhang replied.

In the state of alertness, his five senses were incredibly sensitive. The train was braking in an emergency, which caused the cabins to violently sway. This type of violent shaking wasn't going to just happen in one wave, and it would keep persisting till the train stops.

Could it be that something happened at the front?

Right as this thought appeared in his mind, bang bang bang~ the train shook even more intensely, the whole cabin was shaking.

At the same time, there was the sound of the train's emergency alarm.

All of the lights in the train died out, the passengers fell down

like dominoes, and many people were sent flying. They knocked into the walls of the cabin, and wailed from the pain.

Under such circumstances, Song Shuhang was only barely able to stand firm himself.

The young mother who had fallen onto the ground cried out in fear, and was dragged about by the inertia. The father in white shirt grabbed the handle because of Shuhang's advice, but the inertia was still too great, he wasn't able to hold on to it and tumbled to the side.

The little girl flew out of her father's embrace, she opened her eyes and was filled with fright.

Seeing this situation, Song Shuhang stretched out his hand in a claw shape to grab hold of the little girls' clothes. At the same time, his wrist lightly jolted, using a technique to stop the inertia on the little girl's body, he placed the fearful little loli into his embrace.

The train was totally dark, everywhere Song Shuhang could see was blanketed with darkness. The little loli stuck onto his bosoms without moving. Although she was frightened, she was intelligent enough not to cry.

“What's going on?”

“Is it a derailment? Or has the train flipped? Ouch, it really hurts.” Someone cried out in fear.

“Help me, my body is being wedged... it hurts and I can’t move.”

“No..... cough cough, I must be dreaming.” A hurt passenger tried to deny reality from the pain.

“Don’t put your weight on me... get off me! My ribs are broken~”

In the surroundings, there were crying sounds, fearful voices, painful wails, causing the train’s cabin to become even more chaotic.

Someone took out a phone while trembling, and used the flashlight function on the phone to illuminate the cabin. Once the light was on, there was even more sounds of fright.

What a bloody scene, is this the shooting venue for a horror movie?

There was blood everywhere, because of the bloodstains from knocking around, the whole train was painted red by it. It made the train seem like hell. There were also several windows which were broken, passengers who sat by the windows were hit by many fragments of glass, and they powerlessly leaned against the wall, unable to move. There was even someone who was penetrated by a large fragment of glass, and lied on the ground, it was unknown if this person was dead or alive.

Many people were bruised and bleeding, and futilely tried to stem

the bleeding with their hands. As they lacked the survival knowledge in a moment of crisis, the passengers were at a loss as to what to do.

“Oww.....” The passenger who had turned on his phone’s flashlight quickly turned it off, and made retching sounds.

The white shirt man fell onto the ground, other than the sprain on his arm, he was fine. The young mother’s back hit the seat, and she was crying from the pain, luckily, she wasn’t hurt in any other way. The two looked towards their daughter who was hugged by Song Shuhang, and sighed a breath of relief.

Song Shuhang looked at this scene which looked like it came out of hell, yet he creased his brows.

“Strange.” He was puzzled inside. The swaying of the cabins wasn’t this strong, was it?

Even the windows were shattered? Furthermore, there was even someone who was penetrated by the glass? The most exaggerated part was that half of the train was covered in blood! Just how much blood was needed to make this happen?

Even derailments and the train flipping over didn’t have such great killing power.

If the cabin has such killing power from just a few shakes, would this still be called a subway? You might as well call this an express

train to hell!

“Shit!” The tall Caucasian monk stood up from the ground, moving aside all obstacles around him like a tall black bear.

He looked at his surroundings which were covered in fresh blood, and sneered.

Next, he pulled apart the prayer beads, formed a buddhist hand seal, and recited scripture in Mandarin loudly and clearly.

The loud voice reverberated all over the cabin, suppressing all the cries of the injured.

“What’s this westerner reciting?”

“It seems to be a exorcism scripture?”

“Has he gone mad! Things have already become like this, and he’s still chasing away ghosts here?”

The tall Caucasian monk ignored these abuses, and continued to read the scriptures out loud.

Chapter 83: Illusion

Song Shuhang held onto the little loli, helped her father and mother settle down, then continued to watch the tall Caucasian monk.

He was able to sense that as the Caucasian monk recited the scripture, his enormous mental energy began to surge, like a wave rippling in all direction.

In the air, there was negative energy moving about the cabin which couldn't be seen by ordinary people, but facing the Caucasian monk's surging mental energy, those negative energies immediately scattered like alarmed birds, flying out through the shattered windows, and towards the cabin up ahead.

A thought entered Song Shuhang's mind. Is it ghosts?

He hadn't even completed the heart acupoint for foundation building, not to mention the eyes acupoint, thus he couldn't see the ghosts. However, under the state of alertness, he was vaguely able to sense those mist-shaped negative energy.

Things like ghosts usually wouldn't enter crowded places like trains or buses, as such places would contain exuberant human qi.

The tremendous, exuberant human qi is a force that's extremely rich in yang, and could directly destroy some weaker ghosts. Even stronger ghosts don't like places which are too exuberant.

However, it's an exception when disaster strikes in a crowded area. Instantaneously producing large amounts of fear, death, despair, hatred, these negative influences are what ghosts like eating the most, it's their nourishment for growth. Especially the souls of the deceased who died by accident due to catastrophic accidents and pain, once the ghosts eat them up, they would become even stronger.

Some powerful ghosts could even forcefully take the souls of victims who are near death. This type of soul that is nearing death can strengthen the strength of ghosts even more!

“Demons and monsters, break break break!” The Caucasian monk evidently had skills, he loudly howled, surged his mental energy, and the cabin's negative energy was instantly dispelled.

In a flash, the passengers who were hurling abuses were dumbfounded. Because, as the Caucasian monk finished reciting, the cabin instantly recovered its light. The shattered glass, fresh blood that covered the walls of the cabin, and passengers who were penetrated by the glass all disappeared.

Although the passengers in the cabin were hurt from falling, there weren't any who were bleeding.

“Was everything just now an illusion?” All of the passengers were dumbfounded and at a complete loss.

That's right, all of the scary and bloody scenes were an illusion

created by the ghosts. It was all to make the people in the cabin more fearful and frightened, producing more negative energy of despair.

The ghosts all scurried away, but the skillful Caucasian monk wasn't satisfied with this outcome.

“Shit!” He once again scolded, then grabbed onto his prayer beads and chased after the ghosts at the cabin ahead.

After the train's emergency braking turned on the alarm, the independent open-close switches on every cabin door was unlocked. As long as one pulls down the switch by the door, the door could be opened.

The Caucasian monk proficiently pulled down the standalone switch, and chased after the ghosts who were scurrying away in the cabin ahead.

It was no coincidence that this strong Caucasian monk had taken the subway, he was chasing after the ghosts in the subway, intending to purify them.

Song Shuhang touched his pocket, inside was an Exorcism Talisman, an Armor Talisman and a Sword Talisman.

He had these three talismans on him just in case.

Hopefully he won't need to use these talismans, after all, the

quantities of talismans he had were limited. Before meeting the Altar Master, every talisman he wasted would lower his odds of victory.

Hold on!

A thought flashed in Song Shuhang's mind.

The ghosts in the train might have something to do with Altar Master, right?

The Altar Master was also an evil path ghost practitioner, and the fact that the Yuan Long Medicine Store was a mere three train stations away! Is such a coincidence possible?

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At this time, in the third section of the cabin behind Song Shuhang's, there were two considerably pale men together whispering to each other.

“Motherf*cker, why has that Caucasian monk chased after us again? We definitely evaded him over a long distance, how sinister!” A man who wore a business attire said with clenched teeth.

The other man, who wore an ordinary T-shirt rubbed his temples and bitterly said, “It has already been two consecutive days the Suffering Spirit hadn't had a meal. If we still can't let the Suffering

Spirit have its meal today, then when night comes we'll be worked overtime by the Altar Master as food for the Suffering Spirit.”

Saying that, both men trembled.

The Suffering Spirit they mentioned was the angry ghost that was shuttling around the train, it's said that the Altar Master spent decades of tremendous effort to coagulate an early stage ghost general, and it's power was comparable to a 2nd Stage cultivator. The Altar Master had fostered it for many years, and it was one of the strongest angry ghosts under his belt.

Under ordinary circumstances, angry ghosts would be all sealed asleep in Yin places full of ghost qi. Not only do the ghost qi of places rich in Yin help to nurture the angry ghosts, but it also helps to decrease the daily consumption of the angry ghosts at the same time. However, after a long period of time, the angry ghosts would be in a state of weakness.

Therefore, whenever the Altar Master brings the angry ghosts out, he would find somewhere nearby to find food for the angry ghosts, to let it recover from its weakened state.

The two men were the basic members in-charge of bringing food to the angry ghosts. They would look for some disaster-stricken areas, or cemeteries to replenish the angry ghosts.

Yesterday, when they were letting the angry ghost – Suffering Spirit eat in a cemetery, they bumped into a tall Caucasian monk. If it wasn't because they escaped in time, the Suffering Spirit that

was in weakened state would have been purified by the tall Caucasian monk..... Just thinking about it scared them.

If the Suffering Spirit gets purified, the two of them would definitely want to cut their throats, they'll die more pleasantly that way!

It was an arduous task for them to have fled with the Suffering Spirit for such a long distance. They then found a train with a long track, and used ghost magic to bewilder the train driver to cause an artificial emergency braking incident. They were intending to create a disastrous scene for the Suffering Spirit to have a meal.

But they didn't expect that the Caucasian monk had actually chased after them!

Just how did we offend you? As a mighty person, can't you be magnanimous, see us as little shits and let us off?

"This is the last hurrah, we can only stake it all." The businessman said and clenched his teeth.

If they still weren't able to fill the the stomach of the angry ghost by today, the Altar Master would use ruthless methods to turn them into delicacies for the angry ghost. Since they were gonna die either way, they could only stake it all on the path of survival!

"As long as we can delay that Caucasian monk and let the Suffering Spirit gather enough energy to emerge from its

weakened state, that Caucasian monk would be dead meat!” The other man in casual attire said and clenched his teeth.

Once they gathered their thoughts, the two men got up and walked towards the cabin ahead.

Every cabin in the train was still in a state of chaos, so the scene of the two men desperately rushing to the front was extremely conspicuous.

Very quickly, they passed the cabin where Song Shuhang was. It was a pity that they didn't notice Song Shuhang who was under the cover of the mental energy alertness state.

Their strength was low and they were in the 'hundred days foundation building phase. Furthermore, as they used low-grade foundation building techniques, wasn't aided by the Body Tempering Liquid and were too old, their hundred days of foundation building was incomplete despite having been in progress for many years.

To control the ghost general Suffering Spirit, they depended on the temporary magic treasure given to them by Altar Master.

The two hurriedly dashed past Song Shuhang's cabin, pursuing the Caucasian monk.

When the two ran some distance away, Song Shuhang opened his eyes, “It's another two cultivators.”

Furthermore, the two men had qi and blood which were way beyond ordinary people, and they possessed negative energy like the ghost. This means that they were related to the ghost.

It's unexpected that just from overshooting my stop by carrying a little lady, something like that would happen.

Should I go check out what's happening ahead?

Song Shuhang inwardly spoke.

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On the other side, the tall Caucasian monk had already caught up with the angry ghost.

The angry ghost had sucked up quite a lot of negative energy, and regained some strength. At this time, it used illusion magic to envelop the three frontmost cabins, creating a terrifying illusion to cause terror and despair to the passengers.

All it needed to do was to recover its strength a little more, and it could use illusions to push the passengers into an impasse, and force one of those who have weak willpower to commit suicide, and it'll swallow their soul!

“Found it!” At this time, the bald Caucasian monk revealed his brilliant smile and white teeth, “You need not flee, I have already cultivated to the level of heavenly eyes (eyes acupoint). No demon can escape under my sight, let me purify you!”

With that said, he took out a buddhist scripture from his robes, loudly recited its contents, and his deafening voice echoed throughout the cabins. Each and every word was pronounced in Mandarin accurately, which put many local Huaxia people to shame.

Chapter 84: Underground Wrestling Match

As the Caucasian monk recited the scripture, a dull golden light appeared on the surface of the buddhist scripture in his hands. It was stately and holy, and it was visible to the eyes of ordinary people.

But if there was a cultivator who had their eyes acupoints opened present, they would be able to see the Caucasian monk's powerful mental energy drawing out the contents of the buddhist scripture, with the scripture's words turning into small golden talismans that were the size of fingernails, pouring out towards the angry ghost like a tsunami.

The illusion that ghost general Suffering Spirit had placed faced against the scripture's talismans, and was immediately blown away like smoke. It rapidly receded.

The illusion was removed bit by bit, and the passengers in the cabin were still in a confused state. As they had been enveloped in the illusion for too long, they were different from Song Shuhang's cabin, and had a portion of their energy stripped away by the Suffering Spirit, so they were still in a blurred state.

Squeak..... The ghost general Suffering Spirit issued a sharp sound, and hurriedly retreated. It went through a lot of trouble to recover a bit of strength, but now that it was all taken away by the Caucasian monk, its body was even weaker now than before.

If it continues like this, in half an hour it would be purified by

the Caucasian monk and turned into ash.

“Foreign devil who deserves a thousand stabs!” When the two men who rushed over saw this scene, their hearts nearly burst.

The businessman breathed in hard, and in the next moment all of the muscles on his body bulged, causing the originally fitting shirt look extremely tight. If it wasn't because his skin color remained the same, he would look like he was undergoing the hulk's transformation.

The transformation made him even more muscular than the Caucasian monk, but he was still slightly shorter. Next, the businessman charged towards the Caucasian monk like a tank.

In his path, the passengers who were in the way were knocked flying.....

On the other hand, his companion cooperated well with him, in the moment before the businessman transformed, he took out eight needle-shaped things, and threw them at the cameras in the train, breaking them all.

Even though they were ghost cultivators of the evil path, they didn't want to brazenly reveal themselves to tons of people. As for the passengers in the cabin, they were in a state of blur, and weren't a problem.

After breaking the cameras, the casually dressed man held onto a

magic treasure which was made of bone, and began to control the ghost general Suffering Spirit.

The ghost general's intellect wasn't high, in a free state, it was only able to bring out sixty percent of its true strength. If there was someone controlling it, its killing power would increase by many times.

The casual man used the bone material magic treasure to control Bitter Spirit, stopping it from going head-on against the Caucasian monk, avoiding it from wasting energy. The ghost general actively recalled the energy used for creating the illusion, and waited for an opportunity to strike.

At the same time, the casual man took out a small bottle, this bottle contained the ashes of a low level flame ghost.

The so-called flame ghost referred to angry ghosts that died by fire, a direct opposite of water ghosts. The manufacturing of flame ghosts required martial artists who contained exuberant qi and blood, who suffer great injustice and die by being burned alive, only then would there be a possibility of it forming.

The low level flame ghosts had extremely low intelligence, and only know how to fight like a mad dog. However, through its ashes, one can control which target it attacks.

Once the bottle was opened, the flame ghost leaped out of it. A low level angry ghost like the flame ghost had no fixed shape, it was just a heap of ghostly fire, but it was quick.

The casual man used its bones ashes to order it to attack the Caucasian monk.

The flame ghost fiercely yelled, and attacked in that direction. Its speed was many times faster than the transformed businessman, it began later but arrived first, and attacked the back of the Caucasian monk one step earlier.

The Caucasian monk sensed the impending attack from the flame ghost, he revealed a disdainful smile, but didn't stop reciting the scripture.

Boom!

The flame ghost struck the Caucasian monk.

However, the Caucasian monk didn't even lose a single hair(completely unhurt), though he didn't have any.

At this time, there was a thick golden light between the flame ghost and Caucasian monk, totally blocking the flame ghost's attack!

Once this layer of golden light shone, it was like the heaven and earth was telling the world about this Caucasian monk's virtuous achievements. The light of virtuous achievement protected his body, and no evil can touch him!

Motherf*cker, just how many angry spirits and departed spirits has this Caucasian monk purified in this lifetime?

The casual man was extremely shocked inside.

It must be known that one must transport a hundred departed souls to receive virtuous achievement; transporting a thousand, one would receive the light protection of virtuous achievement. For this Caucasian monk's thick light of virtuous achievement, he must have transported at least ten thousand or more souls, right?

It's exactly because he had the protection of virtuous achievement that he generously allowed ordinary ghosts and demons attack all it wants as he just stood there. He knew that he wouldn't be harmed at all.

Damn, why do you have to be so hardworking as a Caucasian monk? Even local monks don't have virtuous achievements like you, right? Right now, in the whole of Huaxia there should be very few senior monks who have transported over ten thousand souls, right?

The casual man controlled the flame ghost, allowing it to return. The enemy's light of virtuous achievement was this thick, ordinary ghosts didn't have any use at all, bringing them out was just embarrassing himself.

However... it was too late.

It's easy to come, but hard to leave. The Caucasian monk loudly recited scripture, and seven talismans transformed from scriptures entangled the flame ghost, revolving around its body.

In a moment, the flame ghost's fire was extinguished, revealing an illusory image of a resolute looking man.

The illusory man originally had a malevolent face, but as the gold talismans revolved, he quickly turned peaceful. He looked at the Caucasian monk with a free smile, then his body turned into grains of light, and he dissipated.

Bang!

The bottle which held the flame ghost's bone ashes which the man was holding onto shattered, and the bone ashes contained inside fell onto the ground.

*Roar!" At this time, the transformed businessman finally reached the Caucasian monk's side, and charged over like a black bear.

The Caucasian monk remained motionless, he stood there to receive the businessman's bear-like charge.

Bang!

After his transformation, the businessman's muscles weren't just for show. With one hit, he managed to push the bigger Caucasian

Monk into continuous retreat. He even had to stop his chanting of the scriptures.

“Ah!” The businessman’s attack went off without a hitch. Taking advantage of Caucasian Monk’s moment of unsteadiness, he charged with both fists towards Caucasian Monk like a crazed bull.

Caucasian Monk smacked his lips together, but a happy smile showed on his face: “You’re really a noob, you’re just a new bee.”

In the middle of his attack, the businessman felt rather puzzled by those words.

“You just took the initiative to attack me!” Caucasian Monk looked proud of himself as he said: “So, I can return the attack now. Shifu said before, this is called legitimate self-defense!”

Having said so, Caucasian Monk clapped his hands: “Fly away, faggot!”

After that, the businessman was easily swatted away, just like a housefly, and he landed heavily against the train wall.

This Caucasian Monk wasn’t just well-versed in Chinese, he was even able to understand some web slang... Although it was really old slang from over a decade ago. However, you couldn’t deny that this guy was really good at Chinese!

“If only I had known earlier that there was someone behind that

angry ghost. So this is what they call, if you don't remove grass right down to its roots, it'll revive again the next spring! I'm going to kill the two of you!" Caucasian Monk was immensely proud of himself, he took on the starting pose of a fist technique and said: "Come at me, you new bees!"

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A good day to our audience, welcome to our Jiangnan Metro's final free fighting competition 5th block.

Let's take a look at our competitors for both sides now.

Our home contestant is wearing a thick monk's robe, with six dots on his head, the Caucasian monk!

Our away contestants are the two wearing a black western suit and a plain t-shirt. That's right, this is a 2v1 final battle! It's unfair, but since this is a free fighting competition, having no rules is our biggest rule!

And now the competition has begun!

The away contestant Black Western Suit Guy has started attacking first, what a beautiful blow! It looks like it could cause a hundred points of damage!

However, the home contestant wasn't able to avoid the attack! Yes, Caucasian Monk has just taken the blow! Not only that, he's taken completely no damage at all! Although this is only the first exchange, we can see that both parties are indeed very strong.

Black Western Suit has just started attacking again-this time it's a double punch!

Beautiful! The home contestant Caucasian Monk just blocked that double blow.

Caucasian Monk is counter-attacking now. It's his first attack-and he's using the True Gorilla Swatting Flies technique!

Wonderful, 1000 points damage! Black Western Suit has been sent flying-he hit the car wall and he's not moving.

He has 10 seconds to stand up. If he doesn't stand up after 10 seconds, then he's disqualified from this match!

10, 9, 8... 4, 3!

Ohhhh, the away contestant Black Western Suit Guy has just struggled to stand up. He's standing up with sheer willpower! This time, he's standing together with his companion, T-shirt Guy.

The competition has just entered a fiery stage. Just who's going

to win this competition and clinch the final victory? Let's remain vigilant and watch!

Chapter 85: My Luck Has Finally Turned For The Better, Haha!

“Let’s fight together. He’s alone, two hands alone aren’t enough to fight against four.” The businessman wiped his face, his mouth was filled with blood.

Two handleless sharp daggers slid into T-shirt Guy’s hands. His gaze was icy cold: “Kill him. I can erase all the traces, then we shall leave this train quickly!”

The businessman nodded, and with an angry roar, his muscular body charged towards Caucasian Monk again.

T-shirt Guy was like a ghost; he stuck behind the businessman, and was almost invisible. However, he was even more dangerous than the businessman. The daggers in his hands were like the poisoned fangs of a venomous snake. Once they appeared, they would send people to their deaths!

“Come!” Caucasian Monk laughed uproariously.

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Two minutes later.

The businessman collapsed onto the floor shakily, his four limbs were twisted in a strange manner. His face was covered in blood

and his eyes stared blankly into space.

T-shirt Guy was being pressed against a wall by Caucasian Monk. Those massive fists punched T-shirt Guy's face one after another, his face was also covered in blood, and his gaze was blank.

“I've reached the 1st Stage and opened the sixth acupoint arriving at the Leaping Dragon Gate realm. Two little sprouts like you, who haven't even finished your foundation building actually tried to face me head on?!” Caucasian Monk threw T-shirt Guy to the ground and while in passing, plucked the magic treasure made of bone from his body.

The realm after opening the sixth acupoint during the 1st Stage is called the Leaping Dragon Gate realm, taking its meaning from the story of a carp leaping over waterfalls until it turned into a dragon. Once you leap over, you could give the formless power of qi and blood an actual form, changing it into real Qi and break away from the mortal world! This big monk was already an expert at the peak of the 1st Stage.

Caucasian Monk held onto the magical treasure made of bone and looked towards the ghost general, Suffering Spirit.

“This angry ghost has absorbed at least a few hundred, if not a thousand ordinary souls. If I purify it, I won't be too far off from the next level of the Carp Leaping Over The Dragon Gate. Hehe, once I leap over the Dragon Gate, I'll be able to advance another level.” Caucasian Monk muttered to himself and crushed the magical treasure made of bone by exerting some strength.

The magical treasure made of bone was connected to the ghost general. Once it was crushed, the ghost general Suffering Spirit immediately started wailing pitifully: “Ahhhh... Ahhhh....”

Take its life while it's weak!

Caucasian Monk took the chance and grabbed his scriptures and prayer beads.

The scriptures moved by themselves and flipped to the appropriate position.

Caucasian Monk chanted the scriptures loudly, waving the prayer beads firmly in his right hand.

The prayer beads scattered and shot towards the ghost general like golden bullets.

Their speed was so fast that the ghost general Suffering Spirit had no time to even dodge. It was struck endlessly by the golden prayer beads, and more than ten holes opened up in its body. The ghostly air on its body turned thin. It wailed continuously!

However, Caucasian Monk knitted his brows together, displaying dissatisfaction towards this result. Following that, he threw out the scriptures too. Like the prayer beads, the scriptures scattered in midair, transforming into page after page of holy sheets, covering the ghost general.

The ghost general's pitiful wailing grew in volume.

Caucasian Monk released the scripture's exorcism seal onto the ghost general, a golden glow shined from his eyes as he shouted prayers from his mouth.

"You bastard, stop... stop!" The businessman crawled with difficulty towards Caucasian Monk, using up the remainder of his strength to shout, leaving a long bloody trail on the ground.

If this ghost general was purified, then he and T-shirt Guy would definitely die!

T-shirt Guy also awakened, he shifted towards Caucasian Monk like a bug, opening his mouth with the intention of biting him: "Stop right now... Don't purify it... Don't, we'll lose our lives! Stop!"

This was the tragedy of being a small fry... their lives were only worth this much.

The Caucasian monk's eyes were gloomy, but he didn't stop reciting the scripture. Those who are pitiful must possess qualities about them that are worthy of contempt!

He had seen many evil path's ghost cultivators. Thus, he had experienced this many times. Even if these two men dies as a result of this, he couldn't stop purifying this ghost general just for them!

“All angry ghosts must be purified. Every single angry ghost must be purified, no exceptions!” The Caucasian monk’s eyes were full of resolution, and a tinge of hatred.

At this time, the Caucasian monk didn’t notice that there was a hunchbacked figure quietly walking towards him.

With the Caucasian monk’s current state of having all his mental energy released, he was surprisingly unable to notice this person.

That person walked close to the Caucasian monk, and threw a palm strike in a very ordinary manner. It landed on the back of the Caucasian monk.

Bang!

With this strike, there was some surging true qi held in that palm. The true qi was concentrated and pressed on that Caucasian monk’s back just like that.

Crack crack crack~ It was the sound of bones breaking under pressure that would make teeth hurt. As if he had been run over by a large truck, a palm-shaped depression appeared on the monk’s back.

The Caucasian monk had been completely unprepared, fresh blood spewed out of his mouth. The golden glow in his eyes dissipated and his chanting stopped!

The prayer beads and holy sheets that had been enveloping the ghost general turned back into normal items and fell to the ground without the Caucasian monk's support. The falling prayer beads struck the ground with tinkling sounds...

Following that, the Caucasian monk fell to the ground with a bang, his eyes filled with disbelief as he looked at the man behind him.

True qi, it was someone at the 2nd Stage – True Master!

Since the other side had a true qi expert, why did they wait until now to strike? He could have completely overwhelmed me right from the very beginning, okay?!

Cough cough

That figure coughed twice, his face ashen.

He tossed a cold glance at the large monk, before turning to the businessman and T-shirt Guy on the ground: “You two good-for-nothings... If I didn't change my plans at the last minute, and if I didn't come to this fifth line train by coincidence, I would have lost my precious ghost general.”

The two men's faces instantly paled, they trembled all over, “Altar... Master.....”

Why is the Altar Master here?

This hunchbacked figure was precisely the Altar Master whom Shuhang wanted to look for at Yuan Long Medicine Store. At this moment, the Altar Master's face was deathly pale, evidently, the poison on his body hadn't been dispelled.

“Altar Master, please have mercy on us! This time's mission, we've... already done our best! However, this Caucasian monk is too strong!” T-shirt Guy sorrowfully begged Altar Master. This time's failure was truly not because they were too weak, it was because the enemy was too strong! Furthermore, the ghost general Suffering Spirit hadn't been purified yet, so perhaps the Altar Master would have mercy on them?

“Have mercy on you guys?” Altar Master's expression was gloomy, “Trash that is useless has no value in staying in this world. However..... there's still some use for you guys.”

The businessman and T-shirt Guy showed joy in their eyes when they heard this.

However, in the next moment, they felt immense pain in their heads and their vision went black as they lost all their senses.

“Suffering Spirit... eat them.” Altar Master wiped away the blood on his hands as he said coldly.

In mid-air, the ghost general Suffering Spirit threw himself at

the bodies of the two men, dragged out their souls, and without waiting for their souls to react, he threw him into his mouth and devoured them.

With the two men's souls as nourishment, the Suffering Spirit's wounds immediately recovered by a great degree.

“Luckily we changed our plans at the last minute. Otherwise I would really have had suffered heavy losses for this trip to Jiangnan.” Altar Master muttered.

He had only wanted to exchange for the spirit ghost that ‘Senior Song’ owned, but his greed had been aroused by that inaccurate ‘report’.

In the end, for the sake of that laughable information, he had lost a valuable subordinate, and had even been carelessly struck with severe poison.

After escaping to Guangyuan Road with difficulty, he had silently tended to his own wounds. He had then found a medicine hall nearby without a hitch, and wanted to make the antidote to the poison.

However, he found out by chance that there was someone looking for medicine halls that sold four types of herbs that were part of the antidote in Jiangnan online. In the next instant, he was absolutely horrified.

He finally realised, that those four ingredients to the antidote were a trap that 'Senior Song' had set for the sake of finding him, the leader behind the scenes!

No wonder the subordinate that had been poisoned had been able to escape safely to his hotel, it had all been a trap.

Once he thought of that, Altar Master packed his bags and ran without hesitation.

He wasn't fated to die here. Luckily, he had found the traces online!

As an evil path's ghost cultivator, he had been relying on his caution and prudence to live up to now. Even with a 1/1000 chance, he would definitely escape no matter what.

Following that, he had quite coincidentally gotten on this fifth line train.

And again, quite coincidentally, found his two good-for-nothing subordinates and his precious ghost general in the middle of being purified by some Caucasian monk.

He was really too lucky! If he had gotten on an earlier or later train, he would have missed this train and lost his precious ghost general!

"It looks like after so much misfortune, my luck has finally

turned for the better.”

Altar Master thought in his heart.

Chapter 86: Everybody Get Lost, Let Me Pretend To Be Badass!

Altar Master walked to the Caucasian monk's side, and struck again with another palm!

As long as the soul of this damn foreigner gets eaten, it would be sufficient for Suffering Spirit to recover from its weakened state. Perhaps it might even be a profit from a disaster. The Altar Master said inwardly.

This Caucasian monk's strength was already at the level of a 1st Stage sixth acupoint's Leaping Dragon Gate realm, he also had the enormous power of virtuous achievement. To ghosts, he was simply an amazing nourishment for them like [Tang Seng](#)'s meat. As long as Suffering Spirit could swallow the spirit of this Caucasian monk, it would have the chance to go up by a small realm!

[TL: Tang Seng is a monk in Journey to the West who is said to possess flesh that could give immortality if eaten.]

This monk mustn't be allowed to escape.

Therefore, despite having a heavily poisoned body, the Altar Master still wanted to take down this Caucasian monk!

Altar Master threw another palm towards the Caucasian monk's body, with a surge of true qi on his palm. If this palm hit, it would be enough to leave an open hole in this Caucasian monk's body.

Bam! When his palm collided with the Caucasian monk's body, a the sound of smashing into metal was heard.

The monk robe on the Caucasian monk swelled up, like an inflating balloon protecting his body. Hundreds of scripture words appeared on the monk's robe, forming a metallic gloss all over this ordinary looking robe.

This ordinary looking monk's robe was actually a protection magic treasure, and completely blocked the Altar Master's palm! While the space that was swelled up within the robe and the engraved scripture array on it also weakened the Altar Master's palm strike.

The Caucasian monk was completely unharmed!

Cultivators pursue the path of longevity, and all treat their lives very preciously.

To those who pursue longevity, they can only pursue longevity if they survive. If they die, it's the end of everything!

As a proper cultivator, how could he not possess a defensive magic treasure?

It's no exception even for a foreigner!

The monk robe on the Caucasian monk wasn't just for defense purposes, it could automatically adjust the temperature of its surface. Furthermore, it wasn't expensive to manufacture, which meant that it was a great item that could be acquired at a low price.

The only problem was, this monk robe's defense needed to be activated by the Caucasian monk himself.

Therefore, when the Caucasian monk received a sneak attack from Altar Master earlier, the defense of the monk robe wasn't activated, because the monk wasn't able to react to it.

The palm that he determined would grant victory had no effect, so Altar Master creased his brows and sneered, "Struggling at your deathbed!"

As he spoke, his palm transitioned to a claw, forcefully breaking through the invisible layer of protection surrounding the monk, and his Angry Ghost Claw charged towards the monk's robe.

However..... all this claw of his caught was air!

The Caucasian monk didn't sit idly and wait for death, after receiving the sneak attack earlier, he secretly took a pill to heal his injuries. At this time, he had accumulated enough strength to dodge.

After the monk's robe adopted the shape of a sphere, the Caucasian monk clapped his hands, and his body shot out like a

kicked soccer ball. Although it wasn't elegant, its speed truly made one speechless!

Altar Master's claw had only grabbed hold of his afterimage.

At the same time, the Caucasian monk's body quickly bounced out of this cabin, and in a blink of an eye he was already three cabins away!

As long as one of the cabins had their doors open, he could immediately escape.

"What a shitty day." The Caucasian monk murmured.

The enemy was a 2nd Stage – True Master who had true qi, if he fought him head on, he'd die ten times over. Of the Thirty-Six Stratagems, retreating was the greatest. As long as he could escape from the wicked hands of this evil path's ghost cultivator, he could look for a whole lot of fellow apprentices to take revenge for that palm strike!

As he bounced, the Caucasian monk very quickly entered the cabin where Song Shuhang was in.

The passengers all looked at the Caucasian monk in astonishment, they couldn't understand why this senior monk had suddenly returned.

Also, why was he bloated to the shape of a ball?

The Caucasian monk had no time to waste, he just stood up on the spot, released two streams of white gas from the sleeves of his monk's robe, and the plump monk's robe recovered its original state.

Next, he moved up to the cabin's door, knocked open the manual override for the door, and forcefully twisted it open.

“Those who don't want to die quickly leave this subway!” In the end, the Caucasian monk shouted to all of the passengers in the cabin.

He didn't have the luxury of making more explanations, and couldn't care less if the passengers listened to him. He had already done his part, it was up to the passengers whether to believe him or not.

.....

Song Shuhang and the family of the little loli stood right beside the cabin's door.

The little loli shrunk behind her father, holding onto her mother's hand.

The young mother used stiff Mandarin to ask, “Do we... get off the train?”

The white shirt man nodded and said, “Yes, let’s get off the train!”

Previously, they watched the Caucasian monk dispel the illusion with their own eyes, several people now believed that he was a virtuous and learned senior monk. Although he was a foreigner, that wasn’t important.

The white shirt man considered himself young, and didn’t want to die, so he chose to listen to the senior monk and get off the cabin.

“Little friend, let’s get off the cabin together.” He said to Song Shuhang.

Song Shuhang lightly shook his head, “Too late.....”

“?” The white shirt man had a face of bewilderment.

Song Shuhang’s eyes squinted, he pinched onto three talismans with his fingers. From the moment the Caucasian monk had opened the cabin, it was already too late.

Song Shuhang who was in a state of alertness could perceive that that approximately three seconds after the Caucasian monk bounced into the cabin, there was negative energy from a ghostly object following him into the cabin.

When the Caucasian monk undid the protection on his monk’s

robe and moved to open the cabin door, the ghostly negative energy had already enveloped the entire cabin. The ghostly being's illusion was already cast over the whole cabin before anybody knew it.

The Caucasian monk thought he had already opened the cabin's door, but fact was all this time he was just twisting a grab hanger. The cabin door wasn't opened at all.

“Stay by my side and don't move.” Song Shuhang softly said to the white shirt man and his family.

Next, he quietly took out two Sword Talismans and two Armor Talismans, then placed them into his pockets in a manner which he could draw out at any time.

Just as he spoke, a deathly pale figure slowly entered the cabin, he sneered and said, “You can't escape from the palm of my hand, big monk.”

The Caucasian monk's expression greatly changed, he shouted the words “oh no” in his heart.

He reached out his hand towards the cabin door which had already been opened, from his view, the cabin door was already open, the subway tracks were right outside. However, what he felt was a chilly cabin wall.

This is bad, I'm stuck in an illusion!

“Do you still want to flee? There are still many more cabins behind, you can keep fleeing away, I’m not in a rush.” The Altar Master grimly smiled, and snapped his fingers.

Four angry ghosts bore out of his hand, destroying all of the monitoring equipment in the cabin.

Next, half of the ghost general Suffering Spirit’s body entered the cabin. The illusion in the cabin had been laid out a long time ago, and it enveloped all of the passengers.

The passengers revealed expressions of dismay, they began to faint, and fell onto the ground one by one.

“Shit!(In english)” The Caucasian monk angrily shouted, he couldn’t flee anymore.

His large monk’s robe trembled, and a vajra pestle slid out of it, falling into his hands.

To the death!

Even if he was going to die, he wanted to make this fellow work for it.

At this time, the surrounding passengers fell down one by one. The white shirt father, young mother and the little loli wore

expressions of dismay as they fainted. The passengers received all kinds of terrifying torture in the illusions, forming pure terror, fear and other negative energies.

If this continued, the enemy's ghost general Suffering Spirit would absorb more negative energy, and become even stronger. While the injuries on his body would make things more and more unfavorable as time passed.

This is the last stand, if he still didn't choose to fight to the death, he would have no chances left.

The Caucasian monk took a deep breath, the qi and blood of his four acupoints, namely the eyes, nose, ears and mouth along with the heart acupoint echoed in sync.

He used the qi and blood in his body to temporarily suppress the injury on his back, held onto the vajra pestle with both hands, and took one step forward, raising his aura to the limit!

He had done the math, he only had enough strength for a blow or two.

Roar! The Caucasian monk jumped up high, and swung the vajra pestle towards the Altar Master with both hands.

This was the pestle way of using absolute strength to outdo all tricks.

“Hehe, looking at your final struggle is truly delicious, this is fantastic.” The Altar Master didn’t dodge, the ghost general Suffering Spirit reached out his hands, forming a pair of gigantic ghost claws, and firmly protected the Altar Master.

When the Caucasian monk’s vajra pestle smashed against the gigantic ghost claw, all it left was a line of sparks.

The ghost general Suffering Spirit which was gradually recovering had strength that was firmly at the 2nd Stage.

The Caucasian monk didn’t hurt Suffering Spirit at all, he was instead knocked flying by the ghost claw, and smashed against the cabin wall. Because of this hit, the injury on his back worsened.

“As long as you’re eaten, Suffering Spirit will definitely break through its current realm. My luck has finally turned for the better!” Altar Master sinisterly smiled.

“Dogshit.” The Caucasian monk clenched his teeth, he couldn’t help but feel hopeless inside.

As far as the Caucasian monk could see, the passengers in the cabin were approaching complete annihilation, only a delicate looking youngster still stood in the cabin.

It could be seen that the youngster had a tranquil expression, and he exuded an aura that was out of this world.

A moment later, the youngster suddenly made a slight smile. Then, he pulled out a necklace from his neck, and it lightly bounced.

Ding!

A crisp sound came from the necklace.

This sound was also pretty sweet-sounding.....

Chapter 87: A Path Of Survival? I'll Provide You One!

In the dark, quiet cabin, the sharp sound was so sudden that it was hard for anyone to ignore.

The pale faced Altar Master looked at the youth from the corner of his eyes. Then, his line of sight was dead set on the necklace, with his mouth gaped in shock.

“Apologies, I have interrupted the two of you.” The youth joined the scene, smiling at the Altar Master. “Do you need me to introduce myself?”

Then, the youth dully continued, “My name is Song Shuhang.”

This is a normal, cultured male name.

The Caucasian monk had no idea why the young man was introducing himself all of a sudden. But just then, he began to see a change on the face of the mighty Altar Master!

From the looks of his face, it seemed how one might react at the sight of the apocalypse has befallen them; a face filled with fright!

There's something going on here?! This thought entered the Caucasian monk's mind.

Song Shuhang saw this reaction, his eyes drooped and his smile became more resplendent.

Then, a talisman paper slipped out of his fingers, he softly said, “Break!”

It was an Exorcism Talisman!

A berzerk, unmatched spiritual energy was released from the talisman paper!

This spiritual energy was unimaginably powerful to the Altar Master and the Caucasian monk, it was practically a hurricane enveloping the whole cabin.

In the blink of an eye, all of the ghostly negative energies in the cabin were blown away!

The small ghosts that were released by the Altar Master to destroy the monitoring equipment in the cabin wasn't even given a chance to wail before being directly destroyed by the spiritual energy, turning into particles of energy in the air!

The ghost general Suffering Spirit that was behind the Altar Master wasn't able to escape as well, half of its body which it squeezed into the cabin to protect the Altar Master was also blown to oblivion by the berzerk spiritual energy.

“Wu~~” The ghost general Suffering Spirit shrieked as it quickly

left the cabin.

However, it was useless to flee!

The power of the Exorcism Talisman spared no one, it pursued the ghost general over a distance of two cabins!

When the Exorcism Talisman's power faded away, the ghost general Suffering Spirit only had a tenth of its ghostly form left, it became extremely weak and shrunk in the cabin, unable to move.

All these changes happened in a flash!

Following this, the Caucasian monk felt his vision brighten, the ghostly negative energy had been totally expelled from the cabin, and the cabin's brightness was restored. The faces of the passengers who had been afflicted by terrifying illusions also calmed down, they no longer trembled in terror, and just seemed to be in deep sleep.

The Caucasian monk revealed ecstasy in his eyes. Like a Huaxia saying, he was truly at the end of the line, and a glimmer of hope appeared!

On the other hand, the Altar Master looked dejected as he repeatedly retreated.

He's an evil path's ghost cultivator after all, the true qi in his body was focused on the cold yin type. Although he didn't have it

as bad as being purified like the ghosts, the Exorcism Talisman's spiritual energy hurricane made him suffer a lot. Add on to that, he had acute poison inside his body, this couldn't get any worse for him.

But what's even worse is, this Senior Song... why is he here?

The Altar Master felt his legs trembling again, he couldn't even stand stably.

According to the clues left by the four special medicinal ingredients, this Senior should be heading towards the Yuan Zhou Medicinal Drugs Store, right? Why has he appeared here!?

Could it be that... this is another part of his trap? Everything he did was just to force me into this narrow train cabin?

So it turns out that my luck never changed for the better, and the good luck from before was just a dying man's last spurt of luck?

What kind of joke is this!

.....

The smile on Song Shuhang's lips became even more dense... right now, he finally confirmed the true identity of this ghost cultivator in front of him.

This man was lost in thought from seeing the spirit ghost instead of being pleasantly surprised; when he heard the name Song Shuhang, he turned pale from fright; after Shuhang used the Exorcism Talisman, he became even more dejected, and looked like he wished to flee from Shuhang. Add on to that, this person had a faint scent of medicine on him.

Without a doubt, this person is the Altar Master.

It's unexpected that he would be on the train leaving from Yuan Long Medicinal Drugs Store, how close, I nearly missed him.

It's fortunate that I met this cute little girl today, my good person attribute kicked in, and I held her to the point of missing my station by three stations. Otherwise, even if I made it to Yuan Long Medicinal Drugs Store, I would be fated to find no clues to the whereabouts of Altar Master.

This was truly like wearing out iron shoes in fruitless searching, yet finding what you're looking for by chance with no effort!

Who says you won't be rewarded for being a good person?

Sometimes, a good person can have good luck as well!

This string of events was different from what he had planned, he was facing the Altar Master earlier than expected.

However, this was a variation that he liked!

Well then, what should I do now?

I should fully utilize everything I have at my disposal, the three types of talismans, the invisible flying sword, and... the identity of being Senior Song!

Right now, what he needed to do was maintain his charisma, the charisma of someone strong!

He wanted to maintain his image of being a powerful senior, so that he could use it to shock, and shock again. Anyways, he had to dominate the enemy. Otherwise, if he gets seen through by the Altar Master, it's very possible for Shuhang to be put to death by him in seconds.

In a nutshell, this was the time for him to pretend to be more of a badass than he actually was.

Furthermore, he had to act with high standards. If he didn't act properly, the consequences would be inconceivable.

He had a lot weighing on his mind, but Shuhang maintained unwavering calmness on his face. He indifferently said, "Alright, now that those filthy things are gone, we can have a proper chat."

This sort of indifferent look would make others feel as if dispelling all of the ghosts in the cabin was as easy as breathing for him.

.....

Have a good chat, chat about how I'm going to die?

There was only one thought on Altar Master's mind at this point of time, run.

It must be said that sometimes, the first impression humans get can be very important. Altar Master determined that Song Shuhang was a powerful senior, he no longer doubted this! As a cautious and cowardly ghost cultivator, he was very adept at fleeing. He had all kinds of methods of escaping, there were only things you couldn't think of, nothing that he couldn't do.

This Senior Song is a complete mystery, he has deep pockets, a ruthless personality, and is adept at utilizing poison. Right now, I'm utterly weak, and I'm still affected by the enemy's poison. There isn't any chance of victory, my only choice is to flee.

When there's life, there's hope!

However, just as he thought of this, he saw the young-looking Senior Song slowly draw a shapeless and invisible item.

It was something he couldn't see with his eyes, but... he could faintly feel a dangerous and sharp aura exuding from it.

This feeling, he felt it before from a powerful cultivator many years ago, it's a flying sword! Retrieving a severed head from a thousand miles away is as easy as pie, this is how the flying sword is described, it's so fast that it can't have friends.

Thinking back, he was just a 1st Stage cultivator then. He was lucky to have followed several senior cultivators to the dwelling place of an ancient immortal when they went there for exploration.

During that period, as he was nervous and felt like peeing, Altar Master found a chance to pee, and peed against a wall. It was at that time that one of the senior cultivators who had a flying sword suddenly sent his sword flying, it went a long distance in a flash, chopped off the head of the enemy and returned. During this whole process, Altar Master still wasn't done peeing.

Facing such a treasure, he simply had no way of escaping. Altar Master stopped trying to secretly retreat.

.....

Just as I had guessed, even if it can't be seen by the naked eye, as long as I grip onto the flying sword and consciously expose the flying sword to the enemy, cultivators of the 2nd Stage and above would have a slight reaction to it. Song Shuhang secretly sighed in relief.

Earlier, he had saw through the fact that Altar Master intended to flee, so he thought of using the flying sword to shock the enemy.

He mustn't allow Altar Master to escape. Otherwise, it'd be difficult to find him again in the sea of people.

At the same time, he secretly pinched a Sword Talisman in the other hand, once Altar Master tries to flee, the Sword Talisman would immediately behead him. However, this was a backup plan, as Song Shuhang couldn't confirm whether one Sword Talisman was enough to kill Altar Master.

Fortunately, Altar Master was frightened by the flying sword's aura.

Song Shuhang revealed a profound smile, "Haha, you want to flee? Do you think you can escape from the palm of this lord's hands?"

——How embarrassing, when he addressed himself as this lord, Shuhang felt goosebumps all over his back.

"Senior Song, this junior had eyes but couldn't see Mt. Tai and have disturbed you. Would Senior please... give this junior a path of survival." Altar Master didn't retreat, he bitterly pleaded for mercy.

There's no way to escape..... This is what Altar Master thought.

This path of survival was most likely going to make him pay an unimaginable price. Furthermore, he still had no idea whether there was even a path of survival at all.

“Path of survival? Hahahaha.” Song Shuhang laughed out loud..... Taking advantage of the time he spent laughing, his brain operated at rapid speeds, and he cooked up several plans in a flash.

“Haven’t this lord given you enough chances?” Song Shuhang replied back with a question.

Altar Master was immediately overwhelmed with endless regret inside, it was indeed him who first mistook this ‘senior’ as a possible ordinary mortal. He was controlled by his greed, and tested this Senior over and over.

“However, this lord can give you one final chance.” Song Shuhang held onto the flying sword with both hands, exuding the air of an expert. He looked down at the Altar Master, and continued to speak in a cold tone, “So as to avoid this news from being spread around as this lord bullying a weak junior, destroying this lord’s reputation for something this trivial.”

The thing in front of my eyes is an ant, it’s an ant, an ant! Song Shuhang continued to look at Altar Master with disdain, with his gaze totally lacking emotions.

Altar Master felt that the gaze he got from Senior Song... was simply like the way a primordial god viewed an ant on his finger, super scary!

Chapter 88: Unfortunately, This Lord Doesn't Care About Face At All!

“Would Senior please enlighten me on the path to survival.” Altar Master mustered his courage and beseeched.

“Receive one attack from this lord. It goes without saying that this lord won't use full power. As long as you can survive one of this lord's attack and live, this lord will give you a path to survival.” Song Shuhang stretched out one finger as he spoke.

When something like shame reaches its critical point, it would completely break apart, just like worldviews, values, and view of life.

After repeating the words this lord over and over, Shuhang no longer felt so ashamed, he began to get used to saying it.

Altar Master's pale face had a dark expression. One attack from a mysterious senior, even if he doesn't use his full strength, he can take half my life away just by casually throwing the flying sword!

However, he had no right to choose.

He may die from receiving one attack, but he still had a glimmer of hope.

If he doesn't accept the senior's conditions, then the senior just

needed to send out his flying sword, and his head would be cut off in seconds.

Besides... he also had his own trump card. As a ghost cultivator of the evil path, He had a strange method of preserving his life, perhaps it could use 'death' in exchange for bearing the senior's attack once.

Thinking up to this point, the Altar Master clenched his teeth and said, "Senior, do you mean what you say?"

"This lord is someone who has a head and face(reputation) in the world of cultivation, how could I lie to a junior like you." Song Shuhang's voice was cold, he continued looking at Altar Master with disdain like he was looking at an ant.

He had head and face, Shuhang wasn't lying. Because, all normal people would have a head and a face. Could it be that you don't have a head and face?

"Senior, please show mercy." Altar Master forced a smile. His forced smile could make others feel the same bitterness even if a thousand miles separated them.

Secretly, the Altar Master had a pure ghost break its seal and stealthily protect the Altar Master's body.

A pure ghost is one that doesn't have anger in it's soul, so it isn't afraid of ordinary exorcism spells.

Of course, it wasn't easy for this type of pure ghost to be born. Ghosts themselves are things born of grudges. A pure ghost has to be a good person down to the bone who had died from injustice. However, this person has to be such a rottenly good person that they completely didn't mind the injustice. Only then would they have a chance to become a pure ghost.

“Then take a single blow from this lord!” Song Shuhang had an indifferent expression. With a twist of his fingers, a talisman appeared at his fingertips.

It was the ‘Sword Talisman’ that the Seven Lives Talisman Master had given him. This talisman was an offensive one. To use it, one only had to activate the talisman and gently say the word ‘sword’. Once it was used, it could manifest a sword blow on the level of a Third Stage – Houtian Battle Emperor that could easily split mountains. A normal second stage true master cultivator without any special measures for defence would be severely injured, if not dead with one blow.

Upon seeing that talisman, Altar Master nearly grinded his teeth into dust secretly..... As a low grade loose cultivator, he hated these kinds of rich tyrants who tossed out talismans like they were nothing.

“Prepare yourself, junior. Pray for luck.” Song Shuhang pinched the talisman in an imposing manner. He could hardly hold back the excitement in his heart: “Sword!”

An indistinct, illusory figure appeared behind Song Shuhang.

That figure used his fingers in place of a sword and made a slashing motion at Altar Master.

Resplendent light burst forth from the Sword Talisman. Nothing else could be seen in the train cabin when the light shone, as if there was only the light from the blade left in this entire world!

That light from the sword was an exquisite sword technique!

In an instant, Altar Master, who had been locked on by the sword's light, felt that his body was trapped and that he couldn't move.

It was silly to hope that he could dodge. He could only stand dumbly on the spot and watch as that slash met his body!

Humiliation? Hate? Fear?

Multiple emotions rolled around in Altar Master's heart, mixing together into an unspeakable feeling.

The sword's light reached his body, but only made a soft 'bzzt' sound as it made contact.

However, Altar Master's body was easily cut into half just like tofu. His body fell to the floor with a bang.

Yet there was not a trace of flesh blood on the wound.....

The Caucasian monk's mouth was wide open. It ended just like that? A scary and powerful 2nd Stage – True Master cultivator just died like that?

Silence reigned in the train cabin.

However, Song Shuhang didn't relax his guard at all. He held onto a 'Armor Talisman' in his left hand, while his other hand held on to two 'Sword Talisman's, as he stared at Altar Master's body on the floor.

The enemy is a cultivator who had activity in J City fifty to sixty years ago, as long as he isn't too poor, he should at least have one or two items to protect his life.

Thinking of that, Song Shuhang put on a stiff expression and said in a deep tone: "You have some skill. Since you managed to survive one blow from this lord. I'll let you live. Get up and scam from this lord's sight! Remember, don't let this lord see you again! Forever!"

Song Shuhang was already very familiar with the skill of swindling.

The Caucasian monk stared blankly—— that was such a terrifying sword blow, yet the 2nd Stage ghost cultivator is still

alive?

No way? That was such a scary sword!

However, after Song Shuhang finished speaking, the Altar Master's bisected corpse slowly turned into black smoke and dissipated into the air.

Next, the Altar Master's deathly pale face appeared where he was, and there was a deep sword wound on his forehead. In the crucial moment, though he had some methods to protect his life, that sword was still too tyrannical, and it still left a deep sword wound on him. The remaining sword qi struck his forehead, and made him feel so much pain that he didn't feel like living anymore.

"Thank you for your mercy, Senior." Altar Master bore with the pain as he spoke: "This junior will leave immediately."

Since this senior had already discovered that he had not died, there was no meaning to hiding any further.

The other seemed like he would keep to his word and let him live. If he didn't come out from hiding and offended this senior, giving him a reason to use another blow, then he would really die.

When they were done talking, the ghost general Suffering Spirit, who had suffered the same grievous injuries, floated over from behind Altar Master while carrying a black suitcase.

That suitcase was filled with Altar Master's fortunes. Some items in there were too valuable to leave in J City's Luo Xin Street. Thus, he carried them with him at all times in a black suitcase.

"He's actually still alive?" The Caucasian monk was in disbelief.

Looking at that deathly pale face in front of him, Song Shuhang sighed inside as well. This fellow is really still alive.

For the sake of surviving, this fellow is really desperate.

What a pity. If he was really a senior who cared about his reputation and whose words were worth their weight in gold, then he might really have let Altar Master live.

However, this lord simply never intended to save face! What this lord wants, is to put you to death!

If you don't die, this lord can't eat or sleep properly. It would be impossible to live through future days!

Thus, when Altar Master took up the black suitcase and turned to leave with difficulty... in that instant, Song Shuhang took action again!

"Sword! Sword!" He held a 'Sword Talisman' in each hand, and activated them at the same time.

Who would know if the Altar Master still had some trump cards left for self-protection? Thus, he threw two Sword Talismans at once! He only had two hands, so he could only use two talismans. If he had more than two hands, he would probably have thrown the remaining Sword Talisman out as well!

The resplendent sword light once again shone from the Sword Talisman, the two sword lights formed an 'X' as they flew towards Altar Master.

Altar Master had maintained the same level of caution as he left, but it did nothing for him.

The two sword lights were too fast, once they were locked on, they even had the power to confine the enemy.

After the sword light blasted past, the Altar Master's body was cut into four pieces, and he once again fell down onto the ground. But this time, he didn't have any means of surviving, there was no way he survived that.

A second stage cultivator's body was extremely sturdy. Even if he was cut into pieces, Altar Master didn't immediately die. His head stared dead-on at Song Shuhang. He had countless curses for him in his heart, but he could only speak two syllables, full of resentment in the end: "Shame... less!"

Although he knew that the enemy was an expert at poisons with a fickle character, his shamelessness truly had no bottom line.

“Hehe, whatever you say.” Song Shuhang took up another talisman in his hands, it was the ‘Exorcism Talisman’.

Altar Master was already dead, but his angry ghost, Suffering Spirit was still alive.

One has to remove weeds from the roots to prevent any trouble later on!

If Song Shuhang didn’t have any friends and family, he wouldn’t have to be afraid of any future trouble. However, regrettably, he did have people to care about.

“Break!” The Exorcism Talisman’s spiritual energy was like a hurricane as it swept through two cabins.

‘Zzzt.....’ The ghost general Suffering Spirit wailed. The incredibly weakened Suffering Spirit didn’t even have a chance to escape, and was directly purified by the spiritual energy of the Exorcism Talisman.

Dong~~ The black suitcase fell to the floor.

As for Altar Master who was at death’s door, he had been cleansed by the Exorcism Talisman. Thus, he even lost the power to counterattack in his last moments.

Once he thought about how he was going to die, Altar Master’s mind blanked out, he stammered, “Shame... less! Words... of...

gold... gold... I... Bah!”

Chapter 89: The Caucasian Monk Is Shining

“Hehe, what do I need face for? It’s not as though things like face can be eaten. And...” At an angle that the Caucasian monk could not see, Song Shuhang pointed to his lips and mouthed silently to the Altar Master, “I’m not a Senior. I’m just an ordinary university student. There was nothing wrong with the information that your subordinates gathered.”

Song Shuhang had always considered telling lies and deceiving people as wrong.

But in a man’s life, telling the occasional lie was inevitable. For instance, it was sometimes necessary to tell a white lie.

Nevertheless, Song Shuhang believed that even if he had to tell a white lie, it was best to expose the truth as soon as possible. To be a good person was to treat others with sincerity, this was the trust that people’s relationships were built on!

“Cheh!” Altar Master’s upper body shuddered before he spat out a mouthful of fresh blood.

“I curse you... I curse you! After this, I will transform into an ageless ghost. I will haunt you as revenge eternally!” As his last hurrah, Altar Master howled.

With that final howl, he stopped breathing.

Altar Master had died!

“This time you’re finally dead, right?” Song Shuhang stood still and waited momentarily. When he felt that the danger had passed, he walked towards Altar Master’s body with a talisman held in his hand.

This time, Altar Master had perished completely without any further chance of coming back to life.

Even so, just to be safe, Song Shuhang lifted his black flying sword and chopped off Altar Master’s head with a single stroke.

Jiang Ziyan had previously warned him that the techniques cultivators could use to stay alive were numerous. Therefore, thoroughly destroying a corpse was the best way to ensure his opponent’s death. For a 2nd Stage cultivator like Altar Master, decapitation was more or less enough.

The sword remained spotless, without even a single drop of blood.

Song Shuhang breathed a muted sigh of relief. In the short span of two days, he had already cut off two people’s heads. And this time, instead of using the True Self Meditation Scripture he maintained his composure through sheer willpower.

He couldn’t rely on the True Self Meditation Scripture forever. The path of cultivation was long and slow so there were some

things he had to force himself to adapt to. Over-dependence on external help would cause him to turn weak.

And those who were weak, whose wills were irresolute, would never venture far on the path of cultivation.

Altar Master was the second cultivator to have died by the hands of Song Shuhang's. Much like the long-armed man, despite his death, his existence would remain etched in Song Shuhang's memory for a long time. Even though it wouldn't last forever...

The incident concerning Altar Master and his spirit ghosts would come to a close for now.

There would be no one who would even think of robbing his spirit ghosts in the immediate future.

With Altar Master's death, his organization had become leaderless. This would cause them to fall into disorder for a long time, and they would be unable to cause much trouble for quite some time.

In addition, the ones who understood that Altar Master's visit to Jiangnan University was linked to Song Shuhang and spirit ghosts were limited to only the Altar Master himself, the long-armed man, and the assassin who had infiltrated Song Shuhang's room. All three had already been taken care of so there was nobody else under Altar Master's thumb who knew of the relationship between the Altar Master and Song Shuhang.

Even if they wanted to take revenge for their master, they had no way for now.

And as long as more time passed, these subordinates would no longer pose any threat to Song Shuhang. Even if they do not go after Song Shuhang, he would still go after them!

What he lacked was real combat experience. These chaps who possess the beast headed tiles with claw marks would be pretty good opponents in the real combat opponents. Moreover, not only could he gain experience and defeat his enemies, he might even win some spoils of war, that's killing three birds with one stone!

“Good and evil will receive the end they deserve.” muttered Song Shuhang. He took out the Corpse Dissolving Liquid and poured some on Altar Master's dead body.

An acrid smell spread throughout the air..... The Altar Master's clothes were completely dissolved, but the Corpse Dissolving Liquid had no effect on his body.

“This thing can only dissolve the body of a 1st Stage cultivator at most? And to think that I believed it was a great treasure.”

It would be really troublesome to leave behind a messy corpse like that. Even though the cameras were destroyed, the corpse would still draw the attention of the police uncles.

Song Shuhang felt rather distressed.

It was at this time that the Caucasian monk suddenly voiced out, “Senior, are you feeling distressed over this fellow’s corpse?”

“You’re able to deal with this?” Song Shuhang turned around with a gentle smile. He continued to keep up his demeanor of an expert.

The Caucasian monk gave him a thumbs up and said, “Senior, please don’t worry about this and let me deal with it, I can fix this!”

“Since you put it that way, I’ll trouble you then. I will remember this favor from you.” Song Shuhang felt cheerful and relaxed.

“Senior, please don’t say such a thing, my life was saved by you, a small matter like this can’t compare with that!” The Caucasian monk had a confident face, as if dealing with this corpse and the trouble the train had gotten into was just a trivial matter.

Looking at this confident expression, Shuhang couldn’t help but think of those dazzling and cool guys who appeared in web novels, like the “Huaxia Dragon Group”, “Huaxia Special Abilities Team”, and “China Cultivators’ League.”

Perhaps this Caucasian monk was a member of an organization like that? Perhaps there’s a mysterious red little book on him that he could just pull out when the police uncles arrive, and that would be able to take care of all these issues!

While thinking about this, Song Shuhang walked up a few steps, and picked up the small black suitcase that belonged to the Altar Master.

He had the intuition that there would be something good inside Altar Master's little suitcase.

After picking up the suitcase, he returned to the side of the little loli's family, and sat down.

Looking at the time, it's about time that the passengers wake up from their coma, right?

.....

Next, the Caucasian monk walked to Altar Master's side, put his palms together and chanted, "I will save all lives to become a Bodhi, as long as hell isn't empty, I vow I won't ascend to [Buddhahood](#)."

This was the great vow taken by the bodhisattva Kshitigarbha, the Caucasian monk seemed to fancy this vow a lot.

Next, he sat beside Altar Master's corpse, and began to recite the 《Kshitigarbha's Soul Purifying Scripture》. As he chanted, the thick light of virtue once again covered his body.

In the front of the train and from the body of the Altar Master, there were several indistinct souls being purified.

After the souls were purified, there was a mysterious force between heaven and earth that split into three forms and landed on the Caucasian monk's body.

In the next moment, the Caucasian monk's light of virtuous achievement became more solid than before; his powerful mental energy had been extended; his body had been strengthened!

Song Shuhang slightly widened his eyes. Purifying souls have such an effect? To be able to strengthen the body, mental energy, and virtuous achievement!?

Although it wasn't as effective as taking the Body Tempering Liquid or cultivating using the foundation fist technique, it was still a hundred times better than ordinary exercise like running!

"I must remember to ask Senior Medicine Master if Daoism cultivators have a way to purify souls, and whether it could strengthen one's mental energy and body." Song Shuhang thought inside.

At the same time, he vaguely understood why there were so many great monks with virtue during the olden times. They followed Buddhist teachings to purify souls, yet didn't take a single cent, and instead took the initiative to go around to look for souls to purify. If you don't let him purify the souls, he might even press you for it. He reckoned that those great monks were just like this

Caucasian monk, a true disciple of a Buddhist sect.

As he thought over this, the passengers of the train woke up one by one.

Everybody remembered having a very terrifying nightmare, but the second half of their nightmares all turned placid.

“What happened?”

“I seem to recall the great monk running back to the cabin, then the cabin turned black, and I don’t know what happened afterwards.”

“Where’s the great monk?”

While the passengers were all blabbering to each other, they quickly noticed the Caucasian monk... and the corpse of the Altar Master who laid beside him in that was cut into five parts.

Stunned... and silence.

Then, there were screams of terror.

“Someone died, someone died!”

“Ah ah ah!” The passengers in the cabin charged to the door, and

opened it manually. They didn't care about the situation outside the cabin, and just ran out of the train while screaming in fear.

There was someone who became nauseated and puked, and there was also someone who directly fainted and continued to sleep.

If it was an ordinary death, everybody would hear the news of it and calm down over time, they wouldn't get too terrified. But this time, it's different, have you heard of tearing a body, limb from limb by five horses? This dead man had already been cut into five pieces!

At the same time... there were sounds from the cabins ahead. Over there were the corpses of Altar Master's two subordinates; gnawed into an inhuman shape. Similarly, it caused the passengers there to run for their lives.

Beside Shuhang, the white shirt father, the young mother, and the little girl woke up.

The white shirt father didn't rush to get off the train, he first looked towards Song Shuhang who sat beside them, and respectfully asked, "Young man, can we get off the train now?"

He felt that this young man was an expert. Earlier the young man said that it was too late, and had them stay beside him and not go anywhere. Next, they fainted.....

"Let's alight, what happens next is none of our business." Song

Shuhang nodded with a slight smile, then carried the suitcase and got off the train, he carefully avoided any cameras.

Before getting into range of monitoring devices again, he needed to disguise the black suitcase first.

One mustn't look down on the power of technology, perhaps the police uncles would trail this matter back to him because of this suitcase!

The white shirt father hugged his daughter, and they left together. They slipped into the panicking crowd, and headed towards the platform far away.

In the end, he carefully glanced at the black suitcase in Shuhang's hands.

He vaguely remembered that when Shuhang was with them before, he didn't have this suitcase..... But as a smart man, he wouldn't mention a single word about that black suitcase to anybody.

.....

There was chaos at the train station.

The subway personnel began to do everything they could to pacify these agitated passengers, so as to avoid creating more accidents.

Soon after, the police uncles arrived.

Then the media arrived at the scene soon after.

The televisions in the subway station began to live broadcast breaking news, and what they showed was exactly the incident in the subway.

On the live broadcast, the police uncles captured a Western bald monk.

“That’s right, everything was done by me. Those three people were killed by me, I confess. Yep, I have no accomplices, don’t worry, it’s just me! I won’t resist, arrest me! However... the train accident had no relation to me, I swear!” The Caucasian monk spoke in accurate and fluent Mandarin, he obediently allowed the handcuffs to be placed onto him, with a magnanimous face!

That’s right, he had been arrested.

He had no little red book, no Huaxia Dragon Group, no special power.

To think that he had such a confident expression, so his so-called solution to the matter was to act as a scapegoat and take responsibility for everything?

In the end, on the live broadcast screen, the Caucasian monk was moved to the police car, and he even forcefully raised a thumb towards the camera, revealing his spotlessly white teeth.

Bling! His teeth refracted dazzling light under the sun!

——Senior, no matter what happens, I will never sell you out, let me take responsibility for everything!

The Caucasian monk of this moment was like the Virgin Mary, radiating brilliance that made others unable to look straight at him!

Chapter 90: Shuhang, Learn Driving!

When everything ended, it was close to mid-afternoon.

After bidding goodbye to the little loli's family and rejecting their invitation to be a guest at their house, Song Shuhang took the subway back to Jiangnan University Town.

They didn't exchange contact details since their meeting was just a coincidence. If they were fated to meet, they would meet again; if not, then they would leave it at that.

Actually, the man in white shirt wanted to get Song Shuhang's contact details, but he was too embarrassed to ask for it.

After getting off the train where there was an accident, the first thing he did was to look for a plastic bag to cover this black suitcase. This suitcase had bad origins, so it was better to cover it first.

There weren't many passengers around on the train back, so Shuhang got a seat. After that, he placed a large shopping bag next to him. Inside the bag was Altar Master's black suitcase.

The train slowly started moving, and Song Shuhang's tense mood finally relaxed.

He leaned against the seat. In his mind, the scene where he had killed Altar Master kept playing over and over, and from that, he

slowly calmed his emotions down.

After sighing heavily, Shuhang switched on his phone and got on the Nine Provinces (1) Group.

There were no new messages within the group.

The last message was still the ones between Senior North River, Soft Feather, and him discussing over the beast headed tile with claw marks.

After thinking for a bit, Song Shuhang then typed in the group: “@Seven Lives Talisman Master, Senior, I successfully found the person behind the beast headed tile with claw marks, Altar Master. He’s been eliminated. I used up two Exorcism Talismans and three Sword Talismans. As for the remaining scattered members of that organization whose members hold a beast headed tile with claw marks, I will not pursue them for now.”

“Also, Senior, let me return the remaining talismans.”

The moment he entered it, there was a reply in the Nine Provinces (1) Group.

Seven Lives Talisman Master: “Little friend Shuhang truly acts as swiftly as a cunning hare, your efficiency is amazing. Good job!”

“By the way, you need not return the remaining talismans, just think of it as a little gift from me. Besides, even if you wanted to

send it back to me, I can't receive it."

"I'm currently on a little island somewhere in the Pacific Ocean, teaching a primitive tribe how to read. Motherfucker, why did I take the oath to teach 10,000 people how to read? How itchy must my balls have been for me to make such an oath? Especially since volunteerism has taken off nowadays and many people are teaching others how to read for charity, it's hard to find someone who can't read. It wasn't easy for me to find this solitary island. There are close to 10,000 primitive people here who can't read."

"As long as I teach them how to read, I will complete my oath from the past. However, this would take a few months at best, and a few years at the worst, right? What kind of dogshit oath is this! If I have the opportunity to become a peerless cultivator that can turn back time, I would definitely go back and give my previous self dozens of resounding slaps, for letting loose so many motherfucking oaths from that shitty mouth!"

Shuhang had only asked a question, but Seven Lives Talisman Master had already typed away and explained a whole lot. From his tone, it could be seen how angry he was at his younger self.

From the looks of it, everyone had some 'past' they didn't like to look back on.

Song Shuhang sighed.

Also... Senior Seven Lives Talisman Master seemed to be very busy. He was still occupied with something in the Huaxi region

yesterday, but in the blink of an eye, he had already gone over to some island in the Pacific?

“I shall thank you then, Senior. Senior, your talismans are truly easy to use and powerful!” He slightly flattered, hoping that his flattery would let this senior get into a better mood.

“Hahaha, of course. In this group, I’m the best when it comes to talismans. I’m going to go offline now to continue teaching these primitives how to read. These guys are so stupid. They’ll forget words I just taught them, I really feel like beating them up..... Oh, that might be a good method. If they forget their words, I’ll just hang them up and beat them. Let’s see which bastard will dare to forget words now!” Seven Lives Talisman Master seemed to be a senior who easily went off topic.

As he considered beating up the primitives a fantastic idea, Seven Lives Talisman Master quickly got offline.

“.....” Song Shuhang rubbed his heart, for unknown reasons, his conscience felt disturbed. In his mind, the image of primitives wearing animal pelts sat in orderly lines, pitifully reciting: Hoeing millet in mid-day heat, sweat dripping onto the earth, do you know that of the rice on your plate, each grain was hard-earned.....

If one of the primitive people suddenly forgot their lines, he would suddenly be hung on a large tree and whipped crazily by Seven Lives Talisman Master.

“You can’t blame me for this, I didn’t guide Senior into beating

up primitives when they forget their lines.” Song Shuhang muttered.

Dididi.

Someone sent a message in the Nine Provinces (1) group.

As expected, it was North River Loose Practitioner. He slowly typed out a message: “Little friend Shuhang, you always do things that surprises me. I heard the enemy you killed was a 2nd Stage cultivator?”

“It’s not that exaggerated. Although my opponent was a 2nd Stage cultivator, he was already suffering from Senior Medicine Master’s acute poison. It was also because Lady Soft Feather mistook my identity, and with the help of Seven Lives Talisman Master’s talismans, I had the chance to kill him.” Song Shuhang gave a rough explanation of the events that had happened.

“Daring and careful. Your successful takedown of the enemy boss wasn’t just a fluke. Keep working like this. I believe you’ll be able to go even further on the road of cultivators.” North River Loose Practitioner said.

Mad Saber Three Waves came online: “Little Shuhang did well, you’re already three tenths as cool as my younger self!”

“Three Waves Bro, didn’t you say you were going to enter closed door cultivation to attempt to make a breakthrough?” North

River's Loose Practitioner sent a naughty smile emoji.

"I'm in the middle of it, in the middle of it." Mad Saber Three Waves said: "However, even if I'm in closed door cultivation, I still have to strike a balance between work and play. I can't just bury my head into closed door cultivation. You won't be successful if you just shut yourself in and disregard the outside world!"

"Total bullshit." North River's Loose Practitioner jokingly scolded.

At this moment, Drunk Moon Resident Scholar suddenly spoke up: "Three Waves, you're acting pretty decent today. There aren't any great seniors around, why aren't you spouting lewd jokes? It's very unlike you."

"Don't talk about that. Recently, there's a godly beast running amok online, I'm not going to spout any dirty jokes. If I dare to post any more lewd jokes, Mt. Yellow's True Monarch is going to kick me out of the group. I've been suffering from restraining myself. Let's meet up sometime, and I'll give everyone a live telling of some classics." Mad Saber Three Waves chuckled as he said.

"Hehe." Drunk Moon Resident Scholar posted a bashful emoji and quietly went offline.

Song Shuhang scratched his head. The ID 'Drunk Moon Resident Scholar' feels really familiar, but why can't I remember him?

At this time, North River's Loose Practitioner suddenly asked, "By the way, little friend Shuhang, you are planning to get a driving license soon, right?"

"Yes, I am. I've been reading up on how to drive recently, and I'm preparing to take the exam for my license soon. Eh? Senior, how do you know that I'm learning how to drive?" Song Shuhang asked.

"Hehe, I recently went to your in-game farm to steal vegetables, and took a look at your profile at the same time. You posted on your profile that you intended to get a driving license in the near future." North River's Loose Practitioner proudly said, "By the way, if you have time, upgrade the soil of your vegetable garden. What are you saving so much gold for? Your vegetables will grow quicker when your soil is upgraded, then I will be able to steal even more."

Steal vegetables?!

Hey Senior, how bored do you have to be from day to night? You're actually stealing vegetables?

You were so bored you even went sniffing around my profile?

Image, please mind your image! Ever since I met you seniors, the image I had of cultivators has been completely ruined. If you could, could you please leave a tiny bit of your former prestige for me to reminisce about?

Ah, that was off topic... However, why did Senior ask me if I wanted to get a driving license?

Song Shuhang tested the waters by asking: “Senior North River, are you also intending to get a driving license?”

“Why would I need something like that? Summoning a sword and flying is much faster than driving. I don’t even have to be afraid that I’ll run into a traffic jam... I just have to make sure I don’t crash into any planes.” North River Loose Practitioner smiled as he said: “However... I’ll reveal some information to you. If you have the time, get your license quickly. I guarantee that there’ll be some benefits to it.”

Song Shuhang’s eyes immediately shone. Could it be that there’s a senior in the group who wants to learn how to drive for fun, so I need to get my license in order to teach that senior how to drive?

There would be something to gain, and that goes without saying. This was a custom of the Nine Provinces (1) Group, put in effort → receive rewards!

“You’ve guessed it, haven’t you? When the time comes, a Qi and Blood Pill would be a great reward! It’s not only pills, even techniques are on the table! The technique that Medicine Master gave to you was just the Foundation Building Technique. At most, you’ll be able to cultivate to the peak of the 1st Stage. So I’m going to solemnly promote this chance to you. I guarantee that you’ll be able to get a very good technique to further your cultivation!” North River Loose Practitioner added on a grinning smile emoji: “Aren’t you tempted!?”

Song Shuhang was tempted!

Chapter 91: Little Friend Shuhang Who Receives Deep Admiration From His Seniors

Qi and Blood Pills! That's a pill made with extremely valuable medicinal ingredients. Unlike the medicinal liquid that was the Body Tempering Liquid, it was a real first stage pill.

Even though it was the lowest quality pill, after using one, it could completely recover the qi and blood of a foundation cultivator like Song Shuhang within just half an hour. He could then ignore the time limit and continuously practise the 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》 in a single day!

This was a pill that could allow someone to build their foundation quickly, it was incomparably precious!

After experiencing the Altar Master incident, Song Shuhang understood the value of pills in the cultivators' realm. That long-armed man had fought to the death just because Altar Master took away his share of Body Tempering Liquid! How much more valuable were real pills in comparison?

Furthermore, other than pills, there were even more valuable techniques to be had!

“It's impossible not to be tempted.” Song Shuhang lamented—but why did he feel like Senior North River was trying to trick him?

That feeling was so strong that he couldn't ignore it.

Let me think about this carefully, just which senior in the group would be so bored to think about learning how to drive?

It should be one of the seniors who appeared rarely. The ones who appeared often were those who had already assimilated into modern society. Even if they wanted to learn how to drive, they wouldn't need Song Shuhang's help.

The ones who fit these requirements were only those seniors in the group who had been in closed door cultivation for over a hundred years and had totally no understanding of modern society, and it had to be a senior that was about to emerge from his closed door cultivation.

Which senior in the group is about to come out of closed door cultivation? The cogs in Shuhang's mind turned.

"White True Monarch?" He typed out those few words in the group.

North River Loose Practitioner paused for a moment, he felt awkward: "Wahaha, so little friend Shuhang also knows of White True Monarch! Did you see our chat history the last time? With just that small hint, you immediately thought of White True Monarch, you really have nimble senses!"

Following that, North River Loose Practitioner said: "Ahem,

that's right! White True Monarch is about to come out of closed door cultivation. He's very interested in machines and such. He previously researched on wooden bulls, mechanical dragons, and puppet divine beasts, etc. So cars and planes are definitely in his interests. When he comes out, he'll surely want to research those things. This is an opportunity! Senior White True Monarch has always been quite extravagant. Just a few tiny treasures from him can provide endless benefits for you! Little friend, I also suggest that you pick up a pilot's license if you have the time. There'll be endless benefits! Rest assured... if you want to learn how to pilot a plane, I can pave the way for you, you'll definitely be able to get the pilot's license in the shortest time possible."

North River Loose Practitioner talked non-stop, but he was terrible at changing topics, he made it too obvious.

Song Shuhang immediately turned the conversation back on track: "We'll talk later about the pilot's license. Senior North River, I just thought of something I need to ask. Why does it seem like you guys are really afraid of White True Monarch? If I agree to receive White True Monarch when he comes out of cultivation, you should at least let me mentally brace myself for it, right?"

"Little friend Shuhang, you're wrong!" North River Loose Practitioner spoke righteously: "Out of all of us, not a single one is afraid of White True Monarch! Conversely, we're full of respect and love for him. As for why I'm escaping from receiving him, that's for a personal reason that's hard for me to speak of. But I can promise you with my dao name, 'North River', that White True Monarch is a very kind senior. Although he gets lost in thought sometimes, he guides juniors very well! We don't call him the generous White True Monarch for nothing!"

Then what are you afraid of? Song Shuhang's words got stuck in his throat, making him uncomfortable.

Shuhang asked again: "Is Senior Three Waves also avoiding him because of personal reasons that are hard to talk about?"

Mad Saber Three Waves answered: "Yes, it's also because of some personal reasons that I can't speak about to outsiders. However, White True Monarch is really a great senior, he's worthy of the respect and love from us juniors! I can promise you this with my dao name, 'Mad Saber Three Waves'!"

".....To tell the truth, the more you seniors promise like that, the more anxious I feel." Song Shuhang said.

"....." North River Loose Practitioner.

"....." Mad Saber Three Waves.

"However, if White True Monarch is really a kind senior like you've described, then I have no reason to reject this task."

Even knowing that North River Loose Practitioner could be tricking him, he could only bear with it and jump into the trap.

Qi and Blood Pills. That was a benefit he couldn't ignore. If he missed out on this chance, he might need a few more years of

effort before he could get another few Qi and Blood Pills.

There wasn't anything wrong with him, so why would he give up the opportunity at hand to get Qi and Blood Pills and wait for a few more years of hard work to attain them?

North River Loose Practitioner gave him a thumbs up: "Little friend Shuhang, I admire your rationality and smarts!"

Mad Saber Three Waves followed closely behind: "Little friend Shuhang, I admire you too!"

Bronze Trigram's Immortal Master appeared: "Little friend Shuhang, this immortal master also admires you!"

Seven Lives Talisman Master: "Little friend Shuhang, this lord admires you!"

Drunk Moon Resident Scholar: "I admire you as well!"

Medicine Master: "Admire!"

Roaming Cloud Monk Tong Xuan appeared and also silently sent a thumbs-up.

Spiritual Butterfly Island's Soft Feather also appeared and sent a cute smiley face: "Although I'm not too sure what just happened, I've always admired Senior Song."

What the heck! The whole group had been watching the show offline. The moment he had jumped into the trap, they had all come out to ‘admire’ him.

Song Shuhang felt—— that he had been tricked big time!

Facepalming, he wondered if it was too late to back out. If he rejected the task, would they start coming after him with swords?

Mt. Books High Pressure: “Senior North River, what if I back out on what I said now?”

North River Loose Practitioner sent a smiley face, but didn’t say anything.

Mad Saber Three Waves did the same by adding a smiley.

Bronze Trigram’s Immortal Master added a bashful smile.

Seven Lives Talisman Master added a wide grin.

Smiley faces dotted the entire Nine Provinces (1) Group, it was a splendid sight.

Song Shuhang silently turned off his phone screen, determined never to mention the words ‘back out’ again.

How unfortunate!

.....

When a person starts feeling that they were unfortunate, unfortunate events would truly start coming to look for them.

Song Shuhang had just set down his phone, but his phone immediately rang again.

“Who’s calling me?” Shuhang turned on the screen, and found the words ‘Zhao Yaya’ shown on the screen.

“What’s Zhao Yaya calling me for at this time? She probably isn’t inviting me out to dinner, right?” He swiped gently on the screen and answered the call.

“Hello, Jie, what’s up?” Shuhang asked lightly.

“Where are you?” Zhao Yaya’s sweet voice sounded.

Uh, this seems like a bad situation! Zhao Yaya’s voice was a little sharper than usual, indicating that she was angry.

It can’t be that she has been bullied at school, right?

“I’m on the subway on the way back to Jiangnan University Town. I went out for a while on some business, so I’m heading back now. I’ll reach in roughly half an hour.” Song Shuhang replied.

“That’s pretty fast.” Zhao Yaya said calmly: “I heard that you went all the way to Guangyuan Road’s Yuan Long Medicinal Drugs Store to buy some obscure medicinal ingredients?”

“Hahahaha, Jie, how did you know that?” Song Shuhang wiped the sweat off his forehead.

“I beat-I mean, heard it from Yangde.” Zhao Yaya replied.

She just said ‘beat’, didn’t she?!

Yangde, Yangde, are you okay? Don’t die~~

Zhao Yaya’s voice sounded again: “Tell me honestly, Shuhang. Are there any problems with your body?”

“How could that be? My body’s fine, there’s no problem at all!” Song Shuhang hurriedly replied, “I was going to look at some medicinal ingredients for my friend, it’s not for myself. Also, I didn’t go to that shop. Something happened halfway so I’m returning first.”

“That’s good then... Call me when you reach school, I need you for something.” Zhao Yaya hung up immediately after she finished

speaking, without even waiting for Shuhang to agree to her request.

Holding onto her phone, Zhao Yaya frowned slightly, her heart full of worry.

The first time she had bumped into that strange nourishing medicine formula Shuhang had, she was still able to believe that it was just a coincidence. However, now that Shuhang had come into contact with strange Chinese medicinal ingredients again, how could she not worry?

When she thought back to the day she had bumped into Song Shuhang, and thought of the deathly pale face he had back then, it totally didn't seem like he had just completed a rigorous exercise like he had said. Even if he had just finished a marathon, it wouldn't make his face look so deathly pale and unhealthy, right?

This brat, could he have contracted some illness and was he hiding it from the family?

This was bad, so she had to bring him to the hospital for a thorough checkup. If something happened to Shuhang, how was she going answer to her aunt?

.....

In the train.

Song Shuhang held onto his phone stiffly. He was so serious and solemn that he had practically turned into a Spartan.

It was over. From Zhao Yaya's tone, it's obvious that she definitely misunderstood!

Shuhang quickly turned on his phone again and entered the Nine Provinces (1) Group.

“My elder sister found out that I had just visited a medicinal hall. She thinks that I have some unmentionable disease now, what should I do? To those online, this is really urgent!”

Chapter 92: Black Suitcase, Money And... Qi And Blood Pill!

After returning to Jiangnan University City, Song Shuhang did not immediately find Zhao Yaya, he instead proceeded to Medicine Master's five-story house.

This was because he was still carrying Altar Master's black suitcase which very likely contained the four rare Chinese herbs purchased by Altar Master. If he accidentally let Zhao Yaya discover the Chinese medicine in the suitcase, he would essentially be jumping into the Yellow River by himself..... No, even if he jumped into the Pacific Ocean, he would still be unable to wash away this misunderstanding.

When the time came, Zhao Yaya would definitely give Mama Song a call without warning; by the next day, Mama Song would be on a plane for Jiangnan University City.

Furthermore, who knew whether Altar Master's suitcase held other horrible things that could lead to even worse misunderstandings.

Thus, without first depositing this suitcase somewhere, how could he meet up with Zhao Yaya?

Song Shuhang unlocked the door and directly went to the third floor. After arriving, he did not see Jiang Ziyan anywhere, but saw Medicine Master playing with his phone alone in a corner.

“Senior, are you busy?” Shuhang walked over to Medicine Master and asked.

Ever since Medicine Master arrived at Jiangnan University, he was always busy trying to improve the Simplified Body Tempering Liquid and I never saw him taking a break before. Do I actually get the chance to see him resting today?

“Oh, you’re back Shuhang.” Medicine Master did not even raise his head as his fingers continued moving rapidly on the screen.

“What are you playing?” Shuhang moved closer to take a look.

Afterwards, his whole body started to feel uncomfortable.

Unexpectedly, Medicine Master was actually stealing vegetables from other people’s farms. On his vegetable stealing friends list, Shuhang could also see Mt. Yellow True Monarch, North River’s Loose Practitioner, Mysterious Fairy Sect’s Skylark, Roaming Cloud Monk Tong Xuan, and other famous elders from the Nine Provinces (1) Group that he was familiar with.

They were Three Oceans Five Island Master, Ocean Dragon Second Cave Master, Seven Star Fist Sect’s Vice-Sect Master, and so on. Just one look and you could tell that those were nicknames of cultivators.

I must say..... have all the senior cultivators been really bored

recently? Why are so many of them spending their time stealing vegetables in a farm game?

Your disciples will cry, you know!?

Your sect masters will also cry, you know!?

“It’s done, that fellow North River actually made an automated vegetable gathering script. What use is there~~ I have already set up my alarm clock, and can completely empty his farm’s vegetables in seconds. He is really too naive to think that a small script can be faster than my hands!” Medicine Master proudly said to Shuhang.

Senior..... with your fast hands, how wonderful would it be if you practiced typing instead?

“Also Shuhang, I’m not trying to lecture you, but you shouldn’t keep pooling your money like a miser. After getting enough money, just upgrade the soil. Only that way would the planted vegetables mature quickly. Remember, sharpening the knife will not slow down the process of cutting wood!” Medicine Master earnestly told Song Shuhang.

“.....” Song Shuhang didn’t know what kind of expression he should use to reply to Medicine Master.

“Oh yeah, what do you need me for?” Medicine Master finally switched to the topic at hand.

Song Shuhang silently nodded, placed the black suitcase on top of the coffee table, and then said, “I want to ask Senior to take a look and see whether or not this suitcase has any traps. I got this suitcase from killing Altar Master of the organization that uses the beast-headed tile with three claw marks. I do not dare to rashly open this suitcase because he is a ghost practitioner of the evil path.”

“To be able to think of this, well done.” Medicine Master nodded his head; daring yet careful, Song Shuhang had quite a few strong points. Looking at these characteristics, being a cultivator really suited Song Shuhang. Unfortunately, he was a little too old and had lost the xiantian true qi that he was born with.

If only he could have entered the cultivation world earlier..... Unfortunately, there are no ifs in the real world.

Medicine Master took the black suitcase and let his right palm hover over the suitcase.

“Indeed, it has been tinkered with, however, this small trick is nothing to me.” He smiled and released true qi through his right palm.

Pa! Pa! Pa!

The black suitcase emitted sounds like shattering glass, along with some faint ghostly cries.....

“Alright, it can be opened now.” Medicine Master returned the suitcase to Shuhang.

Shuhang stretched out his hand and opened the suitcase.

What reflected in his eyes were many neatly stacked bills, with a total of 7 stacks that contained 100,000 RMB each. There was also another stack that had been opened and separated into nine smaller stacks, which was likely due to Altar Master’s recent use of the money.

In total, there was about 800,000 RMB. This 800,000 would just be a string of numbers if it were all placed in a bank. However, when all of this money was placed before his eyes, it still had quite the visual impact.

When Song Shuhang saw the densely packed bills, he actually felt a burst of disappointment.

With Altar Master’s identity, Song Shuhang believed that his suitcase would definitely have some nice cultivation items. Who would have thought that there would only be stacks of cash instead.....

The greater the expectations, the greater the disappointment.

Song Shuhang sucked in a breath of air and thought, whatever, if it is money then it is money. It just so happened that he had also

been short on cash recently. Next, he would find a gym nearby that had a complete set of equipment to work out, and would purchase all kinds of fitness equipment. Other than that, so as to ensure that he had enough qi and blood, he would have to ensure the quality of his everyday meals.

Looking at it this way, this 800,000 RMB was actually not bad. It's just like when you were playing a game and managed to kill a boss whose level was far above yours; even if there were no good equipment drops, there would definitely be a lot of gold.

Medicine Master softly laughed and warned: "Little friend, don't let this little bit of money trick you. Wait until you have successfully completed the foundation building stage, then you can have all the money you could possibly want. Furthermore, this small amount of money is only used to trick people. The real treasure is underneath the money, in the suitcase's hidden compartment."

A hidden compartment? Song Shuhang hurriedly poured out the money. Sure enough, there was an extra panel covering the bottom of the suitcase. Without observing carefully, it would be very easy to miss it.

Song Shuhang was immediately overcome with joy!

He stretched out his hand, lifted the cover, and saw a bunch of small bottles around the size of gum bottles. There were a total of 14 bottles split between red and blue. There was also a metal box that was the size of an A5 book.

He first picked up a blue bottle and asked: “Senior, this bottle was not tinkered with, right?”

“Don’t worry, I have already gotten rid of all the small tricks that he had set.” Medicine Master shook his head with confidence. A sharp, crisp sound was produced as his closely packed cupola braids began to bump into the cute ornaments attached to his hair.

This hairstyle really deserved to be ridiculed!

Song Shuhang put on a poker face so he wouldn’t accidentally laugh in front of Medicine Master. Maybe Senior Medicine Master really likes this hairstyle, what would I do if my laughter angers him?

The blue bottles were the most common; there were a total of twelve of them. He opened a bottle and looked inside.

Inside the bottle, he saw a thick black liquid that was accompanied by a horrible smell: “Body Tempering Liquid?!”

This color, this smell, it’s without a doubt the Body Tempering Liquid!

Medicine Master sniffed it and replied: “That’s right. Furthermore, it is the unsimplified version of the Body Tempering Liquid and its quality is acceptable. After you have cultivated for a month and your body becomes strong enough, take this version of

the Body Tempering Liquid. The medicinal strength is stronger, one mouthful of this is equivalent to taking three mouthfuls of the simplified version.”

“This really came at the perfect time! Senior North River had warned me before that even if all the medicinal ingredients Soft Feather gave me were completely refined into the Body Tempering Liquid, there was still no guarantee that I could complete the foundation building stage. Now that I have this batch of Body Tempering Liquid too, it should be enough for me to complete my foundation building, right?” Shuhang asked with a laugh.

“There will be enough, so much so that that you will have some left over.” Medicine Master answered.

There will actually be extras? This was great news!

After that, Shuhang opened a red-colored bottle.

After opening the bottle, the medicinal smell began to assail his nostrils. One red bottle contained eleven pills, while the other contained fifteen pills.

“Senior, what kind of pill is this?” Song Shuhang asked.

After Medicine Master sniffed the pills, his facial expression became odd. He replied: “Qi and Blood Pills, the quality is considered acceptable!”

Chapter 93: Five-Way Spirit Contract Altar materials!

“Qi and Blood Pills?” Song Shuhang’s eyes lit up, it was really an unexpected surprise! He hadn’t thought that he would be able to get the Qi and Blood Pills so early, before he took on the mission of ‘receiving White True Monarch’. Song Shuhang had even thought that it was an extravagant hope for him to get Qi and Blood Pills at this stage.

“Your luck is pretty good.” Said Medicine Master.

Come to think of it, North River’s Loose Practitioner had used Qi and Blood Pills and cultivation techniques to entice Song Shuhang into accepting the mission of receiving White True Monarch. Yet, in the blink of an eye, Song Shuhang had already obtained Qi and Blood Pills, though their quantity was still too low.....

It was the legendary ‘you reap what you sow’... After accumulating so much good karma over the years, perhaps it had finally paid off for Song Shuhang?

However, upon thinking back, it was within reason.

The dead Altar Master was a 2nd Stage cultivator.

Altar Master had no need for Body Tempering Liquid, that was just something he used to reward his subordinates.

Although Qi and Blood Pills were mainly used by 1st Stage cultivators, they could also be used to recover a 2nd Stage cultivator's true qi. That Altar Master was likely one of the poorer cultivators. He couldn't attain the more precious Qi Amalgamation Pill, so he could only make do with Qi and Blood Pills.

Moreover, Altar Master had a cautious character. The things that were considered precious to him would all be carried with him everywhere he went.

In the end, they all fell into Song Shuhang's hands.

"Qi and Blood Pills. A single pill can help me recover all my qi and blood. With two bottles, I should be able to use it for some time, right?" Song Shuhang asked.

Medicine Master nodded and said, "As long as you don't cultivate all day and night, it should last for a while. Furthermore, the quality of these Qi and Blood Pills isn't bad, you can use a single pill several times."

"So I won't lack Qi and Blood Pills in the near future?!" Song Shuhang's eyes lit up again, "Senior Medicine Master, do you think I can go and back out of receiving White True Monarch now?"

"Heh heh." Medicine Master didn't answer him, and just made a kind yet weird laugh.

Wasn't there's a sentence that goes like this: Fellow daoist,

you're walking to your death, I'm not joining you?

Yep, this was the sentence!

.....

“Alright, I was just kidding.” Song Shuhang shrugged—— two bottles of Qi and Blood Pills weren't enough. There were only 26 pills in total. The question was whether they would last until White True Monarch came out of cultivation. This amount was merely enough to have a taste of the effects of the Qi and Blood Pills.

In the end, he took out the metal box which was as big as an A5 sized book.

Something that could be placed alongside the Body Tempering Liquid and Qi and Blood Pill can't be inferior, right?

When picking up the box, Shuhang felt that the box was quite heavy, as if he was holding onto a dense iron plate.

“What is this?” Song Shuhang curiously opened the metal box.

Inside, there were two charred-looking wood; ten pieces of gold, green, red, blue, brown crystals; a folded piece of cloth; two bottles of strange liquid..... And all kinds of different things. Other than the piece of cloth, everything else came in pairs.

“Is this the Altar Master’s collection? I had no idea that his hobbies were so diverse. He collected a bit of anything and everything.” Song Shuhang picked through the box, but couldn’t really understand what they were for.

“Lightning-Struck Wood, Five-Way Stone, a ceremonial gown with arrays inscribed over it, Ghost Dragon Saliva... these aren’t just some oddities, they’re all treasures in the eyes of certain cultivators.” Medicine Master smiled as he explained.

“Treasures! Can they be exchanged for Qi and Blood Pills?” Song Shuhang was gleeful.

Qi and Blood Pills weren’t just able to speed up foundation building, it was also helpful in replenishing qi and blood in all the main acupoints during the 1st Stage, and could even aid cultivation speed during the 1st Stage. It was one of those things that the more you have, the better. Having some in reserve is never wrong!

“Yes, you can exchange these treasures for quite a number of Qi and Blood Pills that are of the same grade as the ones you have. However, if you exchange these treasures for Qi and Blood Pills, you’ll regret it y’know.” Medicine Master chuckled as he spoke.

“Why?” Shuhang asked.

“These treasures weren’t just collected randomly by that Altar Master. With these three items: Lightning-Struck Wood, Five-Way Stone, and Ghost Dragon Saliva, you can build the foundation for

an array. That array is called the Five-Way Spirit Contract Altar. In layman's terms, it's also called the Spirit Ghost Contract Array." Medicine Master said calmly, "So, do you still want to exchange these items for Qi and Blood Pills now?"

Song Shuhang's mind was shaken like a pellet drum.

Lightning-Struck Wood, Five-Way Stone, and Ghost Dragon Saliva... and so many miscellaneous items. Other than the Lightning-Struck Wood, he had never seen the other items in real life. If he exchanged those items for Qi and Blood Pills, heaven knows if he would be able to find the same set of treasures again.

Contracting a spirit ghost huh, as long as he completes his hundred days of foundation building, he will be able to attempt it. When that happens, even if he has surpassed the optimal age for foundation building a long time ago, with the help of the spirit ghost, he still had hopes of chasing up to the elites of the sects.

This spirit ghost could very well be his ticket to become a daoist.

"Your luck is extremely good. That Altar Master you killed had wanted to make a contract with a spirit ghost. He even prepared two sets of materials for the Five-Way Spirit Contract. In the end, it all benefited you." Medicine Master said.

That's true, the Altar Master had schemed to take back the spirit ghost for many years, amongst the things he brought along with him, the materials for the spirit ghost contract mustn't be missing.

“That Altar Master had prepared two sets because there were two spirit ghosts in Ghost Lamp Temple. The Altar Master was prepared to contract two spirit ghosts at once. However, in the end, one of them ended up in Soft Feather’s hands and I got the other one.” Song Shuhang chuckled.

Afterwards, he carefully returned all of the small bottles and the materials for the Five-Way Spirit Contract back into the black suitcase. After some thinking, he took out the bottle with fewer Qi and Blood Pills again and carried it with him.

The 800,000 in cash was also tossed back into the suitcase. Only the roll of notes that had been opened was stuffed into his pocket.

“Senior, can I leave this suitcase here with you for now?” Song Shuhang asked. These items weren’t convenient to bring back. What if Zhao Yaya wanted to check the suitcase and found a case full of money? How would he explain where the money had come from?

Not to mention all of the medicinal pills inside.

After thinking back and forth, it was safest to place it here with Medicine Master.

“Don’t worry, just leave it there.” Medicine Master agreed and said, “Are you free now? Help me try out the Body Tempering Liquid recipe that was modified yesterday. Also, I also need to teach you how to use a cultivator’s pill furnace soon. That hotpot and induction cooker set of yours makes my liver hurt.”

“Is it alright if I come tonight? Right now... I have to make a trip to meet my sister first.” Song Shuhang showed a suffering expression, as if he was protesting having to do so.

Medicine Master smiled: “Sister? Oh, the one you just mentioned in the chat group, who’s suspecting that you’re hiding some serious disease? Hahahaha, go ahead, go ahead. When you’re done, come back and help me test this recipe. It’s not urgent.”

“Alright then, Senior, I’m going now!” Song Shuhang waved and left Medicine Master’s residence.

.....

On the road back to Jiangnan University Town, Song Shuhang frowned: “I seem to have forgotten something? I keep feeling like I forgot to ask Senior Medicine Master about something.”

He thought for a long long while.

Oh! Right, it was regarding that shiny Caucasian monk on the train.

He wondered how the Caucasian monk was doing after he had been taken away by the police.

Song Shuhang originally intended to chat over the matter

regarding the Caucasian monk with Medicine Master, and hear his opinion on this.

However, he had gotten too excited over the Qi and Blood Pills and the Five-Way Spirit Contract materials and had completely forgotten to mention the Caucasian monk to Senior.

Forget it... I'll ask Senior next time. Song Shuhang thought in his heart.

Chapter 94: Uncle, I Am Not A Swindler!

The moment Song Shuhang returned to Jiangnan University, his sister immediately dragged him to the hospital.

“Yaya-jie, I definitely did not go to the medicinal store at Guanyuan Street to buy the four drugs for myself. It’s just that one of my acquaintances needed these four drugs, so I wanted to go to the drugstore to confirm them! Really! Look at my eyes, look at how sincere they are! Do you still not believe me? Jie.... Please turn around and look in my eyes, they’re really sincere!” Despite being pulled by Zhao Yaya’s small hands, Song Shuhang didn’t dare to struggle as he was now as strong as a bull. If he used a little force, Zhao Yaya would be sent flying.

If that happened, Zhao Yaya would be frightened. Hence, he could only use words in an attempt to persuade her.

Zhao Yaya turned her head and seriously stared at Song Shuhang’s... eyes.

A moment later, she replied, “Shuhang, there’s eyewax in your eyes.”

Song Shuhang, “.....”

“Alright, don’t be so pesky. Just act like I am giving you a full body checkup for free, okay? Even if you are a normal healthy guy, frequent health checkups will bring no harm!” Zhao Yaya softly said in a calm voice.

However, her heart was nowhere as calm as her face. If Song Shuhang does not cooperate with her, she would feel even more anxious inside.

It can't be that Shuhang has really gotten some disease, right?

Presently, Zhao Yaya's thoughts were completely filled with all kinds of incurable diseases, causing her to panic.

No matter how flowery Song Shuhang's speech was today, she still would not change her mind. Without giving Shuhang a full body checkup, she wouldn't be able to calm herself.

"Okay, I will listen to your orders today, Jie." Song Shuhang replied righteously and openly. He knew that Zhao Yaya was determined to take him to the hospital. He could only feel blessed over the fact that when he enters the hospital, he would not be like his teachers who pitifully entered with a broken leg.

In any case, his physical health was excellent. Even if they gave him a physical examination, they wouldn't be able to find any problems with him.

Come to think of it, from the moment Zhao Yaya grabbed my hand and dragged me, the gazes of everyone nearby had become very sharp.

This kind of sharp gaze was incredibly familiar to him. He had

experienced it a lot while growing up. That was a look of envy from males while his hand was being held intimately by a beautiful woman.

She is my elder sister, and will at most hold my hand (This is only for those who bitterly struggle in the same way.)..... But how would you guys know? Humph humph, go ahead and be envious of me, be jealous of me!

Although Jiangnan University City had its own hospital, it was not within the University City. Rather, it was instead located less than a kilometer away.

After all, the hospital also needed to earn money. If it was built within the University City, it would increase the University's burden of managing and ensuring the safety of all the patients that entered and left the University.

Because the hospital was close by, Zhao Yaya decided to proceed by foot.

Above their heads, the sun selflessly emitted light and heat, giving it's blessings to humankind..... While also roasting the pitiful ones who were scurrying to their destination.

As they walked in the scorching heat, Zhao Yaya's cheeks became red as beads of sweat slid down her fair and delicate face.....

Song Shuhang inwardly sighed, then used his mental energy to direct the cold air from the Ghost Sealing Ice Pearl, enveloping Zhao Yaya within it as well.

“Huh? The weather got cooler?” Zhao Yaya lifted her head towards the sky and saw that the sun was still so hot and bright.

But where is this cool feeling on my body coming from? It’s even better than air conditioning!

“It must be a cool breeze.” Song Shuhang answered without thinking.

Zhao Yaya nodded, but she saw other pedestrians with sweat all over their faces, being toasted like dying dogs..... There didn’t seem to be any cool breeze at all.

“Whatever, let’s take advantage of this cool weather by walking faster.” Zhao Yaya did not think too much about it.

.....

After arriving at the hospital, Zhao Yaya directly dragged Song Shuhang to get a checkup; she had already gotten a number for Shuhang earlier.

“Hurry and come over.” Afraid that Shuhang would flee, she continued to pull his hand.

Song Shuhang obediently followed her.

Jiangnan University City's affiliated hospital was packed with patients. Recently, most of them had gotten a cold. Many people in the Jiangnan region were being impacted by the climate here. In the morning it got so hot that people sweat like dogs; yet in the evening, people curled up in their beds shivering. The conscripts of the great army of seasonal colds steadily increased..... Good for business.

Because majority of the patients were students, Song Shuhang saw many familiar faces as he walked. However, as they were only slightly acquainted, they would leave with a smile after a quick greeting.

“Zhao Yaya, are we still not there?” Song Shuhang had already been pulled for a long time. Why did the hospital create such a complicated passageway? Did they have nothing better to do? If someone needed emergency treatment, what would you do if they suddenly died after enduring an endless journey through the hallways?

“We're almost there.” Zhao Yaya replied without turning her head.

After walking for another long period of time.....

Song Shuhang saw another familiar figure.

That's the office worker uncle. He was wearing a white shirt, black pants, and held a briefcase under his left arm. Even though he was in a hospital, he still seemed to be in a rush as though he was living a life of oppression.

Yes, this was the same uncle that dropped money in front of Song Shuhang and accused Song Shuhang of being a swindler.

If I remember correctly, he dropped about 150 RMB?

Furthermore, I saw him on the subway this afternoon.

At that time, Shuhang was entering the subway while this man was exiting the subway. It looked like this uncle was secretly following someone at that time.

This uncle and I must really be tied together by karma. Seems like it's predestined that I return the 150 RMB! Song Shuhang sighed and shouted at the uncle: "Uncle, uncle! Hey, how are you!"

Zhao Yaya asked with doubt: "Your acquaintance?"

The uncle in front turned his head and stared at Song Shuhang blankly. Evidently, this uncle had completely forgotten Song Shuhang.

"Uncle, it's me! Last time when you were in front of me, you

dropped the 150 RMB and I helped you picked it up! We are lucky to have met again, I must return the money to you this time!” Song Shuhang looked for his wallet and prepared to take out 150 RMB.

As Song Shuhang was talking, the uncle’s lit up in remembrance. He pointed his finger and said: “Swindler?”

“.....” Song Shuhang.

“Uncle, I am not a swindler. It was you who dropped the 150 RMB. All I wanted to do was pick it up and return it to you! Now I can finally return it to you!” Song Shuhang patiently explained. As they had met coincidentally so many times, there could be considered to be a little fate between them. Thus, he was able to exercise more patience.

The uncle’s complexion changed and he muttered: “Are all swindlers so ballsy nowadays? They would actually follow me and try to swindle me? This time you brought an assistant too? Is this still a society guided by laws? How disgusting, do you take me for a fool? Hmph, it’s useless..... I know your real purpose, and there is no way I will be duped by you guys.”

Having said his piece, the uncle nimbly turned his body and left quickly.

Song Shuhang was stretching out his hand while holding the 150 RMB. Currently, his hand was neither fully stretched out nor was it withdrawn.

Uncle, from start to finish, I have never thought of you as a foolish person, but the problem is, you really are foolish!

Zhao Yaya felt the surrounding people beginning to stare at them. Helplessly, she could only pull back Song Shuhang's slightly outstretched hand. "You rottenly good guy! Ignore that uncle, let's go."

Song Shuhang didn't know whether to laugh or cry, so he sought comfort from Zhao Yaya, "Jie, in what way do I look like a swindler?"

"Okay okay, you are a good boy, you don't look like a swindler at all." Zhao Yaya laughed and quickly pulled Shuhang away from the scene.

Chapter 95: The Inconceivable Patient

They examined his height, weight, physique, blood, urine, electrocardiogram, and even his liver function, kidney function, blood lipid level, and more. Song Shuhang was in a daze. He felt like a marionette, being plugged to various apparatuses for tests.

Only after great difficulty were all of the tests completed. Shuhang felt more tired than after he had practiced the Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique once. Right now, he did not even feel like moving a single finger.

Also, when he took off his clothes for the checkup earlier, the female doctor's gaze was as though she wanted to eat him up, causing Shuhang to feel uncomfortable all over.

Currently, Zhao Yaya accompanied him in the waiting room, awaiting the examination results. It would be done in approximately half an hour.

Thanks to the rapid improvements in science and technology recent years, the hospital's efficiency had improved greatly. Otherwise, if it was four or five years ago, it would have taken approximately a week to get the results of the full body checkup.

Zhao Yaya looked very nervous and restless; every so often, she would get up to walk around. She feared that half an hour later, she would be told that Shuhang was terminally ill. If the full body checkup results still took a whole week like four or five years ago, who knew how Zhao Yaya would endure the seemingly endless

wait?

Yet, Shuhang heartlessly let his thoughts drift, His mind wandered, replaying the recent events that occurred in his mind.

When he thought of the hospital, he suddenly remembered something.

“Oh right, isn’t Professor Renshui in this hospital? Perhaps I should go buy some fruits and visit him in a while.” Shuhang mumbled to himself as he thought of this.

Professor Renshui was the teacher who, due to having an afternoon class, had both his legs broken by Lady Soft Feather’s magic, landing him in the hospital. Originally, Lady Soft Feather only wanted to break one of his legs, but who would have known that when Professor Renshui fell from his bed, his posture caused him to only suffer a sprain. As a result, there wasn’t a result, he still had to be hospitalized!

Although I did not hurt him myself, he was hurt because of me.

Although Miss Soft Feather said that she had already compensated Professor Renshui for the incident, Shuhang still felt very guilty.

“Professor Renshui? Your teacher?” Zhao Yaya asked.

“Yeah, I heard that he was injured a few days ago and had to be

hospitalized. In a while, I will ask the front desk which ward he is in.” Shuhang sighed.

While he was talking, a female doctor with glasses entered and said with a smile: “Professor Renshui? The professor who broke both of his legs? I still can’t believe that he broke both of his legs just by falling off his bed, it’s really quite unlikely. I do happen to know where he is being hospitalized. He’s in building 8B ward 532. Many doctors in our hospital know of him. Are you his student?”

The female doctor pushed her glasses up and laughed. She was the one who gave Shuhang a body check up and looked as if she wanted to eat him up. Song Shuhang felt that her gaze was very frightening.

“Haha, Teacher Renshui’s leg injuries are really inconceivable. Thank you, I will visit him in a while.” Song Shuhang felt increasingly guilty. It seemed like Professor Renshui’s injuries were not just to his legs, his spirit had also taken a heavy blow.

I reckon that the professor breaking both legs from falling off the bed would remain a running joke for a long time.

Zhao Yaya did not care about Professor Renshui whatsoever. All she cared about was Song Shuhang’s health report. “Doctor Li, is Shuhang’s health report out? There’s no issue with my younger brother’s body, right?”

“All I can say is.....he can’t possibly get any healthier. Frankly, I really have no idea why you brought your younger brother here for

a full body checkup with a worried face. Come and take a look at the report yourself. Your younger brother is literally as strong as a bull. If I didn't personally conduct his full body checkup, I would be suspecting if this report is actually real. This report does not look like a student's health report, it seems more like the report of a national athlete." Doctor Li laughed. He is actually even more all-rounded and robust than a professional athlete!

That being said, Zhao Yaya's younger brother has a physique that didn't show his muscles while he was clothed. When he took off his shirt for the checkup earlier, those well-shaped and defined muscles truly make him a captivating handsome man. If it weren't because I already have a husband, I might really consider romance with a younger man?

"Are you absolutely sure that there are no illnesses?" Zhao Yaya saw rows of numbers indicating health far above the norm, but she still asked with a worried tone.

"Yaya, are you hoping that your brother has an incurable disease? Are you a brocon that prefers a sick and delicate brother?" Doctor Li pushed her glasses up and asked with a laugh. She was able to joke without holding back because she was already acquainted with Zhao Yaya.

"Of course not!" Zhao Yaya was ashamed and angrily rolled her eyes at Song Shuhang.

You can't blame me. If you want something to blame on, you can only blame that incident for being such a coincidence. Song Shuhang innocently shrugged his shoulders.

Zhao Yaya's expression seemed very fierce, but inside, she secretly sighed in relief.

She could finally stop worrying about the possibility that Shuhang had an incurable disease. She looked at the health report with her face filled with happiness. Looks like this brat is really training, that's great.

.....

At this moment, a young nurse knocked on the door, and asked shyly: "Doctor Li, are you here?"

"What do you need?" Doctor Li asked.

The patient from building 8B room 570 is here again, do you need to go and take a look?" When the nurse smiled, a very cute dimple was revealed.

"She came again? Alright, I will be right there." Doctor Li creased her eyebrows and rubbed her temples.

Zhao Yaya saw the doctor's frown and asked, "Is it a really troublesome patient?"

"Troublesome, And also very inconceivable." Doctor Li explained: "The patient is a young woman, a little younger than

your little brother. However, her condition is a little weird.....She looks totally fine from the outside, but her internal organs and some of her tissues are carbonizing. Till now, I'm still wondering how she managed to injure herself to the state of 'tender on the outside but charred on the inside. If I had not personally examined her, I would suspect that someone was playing a joke on me. I'm sorry for saying this, but with her wounds, nobody could possibly survive. There's simply no way to save her. However, this young lady is somehow still alive!"

"Furthermore, the young lady seems to know that she is going to die and is very open about life and death. Since the very beginning, she had never asked us to save her life. Instead, she would only come to get an injection of analgesics and get some painkillers when the pain becomes unbearable. This may sound bad but when a patient like this comes, we always tell them to go back home and have a good meal. The hospital will not accept such a patient if possible. However, for unknown reasons, after she met with the director of the hospital, he personally came and prepared a special room for her. From then on, I was assigned to regularly give her physical examinations, analgesic injections and prescribe painkillers.

"Furthermore, what I find the most disturbing is that every time she comes to receive an injection, she would bring her own needles. Have you ever heard of a patient that brings their own needles? In my whole life, I have never met any patient like this before.

"Listening to your story, she does sound like a troublesome patient." Zhao Yaya rubbed her temples.

This world is huge, there is nothing that is too bizarre. Song Shuhang calmly replied inside. From the day that his worldview was destroyed, even if someone told him that Superman was visiting Huaxia as a guest tomorrow, he would still be able to remain calm.

“It’s been tough on you, Doctor Li, we shall not bother you any further.” Zhao Yaya rose and thanked Doctor Li. She still had to return to Jiangnan University City for her internship as a doctor.

Song Shuhang also said his goodbyes, “Thank you Doctor Li, Bye~”

At the same moment, on the 5th floor of building 8B of Jiangnan University city’s affiliated hospital.

An office worker uncle stopped in his steps, gnashed his teeth and said: “I feel it, I finally feel it! The Su Clan’s little girl is right here! Su Clan’s Ah Qi... Ah Qi, the detestable Ah Qi!”

After pursuing this junior for so many days, I finally found a trail! This time, I definitely can’t lose it!

However, in the next moment, his complexion changed again. The Su Clan junior’s aura... disappeared again?

Chapter 96: Ill Fate

After bidding farewell to Doctor Li, Song Shuhang asked Zhao Yaya: “Jie, I’m planning to visit Professor Renshui later, would you like to come along?”

“I’m not even his student, why would I go with you? I’ll return to Jiangnan University City first, there are still many things there that require my help.” Jiangnan University City’s sports festival was a famous event and a lot of people would get injured during the competition; as a medical intern, she was very busy.

Thinking about the sports festival, Zhao Yaya was reminded of something.

She rolled Song Shuhang’s physical examination report into a tube, and forcefully smacked his head with it: “I have a question that I want to ask you, what was up with the tall dark-skinned fellow at the 5km race? I heard other people say that that fellow ran the 5km together with you. At first, the two of you were far ahead of the other contestants. But at the end the big blackie fainted for some reason? He was muttering: ‘Second place, is yours! Second place is mine!’ like he was possessed, all the way until he was delivered to us for treatment, what happened?”

That dark skinned student?

“He was hung up on second place even after he was delivered to the medical centre? What a stubborn winning mentality.” Song Shuhang sighed: “Although that big blackie had tenacious

willpower, his mouth was a little foul. I could see his burning desire to win during his competition with me. The two of us pretty much led the others by three laps... In the midst of it, I saw that his desire to win was very strong, and decided to give him a hand. Truthfully, with his abilities he could definitely obtain first place. However, the current me is slightly stronger than him. Yes, a very good opponent indeed.”

“...” Zhao Yaya said: “Although you described it very sincerely, for some reason, I can still feel the deep ridicule in your words. Maybe I can understand the reason why that big blackie fainted.”

“I really didn’t ridicule.” Song Shuhang shrugged his shoulders.

“Yes yes, you didn’t ridicule.” Zhao Yaya smiled: “I’m heading back to the University City, call me if you need anything. Be careful not to spout nonsense when you visit Professor Renshui.”

“Understood, I always behave appropriately when I speak.” Song Shuhang refuted.

...

After parting with Zhao Yaya, Song Shuhang left the hospital to buy a bag of apples, and also picked out a ripe watermelon.

The fruits were sold at truly ripoff prices, it was at least twice that of the fruit market. Especially the bag of apples, the store’s boss was itching to sell it by the gram.

Afterwards, Song Shuhang found building 8B, climbed to the fifth floor, found Room 532 where Professor Renshui was, and reached out to knock on the door.

“Please enter, the door is not locked.” Professor Renshui’s voice was heard from the inside, due to both legs being broken, he was unable to get up to open the door, so the door was always left half open.

Song Shuhang pushed the door open, entered, and was immediately greeted by the sight of Professor Renshui.

The professor was currently lying on the hospital bed, with both legs wrapped in casts and suspended in the air. This position became increasingly shameful the more he looked at it.

“Erm, hello, you are?” Professor Renshui found Song Shuhang very familiar, most likely one of his students. However, due to the fact that he taught many classes, the number of students he had was simply too many, he couldn’t remember all their names.

“Hello professor, I am Song Shuhang from Jiangnan University’s School of Mechanical Engineering, Machinery Designs and Manufacturing Faculty’s 19th department’s 43rd class.” Song Shuhang introduced himself with a shy smile: “I came to the hospital today for a checkup, knowing that you were also in the hospital, I decided to visit you, Professor.”

The introduction was too long and saying it all in one go made

one people feel as though they couldn't catch their breath.

“Haha, sorry to trouble you.” Professor Renshui's mood instantly lifted, there was a student that personally visited him, didn't this mean that he was fairly popular among the students?

The name of Song Shuhang, was also committed to memory by Professor Renshui. Professor Renshui decided in his heart to give Song Shuhang a small surprise for this semester's results.

Song Shuhang chatted happily with the professor after sitting down.

They talked about interesting things that happened at the university recently, and about the sports festival that was currently underway. Also making fun of the long and unchanging speech of the festival spokesperson every year.

Professor Renshui was an exceptionally eloquent teacher, with his intentional guidance, the atmosphere between the two of them was never stiff.

An occasion where both guest and host were enjoying themselves.

...

At this time, in the hallway of the 5th floor rooms, an uncle dressed as an office worker was currently knocking and opening

the doors, room after room.

“530, this isn’t it either. Damn it, which room is Su Clan’s junior hiding in!” The office worker uncle clenched his teeth, then opened Room 531.

The bony old man inside raised his head in confusion and looked at the uncle: “Kid, who are you looking for?”

“Excuse me, I opened the wrong door.” the office worker uncle laughed dryly, then proceeded to close the door.

Previously, he had felt the vague presence of that junior from the Su Clan right here in this building. But when he had chased it all the way to the fifth floor, the other party suddenly concealed their presence.

Therefore, he could only confirm that the other party was on the 5th floor, but not which room they were in.

To find the target, the office worker uncle could only use this primitive method of checking each and every room one by one.

However, he had already checked 30 rooms, yet there was still no trace of the Su Clan’s junior.

Has the trail really been lost again?

I must hurry, if I'm too slow, that Su Clan's junior might leave the hospital, then I'll have wasted all this time for nothing. The office worker uncle thought to himself.

He focused his mind again, moved up to room 532, and knocked on the door.

After which, he noticed that the door was not locked; so as to save time, he directly opened the door and entered the room.

"Huh? Who are you?" Professor Renshui heard the door open, and looked confusingly at the office worker uncle, who he had never seen before.

Song Shuhang also turned around, an expression of astonishment appeared on his face.

"Excuse me, wrong door... eh? Swindler?" The office worker uncle paused mid sentence, and exclaimed after seeing Song Shuhang.

Song Shuhang felt a nerve on his forehead throb!

"Hey uncle, as the saying goes, don't repeat the same mistake thrice, this is already the third time you've slandered me! Even if I have a good temper, I will also get angry you know!" Song Shuhang rubbed his temple, talking through clenched teeth.

"Sor... I'm sorry. I entered the wrong room, I'll leave right now!"

The office worker uncle decisively turned around, an expression of spurn indicating he didn't want to be even slightly involved with Song Shuhang.

Song Shuhang hurriedly exclaimed: "Hey uncle, don't you move!"

But that uncle had disappeared like a ghost, fleeing away at light speed, denying Song Shuhang any opportunity to explain.

"..." Song Shuhang raised his head, tempted to curse. He had by chance met this uncle thrice in a single day, they could be considered brought together by fate. However, this was definitely an ill fate!

"?" Professor Renshui sent a confused look towards Song Shuhang

"I yield to this uncle." Song Shuhang rubbed his temples, concisely explaining to Professor Renshui how he was seen as a swindler after trying to return the money on that day.

Professor Renshui laughed heartily after hearing the explanation, there was actually such an outrageous person in the world. The professor then felt that he wasn't the only unfortunate person in the world and his heart felt a lot more at peace.

"Professor, no matter what, I'm going to return the money to that uncle today. I'll leave the fruits here, I'm going to find that

uncle now, bye!” Song Shuhang got up and bid farewell.

“Go on and explain it to him, I believe that as long as he isn’t truly a fool, he should be able to understand. Remember to leave the door half open for me.” Professor Renshui merrily waved goodbye.

The problem is... that uncle really is a fool!

After Song Shuhang said goodbye, he left the hospital room to chase after that uncle.

Chapter 97: One Floor Away From The Destined Person

When Song Shuhang ran out of the room, there was already no trace of that uncle.

With great haste he immediately searched every passageway on the 5th floor to no avail.

“Such speed? Where could he have gone in such a short amount of time?” Song Shuhang muttered depressingly. I merely explained how I met that uncle to Professor Renshui with just a few simple sentences yet...

Could this uncle have used his 100m sprinting speeds to escape from me, the ‘swindler’?

Bastard, there must be a limit to misunderstandings, right?!

In the end, Song Shuhang sighed, and headed towards the fourth floor... his only option was to look for that foolish uncle on the way out of the hospital. It would be great if he could find him, but if he couldn't then it couldn't be helped.

Right now, he didn't have the time to search the whole building to return 150RMB to that uncle. That uncle is foolish, but he certainly couldn't accompany him in his foolishness, right?

...

Right as Song Shuhang was leaving the 5th floor, a figure dropped from the ceiling of a corridor on the 5th floor. It was that uncle! In order to hide from Song Shuhang, he had hung from the ceiling like Spiderman, and had held on tiresomely.

“Tch, a mere swindler wants to find me? Too naive!” the uncle sneered, and continued to enter rooms one by one, according to their number. 533, 534, 535!

Su Clan’s junior, you can’t run from me! I will find you even if I have to flip the entire floor upside down! The uncle was overflowing with confidence. He had a premonition that he would be blessed with good luck today!

When leaving the house today, he purposefully had an expert tell his fortune. The fortune said he would meet a destined person today!

Destined person? Hmph, in this godforsaken place, apart from that Su Clan’s junior, what other kind of ‘destined person’ could he meet?

Shuhang circled the 4th floor in passing with no result.

Could he have gone to the upper floors then?

Whatever, forget it.

If they were to ever meet again... he definitely wouldn't waste his breath. Instead, he would first charge up and give him a punch, then throw him down onto the ground and keep him under control! He wouldn't let the uncle speak, and wouldn't give him any opportunity to run. Then, he'll give the uncle a good and proper explanation!

Even a great monk would get angry from being misunderstood again and again, alright!?

Thinking to this point, Song Shuhang clenched his fists, imagining if that uncle was in front of him. He let out a light shout as he punched the air twice with force, as if those two punches were smashing against that uncle's face!

After that, he noticed that the surrounding passer-bys were giving him strange looks..... If while walking you suddenly noticed someone letting out a strange shout while continuously punching the air, you would naturally feel curious and stare at him.

Song Shuhang felt the urge to cover his face.

I'm really too unlucky!

"Cough, cough." He firmly coughed twice, assumed an

unperturbed expression, and continued down the stairs.

...

It seemed to be a trend to meet familiar people today.

At the entrance to the 3rd floor stair landing, Song Shuhang once again met a familiar face. It was a delicate young girl, with short hair and a pretty face. Right now, she was leaning onto the handrail, hobbling down the stairs.

Isn't she that girl who was in a [kabe-don](#) state, then turned invincible and beat up those hooligans who put her in that state in a matter seconds?

[TL: Kabe means wall and don is the thud of someone hitting it. Kabe-don is a move that became popular because of shoujo manga]

Perhaps feeling Song Shuhang's gaze, the young girl perceptively turned her head around, meeting his gaze.

Song Shuhang scratched his head, laughing dryly, "Hey, what a coincidence, you're also here in the hospital?"

He actually didn't really want to converse with this young girl... because she was a bit too cold and detached. When he talked to her, he felt like his good intentions were faced with a splash of cold water. Now that their eyes met, Song Shuhang felt that it would be impolite to ignore her and had no choice but to reluctantly greet her.

The young girl blinked her eyes, seeming to recall something. Moments later, she nodded her head, “Oh, it’s you.”

“Haha, yeah. I was dragged over here by my sister to have a health checkup. What about you, did you hurt your feet?” Song Shuhang noticed that the young girl was leaning on the handrails as she walked.

“Mhmm, I’m a little injured.” Answered the young girl whose eyes were slightly downcast.

It was a surprise that he could communicate with this young lady today!

“Then... do you need help? Do you live near Jiangnan University City?” Song Shuhang’s rottenly good nature flared up again. With her injured feet, he could escort her home on his way back if she lived near Jiangnan University City.

“No need.” The young girl shook her head, then continued leaning on the handrails, stubbornly limping down the stairs.

Feeling as if she was suffering a lot of hardship, Song Shuhang thought for a moment, then walked behind her and suggested, “Actually, this hospital has elevators, if your feet are injured, you can take the elevator directly down.”

“...” The young girl stiffened, obviously she forgot about the

elevator. Being reminded by Song Shuhang made her rather embarrassed.

So she turned her head away, ignored Song Shuhang, and increased her speed down the stairs.

Even if they were able to communicate today, this young lady was still difficult to converse with. Song Shuhang secretly sighed. Never mind, he wasn't the kind of rottenly good natured person that would insist on helping even though the receiving party didn't want it.

"That's right, did you come down from the 5th floor? Did you bump into an uncle in office attire that was in a hurry?" Song Shuhang asked in passing.

The young girl pondered a bit, then shook her head, "No, I didn't."

"Looks like that uncle fled upstairs." Song Shuhang rubbed his eyebrows. As expected, the thought process of a fool couldn't be understood by a normal person!

Not good, I don't want to think about that uncle anymore. Just the thought of him makes my liver throb in pain.

I should go back to Medicine Master's place first!

Previously, he had promised Medicine Master that he would go

back to help him with his experiments to improve the Body Tempering Liquid recipe after finishing his business with Zhao Yaya.

Additionally, he needed to find a place to eat.

Thanks to Altar Master, he was busy from noon till now without any chance to have a sip of water.

.....

He thought as he walked, and arrived on the ground floor soon after.

Although that young girl was limping along while leaning on the handrails, her speed going down the stairs wasn't any slower than his! He had only just arrived on the ground floor, yet the young girl reached right after him.

Does she have some strange pride that urges her from falling behind Shuhang?

However, once she left the handrails, the young girl wasn't able to maintain her balance and fell sideways.

Song Shuhang reflexively reached out his arm to support her.

“How about I assist you to the hospital entrance, then find a cab

to send you home?” Shuhang tried asking.

The young girl sniffed a bit, and squeezed out two words after a long while, “Thank you.”

Song Shuhang paused, then laughed saying, “You’re welcome.”

Song Shuhang originally wanted to call for a taxi for the short haired girl after assisting her out of the hospital, but after reaching the door, he was stunned.

There were many taxis, but it simply wouldn’t be their turn any time soon.

There were too many patients today, the moment the taxis stopped, a passenger would get onboard. The taxi would then drive off into the distance in a blink of an eye.

“How about we go ahead to an intersection close by, it should be easier to hail a taxi there.” Song Shuhang inquired.

“Mm, ok.” The short haired girl replied weakly.

As a result, Song Shuhang helped her out of the hospital, and headed towards an intersection close by.

At this moment, on the 5th floor of the hospital building 8B.

The uncle took a deep breath as he opened the last room there with shaking hands. It was empty inside.

The uncle who was brimming with confidence... was petrified.

Lost the trail again?

Fortune tellers are all god damn swindlers! Where's that destined person? I didn't find the Su Clan's junior at all.

Also, that swindler he met today wasted so much of his time! If that swindler didn't create trouble for him, he might've found that Su Clan's junior by now!

The next time he meets that swindler, he would definitely not give him any time to speak, he would charge up and give him a punch, knocking him to the ground!

The uncle imagined the swindler in front of him, punched the air twice with clenched fists, as if those two punches were hitting Shuhang's face!

It could be foreseen that the next time Shuhang and that uncle meet, both sides would without a word, charge up, simultaneously send a 'friendly face breaking punch' towards the other's face, with the intention of pounding the other unconscious.

Chapter 98: An Amusing And Rottenly Good Person

Not far from Jiangnan University City's affiliated hospital, around the corner of an intersection...

Today, Old Zhou was very depressed. He made on a call while driving to the company, a man suddenly charged towards his car with 100m dash speeds as he was turning through the corner of an intersection.

It frightened Old Zhou so much that he hurriedly dropped his phone. Gripped the steering wheel and turned, successfully dodging that man who was dashing towards him. Old Zhou silently let out a breath. Your momma, that was too dangerous! You're lucky that my driving skills are impeccable, otherwise you would be dead, lad!

But before Old Zhou's thumping heart could calm down, the man suddenly defied the laws of physics and fell backward, rolled back three times, then hugged his leg with a pained face, screaming, "Ow! My leg, my leg is broken!"

The man's miserable shrieks quickly attracted an oblivious crowd of onlookers.

The crowd didn't know the truth, whether it was the car that hit the person, or the person had hit the car, they began to discuss amongst themselves.

Fucker! Little rascal, you didn't even bump into this old man's car, okay? Did you slam into a wall of air? This old man isn't some ability user, I don't have an air wall skill!

This is the legendary insurance scam right?

However, don't they say that insurance scammers would always look for luxury cars to hit? How can my crappy car attract insurance scammers?

Old Zhou was unaware, business was hard in these times, they wouldn't care what kind of car you drive.

Old Zhou sighed with a face full of bitter misfortune. There were no surveillance cameras nearby, and his crappy car also didn't have any dash cams installed.

He reached into his pocket, all he found was various cards, 20RMB of cash, and two 1RMB coins.

22RMB, I guess it isn't enough to get rid of that man howling on the ground? This person's award-winning acting was worth more than 20RMB by itself!

....

Song Shuhang just happened to be helping the short haired

young girl to the intersection, intending to hire a taxi there.

The two of them coincidentally saw the process of this ‘traffic accident’.

“This is man-bump-car right?” the short haired young girl said indifferently. From her angle it could be seen that the car had missed, but that man lunged towards the car, then fell to the ground screaming.

“It’s not man-bump-car... they didn’t even touch.” Song Shuhang’s sight was excellent now, from his angle it could be clearly seen that the man hadn’t even touched the car, yet still fell down to the ground screaming.

“Oh, I know this is called an insurance scam.” The short haired young girl glanced at Shuhang: “Are you going to go be a witness?”

This rottenly good person loves meddling in others affairs, there’s no way he wouldn’t go up to help, right?

“There’s no point if there aren’t enough witnesses, besides we don’t have any recordings, there aren’t any surveillance cameras nearby either.” Song Shuhang shook his head, the man screaming on the ground was no doubt a professional, as he chose an area perfect for insurance scams.

“Are you going to ignore it then?” The short haired girl pondered a bit, suddenly her eyes lit up: “How about we go and beat up that

guy screaming on the ground?”

“Please don’t, violence can’t solve everything, this will only cause greater problems for the driver!” Song Shuhang hastily admonished: “Leave it to me! Wait here for me, I’ll call a taxi for you in a moment..... By the way, do you have enough money on you?”

The short haired girl’s face stiffened as she shook her head.

“I’ll lend you some for now, return it to me if we meet again.” Song Shuhang took 50RMB from his pocket, and stuffed it into the short haired girl’s hands. In any case, he had recently received a small fortune, allowing him to be generous.

Without waiting for the short haired girl’s reply, Song Shuhang quickly strode towards where the accident happened. He pushed through the crowd of onlookers.

“Excuse me, excuse me!” With his well developed muscles, he quickly squeezed through the crowd.

Then, he knelt next to the man screaming on the ground, and stared at him for a bit: “Hey, looks like you are badly hurt.”

The man howling on the ground furtively glanced at Shuhang, then howled even more miserably.

Shuhang coughed, then proclaimed: “Mr. Driver, look how badly

this person's been hit, how about you come over here and compensate tens of thousands to resolve the matter?"

The man howling on the ground instantly felt reassured inside. He was originally worried that this handsome youngster was here to expose him, he didn't expect this young man to actually assist him so beautifully. He was instantly overjoyed, and screamed even more excitedly.

Inside the car, Old Zhou touched the 22RMB in his pocket, and quietly let out a sigh. With his phone in hand, he planned to call the police first.

"Mr. Driver, what are you waiting for? Quickly get out of the car." As Song Shuhang spoke, his hands were touching all over the insurance scammer.

The insurance scammer felt there was something fishy about this young man. The young man's hands were touching him all over. Could it be that he's a homo? Taking advantage of me? Sexually harassing me?

Suddenly, the insurance scammer had goosebumps all over his body.

However... he was a very talented actor, albeit not a professional one. Although he was being sexually harassed, he still gritted his teeth and endured it.

He couldn't stop screaming in pain!

Very quickly, the insurance scammer realized that something wasn't right.

That good-looking young man had reached his hand into his pocket and took his wallet out.

Inside that wallet was his entire fortune, about 2000RMB.

That money was meant to be his hospitalization fees in case he encountered an accident while scamming. Insurance scamming was a dangerous profession; if he chanced upon a homicidal driver or female driver, he might get seriously injured and have to be hospitalized. In the event that that happens, what if that female driver didn't have any cash on her, or if that homicidal driver had questionable morals and choose to hit-and-run?

Nowadays hospitals would only treat you if you had money. What can you do if you don't have money on you?

After saying so much, all he meant in the end was that there was money in his wallet!

The good-looking young man pulled out his bulging wallet and seemed very satisfied. Then, the young man shot a smile towards him. And then.... the young man stood up, took to his heels and bolted away, disappearing in the blink of an eye.

The insurance scammer came to realize, this fucker was here to profit from his misfortune: “Fuck your ancestors!”

The insurance scammer flipped over, promptly getting up. Chasing with all haste, “Stand still, you fucker, stand still for me, don’t run! Go to hell!”

He could get a few hundred RMB at the most from that crappy car he had tried to scam earlier, but there was at least 2000RMB in his own wallet.

The crowd hadn’t known the truth at first, but they then saw the man who had just been screaming in pain on the ground stand up agilely and swiftly chase after the young man. How was this man’s leg broken? It’s a scammer as expected!

Old Zhou quietly heaved a sigh of relief in his car, and the hand that was holding on to the 22RMB also relaxed. Thinking of that good-looking young man in his mind, Old Zhou exclaimed: “In these times, there are still good people.”

Afterwards, he started up his crappy car and drove away.

On the other side, the short haired girl who had watched the entire process with a tensed expression couldn’t resist letting out a laugh.

.....

In high spirits, Shuhang led the scammer for a 1800m run, until the latter couldn't catch his breath. When the scammer's face turned pale and leaned against a wall to vomit, Shuhang raised his speed and left him in the dust.

In the process, he even had the time to call out to a taxi. He told the driver to go to the intersection to pick up that short haired young girl. The driver uncle happily went to pick her up....

The scammer watched Song Shuhang's fleeting figure in despair, immensely depressed in his heart. Since you can run that fast, why the hell did you lead me on for such a pointlessly long chase? Couldn't you just shake me off earlier?

.....

A taxi stopped in front of the short haired young girl: "Young lady, are you the person that some young man just called me to pick up?"

"Yeah, it's me." The short haired girl gripped the 50RMB notes and boarded the taxi.

Yup, an amusing and rottenly good person.

Chapter 99: Why Do Seniors Communicate Through A Chatting App?

“In any case, I showed my face in front of that scammer for so long... he should be able to remember me. I wonder when he’ll find some help and come to the University City to find me?” Song Shuhang lightly tossed the bulging wallet in his hands, hoping they would party up and come find him, giving him the opportunity to train his Foundation Building Fist Technique.

Real combat would allow him to deepen his comprehension of the Foundation Building Fist Technique.

Although as a cultivator, using normal people for practice was a little degrading... but currently he did not have any good opponents. It would be better to quickly get stronger, so he could find an appropriate practice partner.

.....

After casually eating some food, Shuhang hastened to Medicine Master’s house, assisting Senior in perfecting the Body Tempering Liquid as usual.

This time, Medicine Master added two more ordinary chinese herbs, causing the final product to have an additional spoonful.

It was already four in the afternoon when the medicine refining was over.

“Excellent, my train of thought these few days was accurate. I’ll be able to finish perfecting the new recipe in two days.” Medicine Master was extremely contented. He then handed over the Body Tempering Liquid and a stink pellet over to Shuhang.

“Thank you Senior.” Song Shuhang received the two treasures, and leaned back on the chair to recover from the weariness from refining.

“Furthermore, tomorrow I’ll have Ziyan bring over a ‘fire manipulation artifact’, I’ll give you some time then to familiarise yourself with the fire manipulation artifact. Before I leave the Jiangnan region, I’ll teach you how to use a refining furnace to try the new recipe out.” Medicine Master laughed.

When the Body Tempering Liquid’s recipe is perfected, he will leave Jiangnan region. Before that, Song Shuhang could take the opportunity to familiarise himself with the medicinal pill refining furnace.

“No problem, but... Senior, you’re leaving so soon?” Song Shuhang was happy to cooperate. Actually, a lot of his knowledge on refining medicinal pills was inadvertently learned by being at Medicine Master’s side. The knowledge gained was a priceless treasure!

“I have been here for quite a long time, if I continue to stay here, there would be many people who would visit for medicinal pills, how troublesome.” Medicine Master lowered his head to record

the data obtained from the current experiment. Without even raising his head, he asked, “By the way, are there any problems with your cultivation over the last two days?”

“No, cultivation has been going smoothly.” Song Shuhang nodded. It was just the most basic hundred days of foundation building after all.

“That’s good then. I still have the same advice for you. When you run into any problems, immediately ask the seniors in the group. Don’t try to blindly solve it yourself. If any problems occur, your path of cultivation might end right there and then.” Medicine Master instructed him with prudence.

“Yes, I’ll remember it in my heart. That’s right, Senior, I wanted to ask. When a Buddhist cultivator purifies a soul, will it help to strengthen their physique?” Song Shuhang thought of the Caucasian monk in the train.

Although the amount of strengthening from purifying souls wasn’t much, it was much more effective than simply running.

“Now that you mention it, it sounds a bit familiar. Whenever a Buddhist helps to purify a soul, they’ll acquire a small amount of good karma and it can help to strengthen the hardiness of their bodies. However, it doesn’t have much effect on 2nd Stage cultivators and above. Why? Are you thinking of becoming a monk and taking shelter in Buddhism? Recently, society has been paying attention to harmony and the meaning of existence, becoming a monk is a pretty good choice.” Medicine Master smiled as he asked.

“Senior, please don’t joke. I still intend to find a girlfriend during my time as a college student.” Song Shuhang quickly waved his hand, and said, “I want to know if there’s any similar method of purifying souls in Daoism? Can it also strengthen the body?”

“There should be. However, my specialty is in refining medicinal pills. I don’t know much about practising the five virtues. If you have the time, go and ask the group. One of the seniors might have a soul purification technique from one of the Daos in their hands.” Medicine Master chuckled. He had been a disciple of refining medicinal pills from the start, he had never lacked any medicinal pills since he was young. When building his foundation, he was given unlimited amounts of Qi and Blood Pills. He didn’t even need to think about going to learn some soul purification techniques.

Song Shuhang quietly nodded. There was no point being impatient over this matter.

“By the way, Senior, when I killed Altar Master, I met a Caucasian monk from a Buddhist sect.” Song Shuhang gave Medicine Master a simplified narration of what happened on the train.

“I’m a little concerned about that fellow. I thought that he would have some method to resolve the issue of Altar Master’s corpse on the subway. I didn’t think that that fellow would simply confess to the crime so brazenly.” Song Shuhang was torn between laughter and tears as he spoke.

“Pfft, that’s a rather interesting fellow.” Medicine Master couldn’t help but laugh. After thinking for a moment, he said, “I don’t think you need to worry about that. Since he was confident about taking responsibility, he definitely has a way to escape. In the past few years, the secular world has been developing faster and faster, while the cultivation world has also formed an increasing number of ties with the secular world. Perhaps that Caucasian monk would be freed soon.”

With Medicine Master’s affirmation, Song Shuhang felt less worried.

I hope that that Caucasian monk is okay.

He should be fine, right? The image of the Caucasian monk letting out a bright, wide smile at the moment he was captured surfaced in Song Shuhang’s mind again.

.....

Medicine Master was still furiously writing notes on his notebook.

Song Shuhang took the chance to find a place by the side and practised one round of 《Vajra Foundation Building Fist Technique》 and 《True Self Meditation Scripture》. After returning to school, he had to find a place to practise secretly, still worried about being seen.

He was the most carefree when practising at Medicine Master's place.

Once he finished a round of practise and guided the qi and blood into his heart acupoint, Song Shuhang let out a heavy breath, feeling light in his body and heart.

At this moment, Medicine Master had already finished his notes. He nodded at Shuhang, "Not bad, you've become very good at controlling the amount of qi and blood you guide into your heart acupoint. It won't be too long before you complete your hundred day foundation building."

"Hehe." Song Shuhang bashfully smiled.

After that, Medicine Master took advantage of the free time to explain to Shuhang some basic cultivation knowledge and points to take note of during cultivation.

While in the midst of chatting, Song Shuhang finally asked a question he had long wanted to ask, "While we're on this topic... Senior, there's a matter I've been minding for a while."

"What is it?"

"Why do you seniors have to use a chatting app to talk? There should be some 'Thousand Mile Voice Transmission' or some cool communication technique amongst the magic arts, right? Wouldn't that be even more impressive as well as safer and more

private as well?” Song Shuhang asked. Then there wouldn’t be people who accidentally stumble into the group like I had, right?

“Is there a need to think about it? It’s because it’s simple and convenient! In the current day and age, why would anybody choose not to use the various tools to communicate online and instead choose to use Thousand Mile Voice Transmission? For example, look at the chatting app, you could send text messages, voice messages, and make video calls; the chat content could even be saved, making it convenient to look through past records. It even has mini-games built-in like farming, airplane shooting and more. On the other hand, the Thousand Mile Voice Transmission magic has distance limitations. When multiple people use it at the same time, it would even cause confusion. If you were us, which would you choose?” Medicine Master replied with a question.

“.....”

“Using your point of view as an example, those brick-sized phones from decades ago and the smartphones of today are both long-range communication tools. However, I’ll give you a choice right now. When you go out, would you like to bring out the brick-sized phone? Or would you bring a small, multi-purpose smartphone? If you choose the brick-sized phone, I can only say that you must be too damn bored.”

“Senior, that makes a lot of sense.” Song Shuhang sighed, he was speechless!

“Speaking of which, you need to remember to upgrade the field in your farm when you get back! It’s so tough to wait for your

fruits to ripen, it takes so much time. If you have spare time, finish learning driving as soon as possible..... You only have so many Qi and Blood Pills on hand, it's not enough at all. So, don't think of rejecting North River anymore. Just accept this cruel reality." Medicine Master closed his notebook and instructed Shuhang with sincere and earnest feelings.

Song Shuhang: "....."

Chapter 100: Strange Dream

At 5pm, Shuhang said goodbye to Medicine Master and headed back to the city.

On his way back, Shuhang received a message from Yangde. The message was about the 5km competition's results, where Shuhang was undoubtedly the champion. However, because Shuhang wasn't present, that fellow Gao Moumou excitedly received the medal in his place. After that, Yangde also asked if he had returned from the medicinal store, and if he wanted to have dinner with everyone.

Come to think of it, after the sports competition, I'm supposed to treat Yangde to the 'Ten Fragrances Fish Head'. It was all thanks to his investigation that I was able to catch Altar Master. He would have very likely escaped otherwise.

It's also about time that I register for driving lessons. Also..... should I acquire the membership of the chatting app to quicken the growth of my virtual farm?

He had not played such an old farm game in a long time. Now, whenever he opens the chatting app, he'd play a little when he's in the mood. Otherwise, he'd just leave the game to run by itself.

However..... Now that so many seniors in the Nine Provinces (1) Group are playing this game, Song Shuhang had no choice but to consider whether he should start playing this game again. Perhaps one day, one of the seniors in the chat group would be very pleased

from stealing vegetables from his farm, and give him some unexpected gifts in return?

Although this is very improbable, it is still possible. Anyway, this is just a farming game and playing it a little will not take up too much time! If I can reap some benefits, that would be great.

“I have a lot of things to do.” Shuhang replied to Yangde with a message: “But I’m already back; tell me where you guys are and I will be right there!”

Then, he jogged all the way back to the University City.

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After they had dinner together, the four of them had no other plans, so they returned to the dormitory to play games.

There were too many events that occurred today. In the morning there was the 5km run, then there was the long and arduous journey to find Altar Master and killing him, upon which Zhao Yaya dragged him to the hospital for checkup. After all that, he had also experienced all kinds of complicated situations.

Thus, even though he had the Qi and Blood Pill in hands, Song Shuhang still did not have enough energy to try it. After accompanying his roommates for a few games, he crawled into bed and slept early.

He was really exhausted.

Before sleeping, Shuhang collected the last bit of his mental energy, entered the alertness state, becoming attentive to his surroundings.

Soon afterwards..... he entered the dreamworld.

During the first half of the night, Shuhang was sound asleep.

During the second half of the night, he had an interesting dream.

Within the dream, Song Shuhang returned to the ancient times of Huaxia..... the specific era was unknown. However, through the pedestrian's clothing and the various buildings, he could tell he was in the ancient past.

He then noticed that he was the son of a coffin seller. The young kid within the dream had a spiritless face, perhaps it was because he was constantly in contact with coffins.

What kind of weird dream is this? Shuhang secretly ridiculed himself. Everyone says that your dreams at night are determined by your thoughts in daytime. However, I didn't even have such thoughts during the day, right?

Within the dream, years had already gone by. One day, when he was around four or five years old, a sagely priest passed through his small village. Noticing his natural talent, the priest wanted to

take him in as a disciple.

The boy didn't let him down, he decided to become the priest's disciple and left without even thinking about how hurt his father, the coffin seller would be.

It was only after following the priest and practising for a few years that he found out that his own master was a loose practitioner who had fortunately obtained a set of incomplete techniques called the Ghost Sect's Ghost Summon, which he assiduously practised till now. However, the technique was incomplete and he was barely able to reach the 2nd Stage.

After a few more years...that old priest was killed.

Because they were evil path ghost practitioners who would frequently create angry ghosts, the old priest was chopped to pieces without leaving a corpse.

The man in the dream could only rely on himself now.

After the old priest died, he changed greatly. He started to become very cautious. As his strength grew, his courage only shrank.

Later on, his life followed the pattern of the villains of fictional stories. In order to move up a realm, he exhausted all of his methods trying to cultivate various evil demonic spirits by looking for places to nurture ghosts.

His ultimate goal was to find a spirit ghost and use its unique potential to breakthrough to the next stage!

In the period that he was looking for necessary ghost cultivating materials, he had done all kinds of evil. For example, currently, besides being a ghost summoner, he was also commanding an assassin organization.

Finally, one day when he was hunting for treasures, he unexpectedly encountered a place very suited to nurturing ghosts. It was a place called Ghost Lamp Temple. Most importantly, there was a spirit ghost within Ghost Lamp Temple. He was overcome with joy!

This isn't a dream? Song Shuhang immediately sobered up. In the instant the Ghost Lamp Temple had appeared, he began to realize something. Perhaps these are the memories of Altar Master?

Ghost Lamp Temple, Luo Xin Street! Is Altar Master the evil ghost cultivator in this dream? Why would I randomly start dreaming about the Altar Master? Song Shuhang was confused.

The dream continued. After the man in the dream explored the Ghost Lamp Temple once, he became incomparably disappointed.

This was because 'he' had arrived too late. Someone had already bought the Ghost Lamp Temple and set up a sealing formation. Taking a glance at this formation, he determined that an expert

had set it. Afraid of attracting this expert's attention and causing his own death, 'he' did not dare to break the formation.

Yet, with a ghost cultivating paradise and a spirit ghost before him, how could he not be tempted?

That was a spirit ghost! A spirit ghost!

Although he couldn't break the formation himself, he could borrow someone else's hand and find a sacrifice to break the formation. Although the formation holding the spirit ghost was exquisitely made, he simply needed to find the eye of the formation and would be able to break it!

By borrowing someone else's hand to break the formation, even if that expert appeared later on, they would only vent their anger on the scapegoat!

Thus, 'he' transformed into a Fengshui master and used his schemes to guide the original owner of the Ghost Lamp Temple, Huang Dagen, encouraging him to destroy the Ghost Lamp Temple and turn it into a cemetery.

Huang Dagen had already possessed such thoughts. With the addition of someone's support, he became extremely motivated. The two of them worked together, and in the next year, Huang Dagen demolished the Ghost Lamp Temple and built a large cemetery for himself.

The Ghost Lamp Temple was demolished and the cemetery was built.

Under 'his' guidance as a fake Fengshui master, Huang Dagen personally carried his tombstone to the cemetery and set it up as a special gathering point for Fengshui; which was also the eye of the formation that 'he' had found with much difficulty.

Once the tombstone was set up, the first layer of the formation that the mysterious expert had placed was immediately broken. The spirit ghost in the Ghost Lamp Temple snarled as it charged out and sucked up all of Huang Dagen's qi and blood.

After all of his qi and blood sucked out, Huang Dagen didn't die on the spot. He only felt that his body was a little weak. When he returned home, he became seriously ill and died seven days later.

The ghost spirit didn't leave after sucking Huang Dagen dry, it just returned to its original position.

This made 'him' extremely happy. Although he had erected a sealing barrier surrounding Ghost Lamp Temple, the materials for the barrier were very expensive, so he wanted to save where he could. The barrier would expend materials whenever it was under attack. As a result, he had saved a lot of materials because the spirit ghost had not charged at the barrier.

Although the expert's formation had shattered, he wasn't in a hurry to subdue the spirit ghost.

Firstly, he was worried that the expert would come rushing back.

Secondly, the spirit ghost had not matured yet, and needed to continue growing in the ghost cultivating paradise for a period of time.

Everyone in Luo Xin Street knew what happened next. Huang Dagen's family brought his body to be buried in the tomb, crying all the way.

This action infuriated the spirit ghost again!

When Huang Dagen's family members were weeping by the tomb, the spirit ghost took the chance to surround them and suck up most of their qi and blood. After Huang Dagen's family members returned home, they began to fall sick one by one.

A year later, their entire family was buried in this cemetery.

Perhaps the spirit ghost had become full after absorbing so much qi and blood. The people who came to bury Huang Dagen's family members escaped with their lives.

In the following years, 'he' settled down in Luo Xin Street, watching over Huang Dagen's tomb and watching the spirit ghost's growth.

At this point in the dream, Song Shuhang was full of doubts. Since the formation had already been broken, why didn't Altar

Master take away the spirit ghost when it had become mature?

What happened later on?